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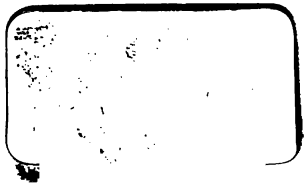

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THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

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THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

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THE MOTHER COUNTRY:

OR,

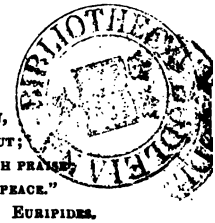
THE SPADE, THE WASTES, AND THE ELDEST SON.

AN

Examination of the Condition of England.

BY

SIDNEY SMITH.



THIS IS TRUE LIBERTY, WHEN FREE-BORN MEN,
HAVING TO ADVISE THE PUBLIC, MAY SPEAK OUT;
WHICH HE WHO CAN AND WILL, DESERVES HIGH PRAISE;
WHO NEITHER CAN NOR WILL, MAY HOLD HIS PEACE."

EURIPIDES.

LONDON:
WILLIAM S. ORR & CO., AMEN CORNER, PATERNOSTER ROW, and JOHN KENDRICK, 4, CHARLOTTE ROW, MANSION HOUSE.

1849.

DEDICATION.

TO

BARON LIONEL ROTHSCHILD, M. P.

SIR,

With the progress of society has disappeared the custom of Dedications. The public is the best patron of literature, and emancipates the author from that dependance upon the favour of the great, which degraded genius to the insincerity of adulation, and construed the generosity of the liberal into the barter of gold for flattery.

Yet it would be unjust to the character of the age to impute to the Corinthian capitals of the social fabric, an indifference to the humbler elements of its architecture. The number of the private friends of the man of letters, has not diminished in the ratio of the increase of his general benefactors; and the customary prefatory acknowledgment which the client may no longer want, may still be reserved for the less interested expression of his gratitude.

In return for much considerate kindness and many useful acts of effective service, I have nothing to offer but this inadequate, though fervent recognition of them; and I avail myself of this privilege of the press —not in the hope that thanks can repay substantial obligation—but to satisfy my own sense of the duty of this public acknowledgment.

It has been my good fortune to be permitted to be a gleaner in that field of religious freedom, in which the great and the wise have reaped the harvest of human progress and intelligence. If bigotry has still left some stray ears to be gathered, and Christianity is yet dishonoured by the insensibility of its professors to the mildness of its spirit and the catholicity of its charities, the cause of spiritual freedom has reason to rejoice that in you it has found a representative of the rights of conscience, in whom the purity of its principles is sullied by no stain upon its character, and the cogency of its claims is strengthened by the

eminence of your public station, and the unquestioned respectability of a good and useful private life. That your abilities are equal to the duties of the conduct of the most gigantic commercial system in the world, is the best justification of the choice of your constituents.

In a work which treats of the accumulation and distribution of capital, I should miss the most striking illustration of their felicitous combination, did I fail to instance the history of your house. The man who, by his skill and enterprise, produces what he possesses; who, in enriching himself, aggrandizes his country; and by his energy and assiduity employs the labour and rewards the industry of his fellow citizens, sustaining, by the fertile resources of his brain, the life and comfort of thousands of deserving families, establishes not only the clearest title to the wealth which rewards his talents, but a just claim to the gratitude of mankind. If, in asserting the rights of property, his benefactions prove that he is alive also to its duties, to respect and defend him in the enjoyment of his possessions, is best to maintain the fabric, and promote the prosperity of society. No rank or title can add lustre to such a station. Peers are but *nati consumere fruges*,—the contingent of resources which the whole order of nobility supplies for the advancement of the commerce, the promotion of the industry, the facilitation of the intercourse, and the supply of the material wants of mankind, scarcely exceeds that which is furnished by the stupendous establishment of which you are the guiding element.

But in the very ratio of the importance of the position which the world assigns to the great capitalist, is the danger of temptation to the abuse of power. When the excitement of the hour has passed from the minds of those whose generous sympathy with the struggles of liberty has, for the moment, hurried them into forgetfulness of even higher principles, wise men will do justice to those who in commerce, without being mercenary, have been strictly commercial, and who have steadily refused to confound the catholic and beneficent pursuits of the merchant, with the partial and passionate influences of politics. Exalted as is your station, God forbid that you should use your power to constitute yourself the arbiter of the fate of nations. When the loan contractor shall become an exclusive dealer; when he shall look, not to his securities, but to his political predilections; when he shall presume to set up kings, or to put down par-

ties; when the private citizen shall venture to usurp the functions of the rulers of the state of which he is the subject, and make war, shape constitutions, ruin the solvency of kingdoms, decide the fortunes of factions in foreign states by the breath that is in the nostrils of a single fallible mortal, then capital will become a curse, credit a tyranny, and the liberties of nations will become but the counters, against which wealth stakes its heaps. To you the world looks for an example of the universal beneficence and peacefulness of commerce; of the compatibility of power with impartiality of blessing; of that moderation which can distinguish betwixt the mercantile interests, and the public quarrels of states; of that principle and sagacity which can steadily refuse to prostitute the functions of the merchant to the purposes of politics. As the arts of peace can only be safely pursued for the advantage of mankind by regarding money as a commodity like iron or cloth, so the capitalist, like the manufacturer or the trader, who shall set himself up as the judge, not of the security and solvency, but of the morals of his customers, and shall hold himself responsible, not only for fulfilment of his contracts, but for the purposes to which his loans are applied, will become dangerous to the independence of kingdoms, and the dictator of the standard of human virtue. A reverence for freedom is not to be inspired by a differential duty, nor sobriety to be increased by refusing to discount a distiller's bill. Muskets will not be less deadly, because Birmingham ceases to make them, nor will war come to an end, because Leeds or Manchester declines to sell broad-cloth or calico to the colonels of marching regiments. It would be a proud but a bad eminence, to which the possessor of millions would be called, were he to wield the powers without any legal title to the rights, or incurring the responsibilities of government; and the friends of constitutional liberty would have reason to tremble for their cause, were it possible to transfer to the hands of the private citizen the prerogative of determining the destinies of nations. It is not by such agencies that the divine spirit of humanity can spread the reign of peace on earth, and good will among men. Capital is not the monitor of the conscience, nor does virtue depend upon the rates of exchange. "The people suffer when the prince offends"—but to retribute bankruptcy upon a people for the sins of the sovereign, is a lesson in morals which cannot tend to edification.

While I do not seek to identify your opinions with those which I have sought to develop in the following pages, I know of no one whose authority could give them greater weight, or whose knowledge and experience of the operation of the principles of which they treat, could enable him to pass upon them a safer judgment. That they involve considerations of the highest importance to the prosperity of the state, and to the progress of society, is a sufficient guarantee for their receiving from you the patient investigation of a representative of the people, and your zealous co-operation in the practical application of such of the doctrines they expound as you may esteem calculated to promote the advantage of your constituents.

I remain, Sir,

Your faithful and obliged Servant,

SIDNEY SMITH.

PROLOGUE.

"Lords and Commons of England! consider what nation whereof it is ye are, and whereof ye are the governors; a nation, not slow nor dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to."

If Milton could say this of his England, what may we not say of ours? What were the highest flights of the fancy of the Paradise Lost, to the solid fact of present British attainment? His very Satan was not more omnipresent than our electric telegraph has made us. The black art of his fallen angels was scarce so wonder-working as our steam. We have achieved for ourselves the very promise with which his Beelzebub tempted the Great Teacher. "All the kingdoms of the earth" are ours, viewed from the "exceeding high mountain" of our power and greatness. Science, art, literature, intelligence, the elegancies of life, and the comforts of civilization, wealth beyond the bounds of human avarice, and a political and social supremacy which might glut the ambition of even Lucifer's pride, all these are ours—and for these, the Devil looks to see whether this nation "will fall down and worship him," or, awakened from the intoxication of the gift, is

fidelity to the giver, will have strength of principle left to say, "Get thee behind me, Sathanas!"

"What could a man require more from a nation so pliant, and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies?" We are pliant, towardly, knowing. We are not prophets, sages, nor worthies, as once we were. Logical, dexterous, ingenious, subtile, and piercing—but we are in want of wise and faithful labourers. You are our governors—but you have not governed us. You have ruled our fortunes, controlled our action, wielded our material destinies, shaped our political course, fashioned our social system. But the mind and soul of this people you have done little for—something even, against.

We complain of you, that you have used us but as a piece of living matter. You have shaped the clay, but have not breathed into it the breath of life. You have ordered us, in place of educating us. You have made us for our institutions, in place of moulding our institutions for us. You have found a matrix, and melted us to the liquefaction of its type. Your mediœval architecture, and cricket, and sin of schism, your bishops, and stereotyped creeds, and cast-metal prayers, and liturgies that make the Word of God of non-effect by your vain traditions, your wearying heaven with calabash-ground prayers, as if you could be heard for your much praying, and vain repetitions—there is little educing of the human spirit here. "Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion, in good men, is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the zealous and earnest

thirst after knowledge and understanding, which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we rather should rejoice at; should rather praise this forwardness among men to re-assume the ill-deputed care of their religion into their own hands again." We cannot do without leaders, for the world must be governed—is not fit to govern itself. We do not want to dethrone our leaders, for, provided we *are* governed well, we care little by whom—or rather, being fond of precedent, and little given to gratuitous change, we would rather that we did *not* change, if to let alone, were to let *well* alone.

But we *must* be led, and led forward, else we shall walk over our leaders, and go on without leading. We pray you to mark that. Nor can we be led back, or merely round. Life, either of persons, or of nations, is a march—not "up the hill, and straightway down again." Onward—each day to new ground, in different array, in a new order of battle, a fresh tactic, a more modern style of marshalling.

Science has changed, art, literature, invention, trade, social structure, material economy. Is it possible, if it were desirable, that classes, orders, institutions, laws, constitution, political privilege, political power should remain the same? It is said of the French noblesse, and priesthood, just before the access of the first revolution, and just when they felt the first rumblings of the fast-coming all-devouring earthquake, that they "became religious all of a sudden." They rushed to the churches, they crowded the cathedrals, they hurried to confessional—beads were counted, Friday was meagred, fasts and festivals kept, saints' days held, as if they saw the walls of order falling, and could shove up the crumbling masonry again to the perpendicular by their hands, and shoulders—with what success history has written in red ink. You, too, we hear,

keep lent, and are devout at Easter, vamp up churches and fill pews—do you not see the parallel? Why look back to the past, when you should be gazing forward to the future—why hurry to the old haunts of the constitution, when you see the whole world hastening the other way?

"A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity, might win all these diligences to join and unite into one general and brotherly search after truth; could we but forego this prelatic tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men, I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger were to come among us, wise to discern the mould and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasons, in pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did, admiring the Roman docility and courage, 'If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a church or kingdom happy.'"

Have you faith in the great spirit of this mighty people? Can you discern the instinct of its immortal longing? Do you hope to stem the tide of its irresistible advance, any more than to take the swallows from the sky, and stop their flight towards summer? Is it possible you can believe that tradition will serve for anything but men's couch dreams—or that the shadows of antiquity will stand for the substance of Now? The monarchy, the peerage, the Commons of to-day are not, do not mean, the same powers of fifty years ago. We call our constitution the same—but laws vary in their effect with the tendencies of their administrators, as completely as if they were repealed, or altered in their substance. Public opinion consigns some to the cobwebs of the obsolete

altered views change their very interpretation. Are you alone insensible to the change?

In proportion as men are ignorant and savage, is tyranny absolute, and submission slavish. Power, like everything else, is never idle, nor unappropriated. An absolute dictator is the only possible government of the barbarous—a theocracy is the appropriate thrall of superstition. As more men become intelligent, and therefore powerful, they divide government with the sovereign—but both king and nobles rule with an iron hand, a people as yet unfit to govern themselves. As mankind become more enlightened, the diffusion of power becomes inevitable—when a nation are capable of becoming a law unto themselves, they cease to suffer others to become a law unto them.

If we have arrived at that stage, is it not time that you had arrived at a corresponding conviction? "Old things have passed away, all things have become new." If you have found out that, have you also discovered that the days of an aristocracy are numbered? This is not revolution—or if it be, it is the revolution of ages. The name of Duke, Marquis, Earl, Baron, may remain—the form may keep its shape—but as we recede farther and farther from feudalism—as the commercial, and trading, and money power becomes greater—as mortgages and debt, close around the influence and pride of ancient families, and the need and masterdom of capital, to consolidate authority become greater, the mere retention of naked privileges, and an obsolete prestige, which are fortified by no self-inherent political immunity and strength, can only serve to bring the order into contempt.

An aristocratic hereditary order is now unnecessary to the purposes of good government. Its concentric power, its compact executive

energy, valuable to curb and consolidate the strength of, a semi-civilized people, are now unnecessary—and what is superfluous, will not long endure. An hereditary nobility, cannot exist as a distinct political power in the state, without large fixed and permanent possessions. Primogeniture and entail are indispensable to the existence of territorial aristocracy; and the abolition of entail and primogeniture have become essential to the well-being, and, ultimately, to the very salvation of the state. The population of the peerage increases—its scions and slips, and younger sons and daughters, have all to be provided for. They have been quartered upon every department of the executive, but still there are not nearly enough of places for them. To provide for them has drowned the heads of the noble houses in debt. They must descend lower and lower among the ordinary occupations of the people—mingling their feelings, and combining their interests with the commonalty. The prestige of the order must gradually melt away. Merchants, manufacturers, capitalists, tradesmen, growing richer and richer, will swell into a class which will substantially transcend in influence and power the hereditary peerage, until the nobility, nominally the second, will become a third rate element of social influence. Dependent, secondary, cringing to capitalists for loans, begging traders for time, entering into joint adventures with merchants, clubbing resources with trading houses for partnerships, it will become dangerous, it is always dangerous, to intrust such a needy and trammelled class with irresponsible legislative powers for life. Their vote will belong to, is too often even now claimed by, those whom they dare not disoblige. They are no longer socially predominant, and above and beyond the influences of coercion and intimidation. They job in our funds, and dabble in our

railways, and use their votes to squeeze good prices out of anxious directors. As the necessities of their families increase, they must trim their votes, and lodge their proxies in the direction of government patronage. They can be no longer entrusted with the power of deciding the fate of ministers, because they *can* no longer be independent, even although they would.

Dare they forget the past, and look the future boldly in the face. Do not they see that every new step in the world's progress demands a change in institutions, and that feudality has had its day like other dogs, and can no longer bite, however watchfully it may bark.—

> "All that live must die—
> Passing through nature to eternity.'

All human institutions must pass away, with the causes which called them into being. All forms of power must pass into new forms—all the shapes of social influence must alter, as society, and thought, and man become transformed. As the influence of intelligence, of material power, of the spirit of christianity advances in the world, the ancient classifications of mankind must be transmuted into a novel order. Aristocracy is at an end over Europe—it cannot live alone in England. Violence, force, disorder, revolution, even revolutionary but constitutional agitation, will only embarrass and protract the change. It is the effect of all violence to throw society back, in place of helping it forward—for what is force, but barbarism?

But to save us from violence, we must peaceably be led. Lords and Commons of England, will *you* lead us? Think that you are Christians, more than you are peers. Think that you are men, as we are, and that we have higher claims upon you, than your privileges and your

order. Help us to make the change, which the time demands, gradu peaceably. Humanity cries to you from the depths. Your cou has need of the sacrifice—the sacrifice is inevitable. "Old things l passed away, all things have become new." Even the fashion of world passeth away—how much more then of patents of nobility. W first of all is needed of you, is that you should no longer wrap yourse up in West-end ignorance of East-end conditions. In Piccadilly, Belgrave Square, you live in a fool's paradise. "When a rich ma says the French proverb, "has dined well, he thinks the whole wo happy." You cannot know the condition of the poor, by me tasting their dietary in their soup kitchens. You cannot learn temper of a people, by giving and taking the gossip of your cl Democracy thinks while you dream. Demagogues watch and w while you, in ottomans, or in your ancestral halls, whisper "my s take thou thine ease."

It is a brave thought to barbaric man, the pomp and circumstanc splendid chivalry. So was that of Cyrus to his satraps, of Alexander the flight of the Roman Eagle over a subjugated world. But they h passed away these earth's scourges, and when Napoleon followed, m kind were well rid of them. What is York Minster, or Saint Pau Westminster Abbey, and all the imposing hierarchy of our Engl Church, to the awful Temple of Jerusalem? Yet came there in the mi of the chief priests and elders of the people a dust-covered weary w farer, with noiseless step, and bending his melancholy transmund eyes, that looked through time and beyond it, on Jew and Samarit slowly said, "Neither on Mount Gherizim nor in Jerusalem, shall n worship the Father, but in spirit and in truth." The great Iconocl

spoke, and his words were obeyed—and Olympus, and the Temple veil, and Mars' Hill idols, Diana, and the most cherished of time-honoured traditions, to which Norman ancestries are but as yesterday, all passed away and perished.

Christ was the great reformer—the arch usurper, if you will—the subverter—the revolutionist. Apis, Osiris, the Sphynx, Jupiter, Baal, Rimmon, Odin, Thor, with his Druids and Monumental Oaks, the cloud shadow of Gothic greatness, splendid, martial, grand, warlike, glorious—where are they all but crumbled in the dust, beneath the majestic spirit of the gospel. These were all beautiful, were all needful in their time. The rude earliest efforts of ignorant men to enkindle the religious element in the soul in its gross material shapes—to govern the wild passions of the barbarous by theocratic superstition—to awaken and enliven the love of country, the thirst for glory, the first shapeless aim after immortal longings—"the times of this ignorance God winked at—but now he calls upon all men everywhere to repent." Feudal chiefs, chivalries, ancient orders, Norman conquerors, lines of ancestry, historical families,—must not these, too, yield to time and change, and that cross which has not spared mightier things than these.

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour
> The path of glory leads but to the grave."

Eglinton tournaments will as soon bring back Cressy and Runnymede, as cricket and painted windows, and white surplices, and mediœval architecture, will turn the hearts of mankind to your Anglican church.—No—

> "All that's bright must fade, the fairest still the fleetest,
> All that's sweet was made, to melt away when sweetest."

Do not think that we too "cannot remember such things were." If progressive reformer would "wipe away all trivial fond records," i not because he is insensible to the glories of the past, but because hears the peremptory call of the inexorable future.

> "The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself;
> Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve."

But man shall survive them all. His progressive spirit shall yet young, when the heavens themselves shall wax old as doth a garm You can no more make human society live within the forms of your constitutions, by keeping up feudal privileges and aristocratic fami than you can bind its spirit to the faith of Thomas a'Beckett, by kee Westminster Abbey in repair. The human race outlives all the form governments—outgrows the wisest institutions. The human mind strips the profoundest conceptions of statesmanship—the human overleaps the most venerable churches—the human spirit reasons its beyond the most infallible of faiths.—Your litanies and liturgies, and ticles, and Act of Parliament stereotyped formal platitudes, chilling living aspirations of the heart in their way to the throne of the He and Answerer of prayer, these too have had their use when laymen c not read, and even priests were ignorant and incapable, and bisl feared that free inquiry and untrammelled thought might leave Can bury in the lurch as well as Rome.

Open your eyes to all this. Float on a current which is too stron stem. Resign, with cheerfulness, what cannot be preserved without p Ride on the whirlwind, and direct the storm. It is not the spir innovation, but the essential requirements of society, which necessit

change. It is from no demagogue envy of rank and title, from no want of reverence for the traditions of our history, from no absence of sympathy with the glories of the past, that we point to the dangers which threaten this noble kingdom, from this policy of adding field to field, of making the poor poorer, and the rich richer. Here is a young marquis, the heir of huge entailed estates. This does not content him. A countess in her own right, entails a whole county on her line. These two come together, and straightway the marquis rises to a duke, almost unbounded in his possessions. Even yet they are not satisfied. Their heir of this Pactolus, hears of the neighbouring heiress of a conterminous county. Another marriage, and a fresh entail, need but another heir, already on the way, to concentrate on one worm of the dust the former property of ten thousand yeomen, in a small island, teeming with thirty millions of human beings, who increase at the rate of half a million per annum. If you love nobility better than England, you will suffer this—but England will *not* endure it—cannot. If you would know why—read on. If you are wedded to your idols, shut the book—or burn it, like the Sybil's—but think not that Fate will bate an atom of her hard terms. As time flies, she will come to you again offering less, and exacting more. If her prophetic fury wrings from her contortions, warnings that are unheeded—at last she will return no more. When that dark hour comes, the proudest of us will forget orders, and think only of order—pray Heaven it be not then all too LATE.

INTRODUCTION.

CHAP. I.

WISE men, who love peace, sigh for security, and long for tranquillity of heart, and the soul's quiet sunshine, begin to settle it as a fixed conviction, that these blessings are not to be found in any European country. The very antiquity of the kingdoms of the old world, makes them, by order of priority, the first in which the progress of society shall necessitate change, and force unsettlement. Beginning with the French Revolution, the fierce passions of mankind have engaged them in a continual destruction of human life, a fatal interruption to the pursuits of industry, devastations of property and territory which have carried ruin and destitution to millions, and the dissipation of capital and resources to an extent which has saddled nearly every kingdom with a hopeless debt, which has to be ground out of the blood and bones of the masses, and which has fearfully increased the relative value of money in its exchange for the fruits of skill and labour. Oligarchies and monarchies sought to consolidate their power by a war with the democratic principle; and the fruit has been the practical destruction of the very powers which sought to establish themselves upon the subjugation of their fellow creatures, through the continuance of that armed antagonism which has been so well denominated, "organized crime."

All Europe is one heaving mass of antipathies among classes. Peace to the cottage, and war to the palace, again uplifts its hoarse throat scream; and red republicanism, hand in hand with socialism, strives to elevate spoliation into an infallible theory of society. We seem as yet to be but at the beginning of a long reign of terror, insecurity, and social distress. Commercial speculation cannot from day to day reckon upon its returns. Fixed property, and vested capital, rush from blood heat down to below zero, with every "second edition," or evening express. A universal nervousness seizes mankind, and the enterprise upon which labour is dependent for its very life, holds back its hand, afraid to make the venture, in the face of so many fatal lessons. Thousands of the middle classes, unequal to sustain the encounter of so many sources of mental anxiety and agitation, are killed off by disease of the heart, or congestion of a brain, unable any longer to hold out against so many calls upon its firmness and resources—and capitalists are glad to hazard the chances of flying to ills they know not of, rather than endure any longer the intolerable torture of bearing those they have.

Another source of social inquietude, peculiarly English, aggravates this country the pressure on the energies and life-comfort of our mid classes.

"No man, of aught he leaves, knows what it is to leave betimes."

No room is made among us for the rising generation. We all stick business until our dotage. None of us know when we have enou Long after we have amassed a competency, we still drudge and sla adding field to field, and house to house. An establishment goes rearing story on story, putting wing to wing, department to departme until it absorbs the profits and trade of fifty moderate concerns, forty-nine men have to stand starving, waiting for one dead man's sh A lawyer allows himself now none of the elegant ease, the country reti ment of his library and his gardens, the assignment of his elder year the sublime pursuits of science and philosophy, which gave us the Uto the Atalantis, the Novum Organon. So long as fees come to his withe palm, he will keep all his brethren briefless, and use himself up in drudgery of gain getting. Doctors, merchants, tradesmen, bishops, deans, all hold on to the last. The capitalist will content himself three, or even two per cent, to the ruin of his poorer neighbour, w with smaller means, cannot even live without a higher return—u money becomes a nuisance among us, and lays industry and intellig prostrate at its feet, to sell their brains and brow sweat for any pitt he may chuck to them.

The laws of entail, primogeniture, and other accessories which l consolidated estates, and consequently run farms together, have fearf aggravated this evil. One son gets a huge estate, and all his you brothers, who might have lived usefully in tilling their own landed heritance, are driven into the towns to compete for the means of life the teeming crowds who are already there. The farmers, dispossesse their holdings by some huge agricultural monopolist, who swallow fifty smaller farms, are also driven to their wits' end—and the lo customers consequent upon the depopulation of the rural district great lords, "who make a solitude and call it peace," is rapidly extru the tradesmen from the rural villages and agricultural towns, and c pelling them to fly for bare life to the overgrown cities.

The state of the masses is heaping rates and local taxes upon middle and higher classes, already groaning under the burden of income and property imposts; while enterprise, in the direction eith land purchases, or agriculture, is paralyzed by the dread of profits rents being swallowed up in the maintenance of paupers, and the pression of crime. Much as we esteem the genius, the intelligence, patriotism, the logical acuteness of those worthy citizens who p forward economy, retrenchment, and reform, we have no sympathy their sneers at the precautions taken by the minister to suppress disor and maintain the stability of England amid the howling waste of nati Nay, we must express our regret at the ungenerousness of those having no responsibilities to encounter, criticize the caution of executive, but h...e no sympathy with the perils of the nation, and

watchful prudence of its rulers, who have carried us through the most trying period of our history,

> "Unhurt amid the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

We may jeer the firemen who use a huge engine to put out a little fire; it may, indeed, go out of itself, but it may also reach a height which may burn down the whole city. The labouring poor are not the less discontented, the less formidable, the less perfect in their organization of mischief, in Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and Manchester, and Norwich, and Nottingham, and London, because we choose to shut our eyes to the hazard in which even a causeless panic may place the value of property. Nor will Irish sympathizers become less dangerous by weakening the hands of power in making light of our calamity, "and scoffing when our fear cometh." "The cause of this effect—or, rather, of this *defect*—for this effect defected comes by cause," is too palpable and pregnant to escape the conclusion, that it must have its natural results. Three millions and a half of paupers cannot long ferment in the very bosom of society, without brewing mischief. The masses are miserable, and will soon insist on knowing why.

These various considerations are sinking deep into the ruling thoughts of thoughtful men. It might well appal the unmeditative to hear the back parlour language of hundreds of our chiefest citizens, and reputed most prosperous merchants. Their anxiety to get out of business, to escape while they have something left, to remove even while they are prosperous and thriving from a country in whose stability they begin to lose confidence, is one of the most alarming signs of the times, and forms the secret of the extraordinary European demand for American securities. Where, formerly, the penniless peasant pauper alone thought of emigrating, may now be observed the small farmer, the little tradesman, the sons of the great merchant, even the slips of our nobility. The sea is swarming with emigrant ships, cabin passengers, and cargoes of capital. The country becomes drained, not only of her material, but of her social resources; and while upwards of a quarter of a million of British subjects annually take fright and then flight, they find themselves joined on the ocean or at the port of debarkation by even greater numbers of substantial Germans, and Dutch, and Swiss, and French.

We cannot, we do not blame them; we think them wise in their generation to accept of the smaller certainties of migration, rather than to abide the larger but more hazardous contingences of home revival and success. We think they display a sagacious foresight in resolving to emancipate themselves from the thraldom of Old World convention. It is fashionable with economists to welcome the increase of luxury among us. They forget that its indulgence only makes us greater slaves. We have to toil harder to command it; we have to remain longer in business to maintain our increased expenses; we have to exclude younger men from their fair share in the chances of success; we only surround ourselves with greater artificial wants, and thereby increase our chances of discomfort, from the added risks of being deprived of them. We have not

been watchful of the wise precept, "Have not what you do not want, lest you may want what you cannot have." We forget the worldly wisdom of those brave old philosophers who discovered that the richest man was he who had fewest wants; who expounded the precious truth, *quantum vectigal sit in parsimonia*, and who proclaimed their intrepid independence in the boast—*omnia mea mecum porto*—'my hat covers my property!' We do not reflect that a suburban villa in the place of the parlour over the shop, means more rent and taxes—that carpets and sideboards, and silver plate, we would never have known the want of, if we had never had them—that our own extravagance spreads to our wives, and sons, and daughters, and clerks, and shopmen, and customers—and that they have all to be paid for in larger salaries, longer bills, and fifty millions of bad debts per annum. We are more luxurious without being substantially richer in surplus income—we are more anxious, and must be more competitive, without being happier.

Let us not despise the wisdom of the man who seeks to withdraw himself from all this—to lie harder that he may sleep sounder—to serve himself in security, rather than be served with a struggle to find the wages of the servant. But we need more than one sluice for depletion. While we bid God speed to those for their own sakes who meditate the step of emigration, we must not forget to inquire into the causes which have enforced its necessity, or to provide for the relief of those who remain behind. If it be a crime to despair of one's country, it is a greater to witness her struggles, and to do nothing to relieve them. Ours is still the foremost land in all the world, and rightly ruled will rise to a height far beyond that which she has ever reached. In one view it is almost scarcely to be regretted that we have been misgoverned. Hitherto we have neither possessed the virtue nor intelligence to use as not abusing the material greatness of which we are capable. Lightly taxed, purely and honestly governed, wisely adjusted in our economical arrangements, we might, by this time, have used up all our advantages, without possessing the steady head to look without giddiness from the height we might have reached, or the well nerved hand to hold even the full cup of our prosperity. "Sweet are the uses of adversity." Perhaps it has subdued us to a more sympathetic temper—teaching the great the duty of studying and cherishing the poor, and leading us all to cultivate the humanities. It is well that we have yet many spare remedies for our evils, which we have not exhausted. Oppression has at least this compensating mercy—it enables us to enjoy with a keener relish the jubilee of our relief—and perhaps it is wisely ordered by providence that there should be an adjustment of our blessings to our capacity for making a right use of them, and that we are no longer misgoverned than until we deserve to be governed better, and are enabled worthily to apply the advantages we achieve.

But the time seems to have arrived when, having outgrown our institutions, and reached a point of progress and intelligence which renders a perseverance in an antiquated course of policy pernicious and dangerous, it becomes essential that we should carefully review our whole position, and resolutely address ourselves to the task of adopting large radical and wholesome healing measures. Neither the people nor the age can await

the resolution of the cunctatory doubts of hesitative statesmanship. The world is out of joint, and may not brook any delay in setting it right. Our people have been crushed wholesale out of existence—the welfare of our middle classes is in peril—the masses are uneasy and discontented. "The winter is passed, the summer ended—we are not saved." "Let us work while yet it is day, for the night cometh in which no man can work." We call all to hasten to the rescue, and to forget class distinctions and party prejudices, in the presence of a common danger. We do not think so meanly of our nobility as to believe that they would not even sacrifice their own order to save their country. We will not judge so uncharitably of the masses as to suppose them insensible to sympathy and kindness. We shall have occasion to call upon the former to make large but essential sacrifices of their feudal privileges. But we believe that they feel human nature to possess claims which are paramount to patents of nobility; and what is necessary to the prosperity of the whole, will be ungrudgingly conceded by every section of the social body.

CHAPTER I.

HOME COLONIZATION.

IT is a fair ground of exception to any scheme of Emigration, that we have not only idle labourers but idle lands, which have only to be brought together, to relieve the one, and to enrich both. Indeed, Home Colonization is a condition precedent to foreign migration; a condition which has never yet been fulfilled. There are, besides 15,871,463 acres of our home territory incapable of cultivation, no fewer than 15,000,000 acres capable of improvement, which are at present lying absolutely waste, viz.:—

In England	3,454,000
Wales	530,000
Scotland	5,950,000
Ireland	4,900,000
British Islands	166,000
	15,000,000

These, even at their present value, yield a return of £5,000,000, and might, with great ease be made to contribute to the support of the labourer and the profit of the capitalist, at least £15,000,000, an increase quite sufficient to defray the expense of supporting our whole pauper population.

The returns for the year ending 25th March, 1849, exhibit a sum total of £7,941,778, expended in the shape of poor rates in the three kingdoms and of 3,561,382 paupers relieved. Why should these be a burden on the community, and beat down the wages of the industrious, when it is obvious that for each pauper there are nearly five acres of [illegible]

but cultivable land, clamouring for the spade, and needing only his skill and labour to make it fruitful? There is abundance of land at this moment, yielding good crops, which is less naturally productive than much that is lying entirely waste. What should hinder our Unions and government from establishing families upon these wastes, and making them yield an increase? What might not draining, and manure, and ditches and enclosures do for them? Above all what might not be expected from spade husbandry, deep trenching, and the extirpation of weeds? If, under the allotment system, labourers can afford to pay 20s., 30s., 50s., 70s. an acre for land, and compete with each other to get it, what might they not do if they got land at a nominal rent, and in sufficient quantity to keep them in constant employment? Are we to be told it does not pay to improve such land? Our answer is, that there *is* nothing to pay, if the plan be rightly gone about. It is not even necessary, in the first instance, to erect cottages on the soil to be improved. Shepherd's houses, which go on wheels, and resemble the wagons used for shows at country fairs, are better habitations than many of the peasantry at present possess, and might be drawn from place to place, as sections became improved, and permanent dwellings became erected. Paupers cost nothing more in these wagons than in the workhouse, and in this new employment there is presented the best workhouse test. If a man cannot dig, he can break stones for new roads, or he can weed, or hoe, or plant. So can his wife and children, because there are simple operations to be performed about a farm which any body may easily effect. When paupers apply for relief, that is evidence that the supply of labour in the district exceeds the demand. But by the absurd law of settlement, a family can only be relieved in the parish where there are too many families already, and if they remove to where they are more wanted, they lose the right to be maintained unless they go back again. The cultivation of waste lands would relieve the glut in the labour market whenever it was indicated by applications for support. The paupers, in place of being retained in a locality which is already over populated, would be drafted off to the wastes, and at once become useful and productive, at no greater cost than if they were saddled upon their original parish.

It is well known that the Swedish and Norwegian armies are made to return part of the cost of their maintenance by being quartered on government farms, and under their officers, in regular gradations, made to execute all agricultural operations, under a system of discipline. Some such arrangement might, with great advantage, be applied to pauper labourers on waste lands, who might, by energetic supervision, be compelled to eschew that skulking strategy which made the employment of labourers in Ireland degenerate into a farce. Task work might be usefully introduced, coupled with gratuities for diligence; and industry and good conduct might be rewarded by settling well-doing families on the land they had improved, at a small perpetual ground rent, sufficient to return the expences of their previous maintainance, and the purchase money of the soil in its unimproved state. We are no advocates of a large colony of five or ten acre farms. Every population must be officered. The capitalist must be planted beside the labourer. We would have farms of all sizes in each locality, so that the capitalist might have labour when he

wanted it, and the small holder wages, when he or any members of his family had spare time. We do not advise an artificial subdivision of the soil, interfering with the right of each man to dispose as he pleases of the land he had acquired. It is this meddling of the law with the natural distributions of society, which has produced the infinitesimal division of the soil in France, and by our laws of primogeniture and entail, a most pernicious concentration of it in England. Non-interference is the safe rule, and the sound economical principle. Left to itself, society will divide the soil according to its wants and needs, preserving a due intermixture of classes, so that capital, labour, ignorance, knowledge, the rich, the middle class, and the poor, may form the colonels, captains, serjeants and privates of our domestic economy. The absence of manufactures and commerce in Ireland has rendered a minute subdivision of the soil essential to the subsistence of the people. Where all were compelled to depend on agriculture alone, there was necessarily required a small holding for each. It is the condition of the neighbouring island which has induced some ignorant and crotchetty political economists, who know nothing of agriculture, to decry small farms and minute subdivisions of the soil, as the causes of her misery, when it is certain that these results were only its natural effect. Even on such holdings, kind and judicious landlords have been enabled to maintain a happy and thriving peasantry. The interesting little volume of Mr. Blacker, proves to demonstration that, a little timely help on the part of the capitalist, and some useful instruction in agriculture, combined with some security for the independence and permanent tenure of the tenant, are capable of raising a prosperous tenantry on the smallest holdings, and a far greater quantity of produce than on larger farms.

In France, where subdivision of the soil has run to seed, the effect of giving six millions of the people a freehold on the soil, has been to make the mass of the nation conservative and anti-revolutionary, and to reduce crime and pauperism far below its amount in England, where estates and farms are large. Tuscany, Holland, Belgium, Lombardy, Guernsey and Jersey, are all cultivated on a system of small farms, and the produce from a given quantity of soil, is greater in those countries than in Britain. The reports of the Labourer's Friend Society give numerous examples of cases in which whole parishes have become pauperized, while the soil was held by two or three large farmers, and have been entirely redeemed from pauperism by dividing the farms among the paupers, who were enabled to pay a much larger rent than had been previously afforded. The reports of the various parishes in which the allotment system has been adopted, establish the fact, that land is rendered far more valuable and profitable in the hands of a labourer who cultivates it himself, than in those of a farmer who has to pay wages for everything he does, and is robbed by eye-servants. A man works at the door of his own cottage, on his own holding, to far greater profit than when he toils for another, trudging miles to and from his work. He labours early and late. The industry of his family is no longer lost to the community. The youngest picks up weeds, fetches, and carries. The wife with the infant in her arms, can even do something. All are made active and busy. A hundred peasants on 1,000 acres (ten to each), mean 100 litters of pigs, 100

or 200 milch cows, with butter, cheese, milk, veal, manure. (Mr. Blacker shows that a cow soiled may be well maintained on three quarters of an acre.) They involve 100 broods of chickens, with no end of eggs. (our chief supplies of eggs and poultry are from Ireland and France.) They imply, that not one blade of road or hedge-side grass, not one square inch of soil, not one withered leaf, will be lost. They mean 100 gardens with potatoes and vegetables, yielding each a surplus for market. They signify a smaller chance of a lost crop in any season, for in addition to a soil better trenched and pulverized by the spade, and better manured, there are hands on the spot to substitute a new crop for that which has not succeeded. They involve no risk or loss of capital, because no wages are paid. No establishment of horses and implements has to be kept up, and although, for the time, there may be little surplus to sell, the holder can make shift to live by his cow and eggs, and his garden, and wait for better seasons. Look at the proof. The Dutch bear as high a rent, and are as heavily taxed as we are. Their climate is far worse than ours, because hard frosts compel them to maintain their cattle for four months of every year on winter food; yet on their small farms they raise butter and cheese, pay a duty at our custom house of 20s. and 10s. per cwt. respectively, and undersell our farmers in our own market! Look at the Swiss with *their* little farms—how independent, how comfortable, how intelligent, how moral!

"It has been ascertained," observes Mr. Chambers (Tour through Holland and Belgium,) "that the agricultural population of Belgium are the most contented, virtuous, and generally comfortable peasantry in the world. The farms are for the most part small; just sufficient to pay a moderate rent, and support a family in a humble but decent manner." "We were informed by M. le Compte Arrivabene, that he had resided eleven years in Gaesbeck (Brabant,) containing 364 inhabitants; and, during the whole of that time, neither a crime nor a culpable indiscretion had been committed. The greater part of the inhabitants are renters of land to the extent of five or six acres each family; and this, with a cottage and garden, is quite enough to render them comfortable."

Mr. Nicholls, in his Report to Parliament states, that "the farms in Belgium rarely exceed 100 acres. The number containing fifty acres is not great; those of thirty or twenty are more numerous, but the number of holdings, of from five, to ten, and twenty acres, is very considerable.

"The small farms of from five to ten acres, which abound in many parts of Belgium, closely resemble the small holdings in Ireland; but the small Irish cultivator exists in a state of miserable privation of the common comforts and conveniences of civilized life, while the Belgian peasant farmer enjoys a large share of those comforts. The houses of the small cultivators of Belgium are generally substantially built, and in good repair; they have commonly a sleeping room in the attic, and closets for beds connected with the lower apartment, which is convenient in size; a small cellarage for the dairy, and store for the grain, as well as an oven, and an outhouse for the potatoes, with a roomy cattle-stall, piggery, and poultry loft. The house generally contains decent furniture, *the bedding sufficient in* quantity, and an air of comfort pervades the

establishment. In the cow-house the cattle are supplied with straw for bedding; the dung and moisture are carefully collected in the tank; the ditches had been secured to collect materials for manure; the dry leaves, potato tops, &c., had been collected in a moist ditch to undergo the process of fermentation, and heaps of compost were in course of preparation. The premises were kept in neat and compact order, and a scrupulous attention to a most rigid economy was everywhere apparent. The family were decently clad, none of them were ragged or slovenly, even when their dress consisted of the coarsest material.

"In the greater part of the flat country of Belgium the soil is light and sandy, and easily worked; but its productive powers are certainly inferior to the general soil of Ireland, and the climate does not appear to be superior. To the soil and climate, therefore, the Belgian does not owe his superiority. The difference is to be found in the system of cultivation, and the forethought of the people. The cultivation of small farms in Belgium differs from the Irish: 1. in the quantity of stall-fed stock which is kept, and by which a supply of manure is regularly secured; 2. in the strict attention paid to the collection of manure, which is skilfully husbanded; 3. by the adoption of rotations of crop. We found no plough, horse, or cart—only a spade, fork, wheelbarrow, and hand-barrow. The farmer had no assistance besides that of his family. The whole land is trenched very deep with the spade. The stock consisted of a couple of cows, a calf or two, one or two pigs, sometimes a goat or two, and some poultry. The cows are altogether stall-fed, on straw, turnips, clover, rye, vetches, carrots, potatoes, and a kind of soup made by boiling up the potatoes, peas, beans, bran, cut hay, &c. which, given warm, is said to be very wholesome, and promotive of the secretion of milk. Near distilleries, and breweries, grains are given.

"Some small farmers agree to find stall room and straw for sheep, and furnish fodder at the market price for the dung. The dung and moisture are collected in a fosse in the stable. Lime is mingled with the scourings of the ditches, vegetable garbage, leaves, &c. On six acre farms, plots are appropriated to potatoes, wheat, barley, clover, flax, rye, carrots, turnips, or parsnips, vetches, and rye, as green food for cattle. The flax is heckled and spun by the wife in winter; and three weeks at the loom in spring, weaves up all the thread. In some districts every size, from a quarter acre to six acres, is found. The former holders devoted their time to weaving. As far as I could learn, there was no tendency to subdivision of the small holdings. I heard of none under five acres, held by the class of peasant farmers; and six, seven, or eight acres, is the more common size. The average rent is 20s. an acre. Wages 10d. a day.

"A small occupier, whose farm we examined near Ghent, paid £9. 7s. 6d. for six acres, with a comfortable house, stabling, and other offices attached, all very good of their kind—being 20s. an acre for the land, and £3 7s. 6d. for house and offices. This farmer had a wife and five children, and appeared to live in much comfort. He owed little or nothing."

Mr. Nathaniel Kent of Fulham, in his "Hints to Gentlemen of Landed Property," states, so far back as 1775, in reference to the 'Austr-

Netherlands,' that the state of that country is a proof "that agricult when it is thrown into a number of hands, becomes the life of indus the source of plenty, and the fountain of riches to a country; but grasped into a few hands, it must dishearten the rest, lessen produce, tend to general poverty.

"Small farms let everywhere for at least 15 per cent. more than l farms; the former affording this difference, by being worked by tenants themselves, by greater frugality, and by little advantages of wl large farmers will not stoop to avail themselves. Where small farms destroyed, we see a vast number of families reduced to poverty, the p rates increased, the small articles of provision reduced in quantity, raised in price, and the population reduced wholesale to the state of labourers.

"The mechanic and manufacturer next feel the blow. The mar wears a different face. The vast number of poultry, the quantity pork, and a variety of other small articles of provision, are no lon supplied in their former abundance. The great farmer raises no mor those than are necessary for his own consumption, because his wife children will not take the trouble and care of them, or condescend attend the market. He must neglect many small objects—and m trifles added together make a large deficiency.

"The case is different on a small farm. It behoves the tenant her make the most of every thing: it lies under his eye at all times; seizes all minute advantages, cultivates every obscure corner, accun lates more manure in proportion to his land, and has a greater p portion of animal as well as vegetable produce. He does his work w his own hands more cheerfully, diligently, and zealously than for anoth His wife and children are of great service to him, especially in dairy."

"If these places were in greater plenty, farms would not be let at th present exorbitant terms; while farms are few in number, people be in absolute want of them, must give whatever is asked."

The admirable work of Mr. Blacker *demonstrates* that the pres condition of Ireland is the result of the ignorance and misgovernmen the people, and not of small farms. He gives case upon case of sm farms highly rented, on which the tenantry, by being put upon a pro method of farming, rotation of crops, but above all of stall feedi have paid all arrears, met their rent punctually, and established the selves in comfort. He estimates the cost of keeping one horse £20 8s. 2d., considers two required for fifty acres, or £40 16s. 4d., whi reckoning the existing wages at sixpence per diem, is equal to the su sistence and employment of five labourers, or twenty-five persons. ". small farmers ought to use the spade; it costs little more, does t business better, the crop is better. In all drill crops he may put a quicker succession of crops, and have one coming forward as the oth is ripening. In wet seasons he can dig when he cannot plough, a its value in turning stiff clay lands, can scarcely be imagined."

Among his tenants, "Greer holds 8¾ acres—rent £7 14s. 6d.; h four cows, two calves, as much dairy produce as well supplies his fami *and spares as much as brings* him in £11 4s. clear." Bruce "ho

eight acres, three cows, and a horse—sold £9 of butter, besides supplying the family. This will more than pay his rent, and leave him the rest of the produce besides." Whittle keeps two cows, two heifers, and a horse on 7¼ acres. Parks 4¼ acres, rent £4 9s. 2d., feeds two cows; after providing for family, got £7 for his butter. Thompson 11¾ acres, three cows, a heifer, and a horse. Ingram twenty-three acres, rent £25., seven cows, two heifers, one calf, two horses; sold £30 worth of butter, has 900 stacks of excellent oats, one acre of flax. I could make four times my rent off my farm." All these persons were in great prosperity, their land in fine heart, and their manure abundant by stall-feeding. A host of other cases are given by Mr. Blacker, which establish, beyond all question, the superior productiveness, economy, and success of small farms, as a means of supporting in comfort the greatest number of persons upon a given quantity, and of yielding the largest and surest rent to the landowner.

In England the same result is quite as fully realized. The "Philanthropic Magazine," for May, 1828, instances the case of a poor Yorkshireman, with fourteen children, who on three acres and a half of gravelly soil, and an old cottage at 50s. rent, maintained himself and family in comfort, paid an advance of £10 in yearly rent, rebuilt his cottage, and purchased the fee-simple of the holding out of the profits. Another, with six children, began with renting one acre, saved the purchase money of nine acres, and realized £1,500. A third paid 40s. an acre rent for four acres, raised four tons of carrots on a quarter of an acre, with which he paid his rent, feeding his pigs on the tops. A fourth refused £13 13s for the produce of half an acre.

Sir Henry Vavasour instances a cottier tenant of his "who rented three acres of land; his stock consisted of two cows and two pigs; he cultivated his land with the assistance of his wife and daughter, twelve years old, at their over hours. They subsisted on their daily wages at other labour; paid their rent by the sale of their butter only; and were in the habit of saving £30 a year out of the produce of the sale of their crops." Mr. Howard, of Melbourne Farm, had a tenant, who, at his over hours, aided by his family, cultivated one acre and a quarter, including the site of his cottage and fences. The land was at first so poor that it was not considered worth 5s. an acre rent; in a few years, however, care and industry had improved it so much that it yielded a crop worth £10 17s. This poor man, before he had any land, had the greatest difficulty in maintaining his wife and three children. His family now increased to seven children, and even his health became indifferent, yet with his acre and a quarter of, originally, the poorest land, a cow, and a pig, he maintained and brought up his increased family in comfort, without requiring parish relief."

Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke reports of his allottees in Northamptonshire, that "they pay their rent with ease, and purchase decent clothing and furniture—their allotments being in general, but one acre, half an acre, or a quarter of an acre, according to what hands they have got to cultivate; and thus are they enabled to rear and educate their families however numerous, without so much as the apprehension of ever having to apply for parish relief. For, additional mouths being thus accompa-

nied by additional profitably employed hands, the balance is kept even, or rather inclined in favour of the numerous families; as, where there is a garden, a cow, and pigs, children, who had else been burdensome to their parents, or the parish, can be made useful at a very early age. In no one instance has he found the allotment system fail."

At the Moor, near Malton, patches of five or six acres, let out to labourers, have raised them to comfort and independence; and so elevated their morals and self respect, that pauperism among them has almost disappeared. Even boys of twelve years of age, tenants of Mr. Smith, of Southern Warwickshire, "on lots of one-fifteenth of an acre easily paid him £5 an acre rent, and supplied fifteen families with abundance of vegetables. So much has the cultivation improved the habits of the boys, that though, previously, they were without anything better to do than loiter about the streets, they are all now in full employ for daily hire, and perform the work of their allotments at over hours; while, so great is their pride and pleasure in their plot of land, that every weed and insect is extirpated, and the crop is carefully watered whenever the droughts are too continuous."

In Snettisham, Norfolk, the cottagers, whose lots have been absorbed into large farms, have become pauperized, while all who have retained them, have also preserved their independence. In Abringdon Pigots, Cambridgeshire, even the common right to graze a cow saved the poor from the union; while the result of depriving them of access to land, has been to raise the poor rates enormously. In Shottisbrook, Bucks, while the cottagers had a field and orchard at a fair rent, not a single pauper was on the books; but on a change of owners depriving them of their holdings, the rates rose to 3s. in the pound. At North Creek, near Burnham, Norfolk, according as the cottagers, from being deprived of the use of land, were obliged to give up their cows, the poor rate advanced from 1s. 9d. to 3s., and then to 6s, in the pound, till only two labourers remained independent, by the tenancy of two acres, at 30s. an acre. These two reared eleven children without relief, while for all the dispossessed families, an allowance was required of 2s. per week for each child.

Lord Brownlow, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Duke of Northumberland, the Marquis of Stafford, the Earl of Beverley, Lord Carrington, Lord Stanhope, Sir John Rushout, Sir John Swinburne, Burden, of Castle Eden, Babington, of Rothley Temple, and a host of others, have submitted the experiment to extensive practice, and with such success, that while a higher rent is charged, it is better paid, and parish relief is diminished wherever these small holdings prevail.

Indeed, it stands to reason that in the existing circumstances of this country, small holdings are essential to the regeneration of agriculture. An extensive series of experiments of the comparative merits of plough and spade husbandry, has proved to demonstration, the superiority of the latter. Mr. Falla, of Gateshead, obtained, by the plough, thirty-eight bushels of wheat per acre; by the spade sixty-eight bushels and a half. At Sherborne, in Warwickshire, Frederick Harris, a farm labourer, produced by the spade, sixteen bushels and a half of wheat, in 1834, on one quarter of an acre, being at the rate of sixty-six bushels per acre. Mr. *Godney, of Rodenhall,* near Harleston, holder of 300 acres, beginning

with eighteen acres, increased his spade cultivation to fifty acres, encouraged by the luxuriant crops of all kinds of which it is the result; at a cost for thorough digging, twelve inches deep, and pulverizing the subsoil, and ridging it, of only £2 per acre. "The pressure," he observes, "of the plough in moist weather, frequently glazes the bottom of the furrows, and prevents the passing off the water, the retention of which, in the mould, which is intended for the reception of seed on heavy soils, is too frequently succeeded by scanty crops, especially when sown with barley. Deep forking brings up fresh soil for the young clover plants." By this method the allotment tenants of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, according to his Lordship's authority, "obtain produce to the amount of from £16 to £20 an acre." "Their gardens act as a saving's bank for labour, by securing the immediate employment of small spare portions of time which would otherwise escape imperceptibly from their grasp, like savings which are not placed, as soon as made, beyond the risk of being used needlessly and improvidently." "Spade husbandry," observes Dr. Yelloly, "is not a system of expense or risk. Less capital is necessary for it than ordinary husbandry, from the smaller number of horses and implements required, while the advantages are speedily exhibited. Its tendency is to diminish the poor rates, while it raises the amount of the labourer's remuneration, and makes it dependent on steady habits of industry. By turning up or loosening the ground five or six inches deeper than the plough goes, there is an opportunity afforded for the descent and diffusion of the roots, which are often interrupted in their progress by a hard and impervious subsoil; and with regard to wheat, I have observed that the number and length of the roots, are much more considerable in forked than in ploughed land: and the continual addition of decomposed matter afforded by a succession of rooty fibres, must effect a great and permanent improvement in its productive powers."

Mr. Feargus O'Connor moderately estimates the keep of each horse at £25. Its life, at the working age, is worth not more than seven year's purchase, which, on a value of, say £35 is £5 per annum. Then its shoeing, harness, plough, and harrow tackle, implements required for horse husbandry, medicine and other expenses, can scarcely be taken at less than £5 more, or £35 in all. In many English farms four horses are used in ploughing—but take the number for fifty acres at only two, and the services of a man to hold, and a boy to drive, the one at 7s., the other 3s. 6d. per week, or 10s. 6d. in all, and we have her £96 13s., or we may safely say £100 in all for tilling fifty acres. This is equal to the wages of nearly six labourers at 7s. per week, and as land can be let for digging at £2 per acre, or £100 for fifty acres, it is clear that there is actually as great economy in spade as in horse labour, besides feeding men in preference to brutes, and receiving a much more productive crop. Or to try the calculations by another method. Sir John Sinclair reports as the result of experiments, that a labourer can dig an acre in twenty days, which at 313 working days, is as nearly as possible 16 acres in the year, or 96 acres for six labourers' work. "A spade," well observes Mr. O'Connor, "can be had for a few shillings, will find its way anywhere, up hills, between rocks, where a plough cannot be used." The ground is made more level, the seed more evenly covered, and therefore mor

evenly ripened, not disturbed by horses' feet, weeds are better extirpated by being effectually buried or taken up; and for thorough pulverization "what is equal to a slap with the back of a spade?"

The Bishop of Bath and Wells' soil was *waste* land, for which he got a rent of 40s. an acre from spade husbandmen. The effect of these allotments was, 1st. That the tenants at once ceased to be a burden on the rates. 2nd. That their character greatly improved. 3rd. That not one of them was ever taken before a magistrate. 4th. That the land was greatly improved. 5th. That the demand for allotments became universal. 6th. That the system was extended by the Bishop to the wastes even of the Mendip hills; and the plan successfully adopted by all the neighbouring gentry.

The parish of West Looe, Cornwall, allotted their waste (22 acres) at 20s. an acre, and so succeeded that they let 22 acres more. "I went over the land," observes Captain Chapman, "and found it in excellent condition. The effect on the poor rate has been a diminution from 10s. to 3s.; but the moral effect upon the poor is beyond calculation."

The high authority of Sir John Sinclair, founder of the Board of Agriculture, in favour of the reclamation of waste lands by the spade, and of small holdings, is supported by him with sufficing reasons.

"In early ages of society," he well remarks, "when oxen and horses were cheap, when they were fed at little or no expense, when their stables were little better than miserable hovels, when the wages of ploughmen were low, and when labourers were not sufficiently numerous for carrying on extensive cultivation by manual labour, it is not to be wondered at that the invention of the plough should be accounted a valuable discovery. But now horses are dear, their accommodation and food expensive, the implements of husbandry are costly, while labourers are abundant and their wages low." "For porous soils, which have been so highly cultivated by the small farmers of Flanders," manual labour is sufficient for the production of abundant crops, "and turns up the manure which falls below the depth of the plough. The cost is not great, being in Flanders 26s. an acre, 18 inches deep, 32s. on strong lands, and 56s. for trenching two feet deep. For hilly land, which would cut up horses severely, without ploughing effectually, the spade prepares horizontal ridges which would retain the soil better in heavy rains. Trenching is by far the most effectual method for reclaiming rugged wastes, deepening soils, removing roots, and stones, mixing the various substances of the soil together, correcting inequalities of surface, and bringing the lands speediest into cultivation. In the end it is the cheapest, two crops repaying the cost; 20,000 acres in Aberdeenshire, and as much more in other counties, have been thus reclaimed, stripped of weeds, and made very fertile." Sterile and stony waste lands in Forfarshire, and soils of a retentive bottom, have, by trenching, produced, not only heavy grain crops, but clover, potatoes, carrots, and other deep rooted plants. Mr. Wardel, of Parkhall, Stirlingshire, thus trenched the wild common at £9 an acre, and produced the finest turnips in the county, on land which scarcely yielded a blade of grass. Mr. Portman, of Dorsetshire, reclaimed and rendered highly productive his wastes at a cost of only £6 an *acre.* "*Mr. Allison, of* Glassnock, Ayrshire, by that means improved

o soft a quality that horses could not be borne on it. The ex-
delving the first year was £3, second year 35s., including the
for carrying off the water. Four farms thus improved, let at
nes their original rent." Mr. Warden, in 1817, trenched his
ok three heavy crops without any manure, and laid it down in
ture. Plantations may thus be planted with potatoes, greatly to
ntage of the trees. Mr. Warden had a field of ten acres so in-
ith weeds and stones, that the plough entirely failed. After being
l at £9 an acre, it let for £14 an acre, yielded an abundant crop
t next year, and completely buried the weeds. Mr. Falla, by the
taking two short spits, of five or six inches, was enabled to em-
ls and old men in trenching at 33s. an acre. "Thus," continues
ı Sinclair, "women, boys, girls, and feeble old men, who are a
)urden on the community, and whose existence is miserable from
, may be employed in the cultivation of the soil. By this means
those miserable objects who are now pent up in workhouses
)thing, might be enabled to earn a maintenance; and if such a
were generally adopted, there cannot be a doubt that the poor-
England, might be considerably reduced." He recommends the
ent of small holdings to labourers working by the piece, road
carriers, millers, country mechanics—to weavers to relieve their
y occupation, to fishers who cannot go to sea in bad weather,
poor of villages and small towns, for milk, vegetables, health,
stimulus to the collection of manure.

)ttage farmer, the tenant of Sir Henry Vavasour, drew up the
ſ statement of his profit and expenditure, on a three acre farm,
d by the spade.

Produce	Value.	A.	R.	F.
hels of potatoes	£24	0	2	0
hels of carrots	6	0	1	0
ters of oats at 44s. per quarter	11	0	3	20
s of clover, part hay, part cut green	12	1	0	10
.....	1	0	0	20
n stuffs for family, viz., beans, peas, cabba- eks, &c.	0	0	0	30
	£54	3	0	0

Deduct.	£.	s.
cluding house	9	0
:c.	3	0
' labour	10	10
	£22	10.

xclusive of butter, if sold at market .... £31 10s.

," continues Sir John Sinclair, "almost incredible what two able
ius labourers will perform in a year for only 10s. per week, or
annum *each*. The original price of horses, their annual decay,
ents to which they are liable, the cost of implements, the bills

of saddlers and smiths, exclusive of the expense of keeping, which cannot be calculated at less than 2s. a day, or £36 10s. per annum, besides a ploughman to attend them, all must amount to a considerable sum. It is also to be considered that while the men and the horses will, in all probability, be unemployed for several days in the year, by bad weather and other circumstances, the labourer is only paid while he is employed, and for work actually executed. In regard to difference of produce, an experiment was tried in the neighbourhood of Hamilton, expressly to ascertain that point. A field was taken, which had been cropped with beans the preceding year, and the previous year with oats. Two ridges were dug and two ploughed, alternately, and the whole was sown on the same day. A part of both, the ploughed and dug, was drilled with the garden hoe. The whole was reaped the same day, and being thrashed out, the result was that the dug land, sown broad cast, was, to the ploughed land, sown broad-cast, as 55 bushels to 42; while the dug and drilled was to the ploughed as 20½ bushels to 12¼. The additional grain produced was not the only beneficial result gained by digging, for in this instance there was also a great deal more straw, and the land was much more free of weeds, and more easily cultivated next year." Sir John calculates that a labourer, regularly employed has, in the year, 273 working hours, or 23 working days, free at his disposal, and could, in that time, easily, with his family, cultivate half an acre, besides keeping bees to a profit. "Can any," he concludes, "figure to himself a more delightful spectacle, than to see an industrious cottager, with his busy wife and healthy family, living in a comfortable house, rented by himself, cultivating his little territory with his own hands, and enjoying the profits arising from his own labour and industry; or whether it is possible for a generous landholder to employ his property with more satisfaction, or in a manner more likely to promote, not only his own, but the public interest, than that of encouraging the exertions of so meritorious a class of the community."

The reader must bear with us while we endeavour. not merely to touch upon, but to exhaust this subject. We are appealing to the kind heart and common sense of this nation, on behalf of the industrious poor, against the nebulous crotchets of half-bred political economists and sand-blind theory-mongers. The social arrangements for which we contend, have been "phoo-phooed" by ignorant flatterers of a bad system, and we cannot let our theme go, until we have left the incredulous, or the wilfully uninstructible, without apology for either their doubts or negations. Humanity must be suffered to be prolix in its "plea for the poor," if it can make it good. "Strike but hear!" Say, if you please—

"'The fellow hath damnable iteration,'"

but suffer us to inflict our tediousness on you, in mercy to our cause.

"Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo."

That which cannot obtain conviction except against the will and prejudices of the hearer, can only establish itself by "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." The feelings of the *landlord class are with us*—but land stewards, and large farmers, have

proved their influence to be too powerful for the cries of nature, and the requisitions even of obvious social duty. It is easier and less troublesome for a land agent to collect rent twice a year from five large farmers, than four or six times from fifty cottiers. The books are less complicated—the accounts for repairs come within a smaller compass. It is part of our case that the farmers object to the small tenant system. Their very plea is that small holdings render labourers too independent, and the supply of hands scarce. It is in this very effect that we centre the chief excellence of the system. It is nothing to tenants that labourers come upon the rates. That keeps down wages, and rates tend only to the depreciation of rent, as a burden upon the land. The Duke of Northumberland gave up his small tenantries expressly at the instance of the farmers, on the declared ground that they could not get hands to work for them at reasonable wages. When peasants cease to beg for leave to work, then is the condition of the masses in its best state, and the country most secure from disorder and distress. Then are poor rates at their minimum, and in fair process of entire extinction. We would smother the sceptical with facts, as Tarpeia was by the bucklers of the Gauls. We pray our countrymen to—

"Hear us for our cause, and be silent that they may hear."

The parish of Cholesbury, in Buckinghamshire, was entirely occupied by two large farmers. Fertile, populous, within forty miles of the metropolis, its cultivators, notwithstanding, fell behind. There were 139 inhabitants in the parish, but only two had an inch of the soil. Was not this civilization run mad? Was it not a glaring and staring evidence of the monstrous abuse of the principle of private property, that only one man out of 69 tillers of the ground, should have exclusive occupation of the earth, which God made common to all, and the appropriation of which can only be palliated upon the clearest proof of public advantage? What was the consequence of this *beau ideal* of politico-economical arrangement? Simply this—out of the 139 inhabitants, 119 were paupers. The land monopolists became bankrupt, the parson got no tithes, the landlord's acres were in rapid course of being eaten up with rates, and the whole property of the parish being unable to feed the inhabitants, a rate in aid had to be levied on the neighbouring parishes, which were rapidly degenerating into the same state. The Labourer's Friend Society came to the rescue. They leased the land at a fair rent. They parcelled it out among the very worst class of persons upon whose habits to hazard the result of such an experiment. Some got five, some ten acres, according to the size of their families; and what was the effect? At the end of four years the number of paupers had diminished from 119 to 5, and these were persons disabled from old age or disease—these paupers afforded to pay a rate in aid to the neighbouring parishes—and it was found that every one of them were in a state of independence and comfort, each had a cow, many two or three, to which some added a horse, others some oxen ready for the market, and all had pigs and poultry in abundance. No experiment could be more severe than this. Persons once degraded to the condition of paupers, lose self respect, the love of independence, the spirit of self help. One of the chief argument

against the small farm system is, that although it is plausible in theory, yet it will fail, because the poor are not fit to be their own masters, and will not work for themselves as they would do, when compelled by the necessity of earning wages. Indeed, this argument is not without weight, and may suggest the expediency of not reducing the whole land in any district to uniform small sub-divisions; but of interspersing farms of different sizes, so that the poor may be officered by the vicinity and example of the rich. But this narrative proves that the Saxon peasantry of this country *are* fit to be their own masters; and that even the worst class of them only require the stimulus and opportunity of circumstances, to rouse them to exertion, self command, and improvement. The failure of pauper colonies is no argument here. These have always been made up, not of the stationary and industrious poor, but of the vagrant class of professional beggars, seized in the large towns of Holland and other places, and all herded together in one district, without the benefit of the vicinage, and example of the better classes. Even of these, many who had been inured to country work, succeeded and prospered. But we have only to look at the peasant occupiers of Belgium, Switzerland, Lombardy, Bavaria, and Tuscany, in order to be satisfied, unless, indeed, we believe that our own Saxon ploughmen are inherently inferior to these, that they may be safely trusted with independent action, and that if they are afforded the opportunity of circumstances, they will, by "patient continuance in well-doing in due season reap" the fruits of orderly and provident industry. This is a principle applicable, not to English nature alone, but to human nature. Even Irish nature, debased and made abject, callous, prejudiced, dogged by bad laws, and social mismanagement, is not deaf to the appeal to better feelings, and more generous treatment. Out of hundreds of cases cited by good Irish landlords, we select, at random, an instance afforded by Mr. Blacker, of the "extraordinary change of character which the first ray of hope produces in the mind of a man sunk in despondency; and who, having fallen into poverty and distress, has lost heart, from seeing no chance of extricating himself from his unfortunate situation. A man awakened from this state of torpor and depression of mind, becomes a new creature, when the prospect of comfort and independence appears to be within his reach; and the exertion consequent upon the introduction of the first gleam of hope, is almost beyond the belief of those who have not had the opportunity of witnessing it. I have gone myself to see a poor man, the tenant of less than four acres of land, whose name and residence I can give, if required, who was threatened with an ejectment, being, as well as I recollect, two and a half years in arrear. I found him sitting with his feet in the ashes of a half extinguished fire, his wife and five children nearly naked; want and misery surrounding him on every side—his house and farm neglected—the fear of expulsion, preying upon his mind and spirits, having destroyed his health; and there he was awaiting the beggary and starvation impending over himself and family, in a kind of listless insensibility,—in short, the whole scene was one of actual despair, and the man was evidently in such a state, that he was incapable of any *exertion* whatever. As I explained to him the plan I had in view for his benefit, *it was easy to see the* feelings with which he was agitated; with tears in

his eyes he promised to do everything I required, and I left him to send the agriculturist to point out to him what was first to be set about. He faithfully made good his engagement, and did everything as he was directed; and when turnips were ripe, I lent him out of the sum placed at my disposal for that purpose, some money to buy a cow—the family had previously lived on potatoes and salt, and for even this he was in debt. This was his commencement, and in the short space of about eighteen months afterwards, I found his house clean and comfortable looking, and the place about equally so; in fact I could not put my foot upon a spot that was not either in crop, or in preparation for one; and he himself, with his health restored, actively employed in wheeling up earth in a wheelbarrow from the bottom to the top of a hill in his land, where the soil was shallow, in which his daughter, a fine stout little girl, was helping him, pulling by a rope in front; and the whole was a picture of activity and successful exertion. These two years past have not been favourable to the farmer, but he has continued to pay up all his arrears; and, although his diet and that of his family is of necessity at present confined almost exclusively to potatoes and milk, they are all healthy, happy, and contented. Another year, I expect, will enable him to pay off his debts, and then, between the produce of his loom, and the increased produce of his farm, he will be able to command almost all the comforts which people in his line of life are so ambitious of. His rent is £4 8s. 3d., which the butter from his cow will generally pay, leaving him his pig and his crop, and the produce of his loom to himself. And yet this is the man, who, upon the same piece of land, and subject to the same rent, was so lately upon the verge of beggary and starvation."

There is no witchcraft in all this—nothing exaggerated—nothing which need be characterized by the invidious distinction of "Irish facts." Its possibility, its probability, its easy practicability, are demonstrable. The problem has been already worked out by the Dutch and Belgian farmers. It may be seen every day proved in our allotments. Our market gardens on many of the poor soils of Surrey, and even on Hounslow Heath in Middlesex, establish it as an axiom. These gardens often produce as much food on three acres, as a farmer does on twenty. It is true that the one grows vegetables, while the other raises grain. But vegetables are food as much as wheat is. Potatoes, carrots, turnips, onions, leeks, peas, beans, cabbages, cauliflower, require as much good soil and nourishment as wheat or barley does—and are the appropriate raw material of beef and mutton. They do not take so long to grow, and they admit of many successions of crops within the year. It is indeed contended that the gardens are very elaborately pulverized, and command any necessary amount of manure—a desideratum which cannot be supplied at a distance from population. Herein lies the whole point of the case: the secret of Dutch and Belgian success consists in spade husbandry, and the most watchful attention to manures. It has been proved by Liebeg, that every animal yields as much manure yearly, as is sufficient to fertilize the soil to an extent equal to the reproduction of as much food as is necessary to its subsistence. Get animals, then, and they will feed themselves, *and maintain* a farmer's family into the bargain. Cattle, pigs, *sheep, are to be found* in the country and in England, as well as

towns and in Belgium. The whole secret of Belgian, and Dutch, and Scotch, and indeed all successful farming, lies simply in this, that the dairy and cattle feeding, are the chief care of their farmers. In many places in England, particularly in the neighbourhood of Brighton, landlords stipulate that one cow shall be maintained by the cottier on every three quarters of an acre. "One acre," observes Mr. Blacker, "of good clover and rye-grass, one rood of vetches, and three roods of turnips (making up in all two acres, which are now allotted for grazing one cow in summer,) taking a stolen crop of rape after the vetches, will afford ample provision for three cows the year round. By sowing rape on a seed bed, and transplanting it as the other crops came off the ground, Mr. William Scott, a tenant of the Earl of Charlemont, obtained the enormous produce of sixty-four tons per acre. One cow kept within for twenty-four hours, will give as much manure as three cows which are only kept in for eight hours, the food being assumed to be the same in both cases; but it is quite evident that, if the cow kept within, should be fed on turnips, and bedded with the straw which the others are fed on, leaving them little or no bedding whatever, the calculations must turn decidedly in favour of the animal which is well fed and bedded, both as regards the quality and quantity of manure—so that it appears the estimate I have made is decidedly under the mark." Q. E. D. There is really no room for doubt on the subject. And does it not prove volumes? Is there not here evidently far greater productiveness than, with the large, plough-farmer, is possible? Is not here milk for the family, and whey for the pigs, and butter, and cheese, and veal for the market town? Is it not by these means that the Dutch, as heavily taxed *pro rata* as we are, their agricultural taxes especially as great, their rent quite as high as ours, their soil not better, their climate hot enough in summer to dry pasture up, and cold enough for four months in winter to deprive them of all use of the soil, are enabled to pay a duty of 20s. per cwt. on butter, and 10s. on cheese, and after all undersell our English farmers in our own markets? Government interference, indeed, it is said is impolitic. The people it is contended should be left to private enterprize, and the exertion of their own energies. But we do not do so; we interfere with the natural distribution of property by primogeniture, entail, complicated titles, and expensive conveyances. Above all, it is surely a greater interference on the part of the executive, actually to buy food for the people, and shovel it gratis down their throats, than to put them in a way to raise it, and feed themselves and us too. *Laissez faire* is entirely out of the question with the 3,561,000 poor helpless paupers of these three kingdoms. We could cry, "Let us alone!" with the best of the non-interference-with-private-enterprise statesmen. None more devoutly than ourselves believe in the infallibility of those social instincts which have been implanted in man, as in bees, or beavers, or wild cattle, or prairie horses, or rooks, or deer, or starlings, to lead them to live in harmony and happiness with one another. The curse of the world has all along lain in too much law making. The wise impulses of our instinctive nature have been overlaid and smothered by over-government. We have substituted artificial state-craft for the wise economy of providence. We have over-civilized ourselves into a state of property run

mad. Indeed, the extent of the interference we advocate with the existing arrangements of our social polity, may be reduced simply to a demand for a recurrence to the natural order of things, and the suggestions of common sense. Here, have we four millions of idle, unproductive, sturdy beggars, ready and willing to handle a spade or hoe. There, lie nearly 100,000 acres of royal forest in Hampshire and neighbouring counties, not only yielding no profit, but possessed and mismanaged at a heavy cost to the country, in growing stunted scrub, and mangy oaks. Did nature ever intend that these should be sundered and sequestered from each other—that the earth should be untilled, and its inhabitants should be starved, or fed by charity, on food brought from 5,000 miles off, while the raw material was waiting clamouring to be manufactured at their very feet? This is letting alone with a vengeance—is "most tolerable and not to be endured"—is sheer nonsense on the face of it.

We indeed hear the judicially blind tell us that it will not pay to cultivate waste lands—that in a country so overloaded with capital, that the people embark in the wildest speculations, and the most rash and ruinous foreign ventures, for want of a legitimate source of safe profit, our wastes our heaths, and moors, and commons, and forests, would have been gladly enclosed and improved by private enterprize, had the speculation offered any fair prospect of a moderate return—and that the proof that it won't pay, is to be found in the fact that the experiment has not been undertaken. But this is an answer which might have been given when our ancestors were mere hunters, and clothed only in blue paint, as legitimately as now. From the year 1800 to 1835, upwards of 3,504,450 acres of *waste*, have been brought under cultivation. Had these learned Thebans had their way, what would now have been these acres? Still the mere Serbonian bog of economical crotcheteers, who are any thing but true economists. The Lincoln fens would still have grown but bull frogs and ague—the Haerlem Lake would still have raised annual crops of fever,—a prudential check to population undreamt of even by Malthus.

Have the people at large derived any substantial benefit from all this enclosure of acres—this redemption of waste from barrenness—these apparent conquests over the wilderness? Why these sapient anti-Triptolomeans glory in it as a sign of greatly improved science in agriculture, that with all this increase of acres, there is a satisfactory decrease in the number of hands required to till them! In other words, Macculloch and company mean to assure us, that the fewer people the soil supports, the greater is its fertility, and the higher the perfection of its culture! It is in vain we presume to appeal to the experience of the most eminent agriculturists, who unanimously declare that the sure test of high farming, is that there is a demand for more labourers than the parish can supply. Political economy of the landlord toad-eating school, gravely avers that the best sign of *bad* farming is the employment of a great many hands! If this be so, we must have wonderfully improved in tillage at each decennary period. The number of families employed in the agriculture of Great Britain in

1811 was	895,998
1821	978,656
1831	961,134
Being a decrease absolutely, not merely relatively to population, in ten years, of families	17,522

Estimating the average number in each family at five, this gives an aggregate *decrease* of persons supported by an increase of culture equal to 3,504,450 acres of 87,610. The next census is equally instructive. It dropped the register of families, and substituted that of male adults—of whom there were occupied in agriculture in

1831	1,251,751
1841	1,215,264
Being a *decrease* of	36,487

If we assume these to represent only one-half of the whole decrement of the agricultural population, the falling off will be equivalent to that of 91,217
which, added to the decrease in the census of 1831 87,610

is equal to a falling off to the extent of 178,827
in the number of persons deriving subsistence from agricultural employment since the beginning of the century, in the face of an increase in the total population of 8,192,713. The proportions of the population engaged in agriculture, in comparison to the remaining classes of the population, present even more ominous social phenomena. In 1811, 35 per cent. of the whole people were connected with cultivation;—in 1821 only 33 per cent., in 1831 they had fallen to 28 per cent., and in 1841 to 22. That is to say, seventy-eight of the people out of every hundred, are totally disconnected from the soil on which all depend for the primary necessaries of life; and the disproportion of agriculturists to the whole, is every year becoming more remarkable. At the beginning of the century the quantity of land under cultivation, divided among the whole population, gave 2⅔ acres to each. "The additions since made to the cultivated land," observes Mr. Porter, "and to the population, have been 3,504,450 acres (including Ireland,) and 9,427,020 inhabitants; so that, for every 100 individuals added to the population, only 37 acres have been brought into cultivation, being not quite a rood and a half for each person. If the whole breadth of land, now under cultivation, were divided equally among the population, exactly one acre and four-fifths would fall to the lot of each." We are very confidently told, indeed, that these facts are only evidence of greater fertility. It never seems to occur to economists that they may rather argue that a smaller quantity of food falls to the share of each. That it says little for the agriculture of the country is too obvious. Few candid men who compare the condition of the rural population of England and Ireland, half a century ago, with what it is now, will deny that their food is at present very *much more scanty, and* that scarcity, and even famine, are beginning

more and more to assume the features of a normal state. In 1750 the paupers of England and Wales amounted to 289,804, or about 4½ per cent. of the population. In 1800 they had increased to 667,524, equal to 7¼ per cent. In 1830 they numbered 1,391,633, or 10.1 per cent. Great results were expected from the operation of the Poor Law, which effectually weeded the systematized pauperism which had grown into a huge abuse, so that all who were not absolutely beggared were driven from the parish pay-table. But such is the progressive poverty of the people, that the number of paupers relieved in the year ending 25th March, 1848, has increased to..... 1,876,541
or, in 18 years from 1830..... 1,391,633

484,908

or, from 10.1 to 11.8 per cent. of the whole population. The needs of the destitute have become so clamant, that it has become necessary to extend a poor law both to Scotland and Ireland, at a cost to the nation of £7,941,778, and that not being enough, we have spent upwards of 8,000,000 in two years in feeding the Irish, and have still to levy a rate in aid to make up a deficiency, so great, as to have consigned tens of thousands to the grave, and driven some, it is said, in desperation, to eat the dead bodies of their countrymen. Indeed, while the population of Ireland in 1831 had increased 732,538 upon 6,801,827 in 1821, it had in 1841 advanced only 471,017 upon 7,734,365 in 1831; and while that of Great Britain had advanced 15.5 per cent. in the ten years ended 1841, that of Ireland had only enlarged to the extent of 6 per cent, an indication of a degree of misery which it is impossible by any other illustration so forcibly to describe. Nature has shrunk from its office—disease and famine must have made fearful havoc to have diminished the natural increment in ten years, from 12 to 6 per cent. The next census will disclose a still more frightful picture, and still our statesmen plead for "yet a little sleep, yet a little slumber, a little folding of the arms to sleep!"

A still more significant sign of our increasing helplessness is to be found in the returns of the exports of grain. In the ten years ending 1769, such was the ratio of production to consumption, that, besides amply supplying our own population, we were enabled to spare 1,384,561 quarters of wheat for export to our neighbours. In the ten years ending 1779, we had to *import* 431,566 quarters; 1789, 233,502 quarters; 1799, 3,216,096 quarters; in 1809, 5,747,518 quarters; in 1819, 6,042,847 quarters; in 1829 3,682,316 quarters; in 1839, 9,013,091 quarters, or nearly treble the quantity of the previous ten years—and while for the year 1845, the quantity of grain of all kinds imported was 2,370,357 quarters, for the three subsequent years, during which nearly open ports left the wants of the people to their natural development, the imports of grain have reached the enormous quantity of 8,000,000 of quarters in the year, and the proportion of wheat in *each* of these years imported, has been as much as for the whole ten years, ended 1829. Indeed, in the year ended 5th January, 1848, our imports of corn reached the alarming amount of..... 12,360,008 quarters.
Live animals..... 218,458

Meat, cwts.....	592,335
Butter ,, ...	314,066
Cheese ,, ...	355,243
Eggs, number.....	77,550,429,
At an aggregate cost of at least ...	£30,070,668.

It is in the face of these facts we are told the productiveness of our agricultural skill has advanced in a greater ratio than our population or our wants! What a story does this enormous import tell! Every ounce of the additional import has been devoured by our hungry people. No one pretends that they are yet over, or enough fed. They must of long years, therefore, have been supplied with far less than their real wants required, so as never, indeed, since the days when we were exporters, to have really had enough, or to have known as a nation, what it was to have a bellyfull. We increase at the rate of 460,000 mouths per annum; in ten years we shall add upwards of 5,000,000 to our population and our wants. What is to become of us?

But even this statement would afford a very inadequate view of our actual condition. Great Britain is not only dependent upon foreign produce for a great proportion of her inadequate subsistence, but she has to lean upon Ireland for a still greater quantity of food. It is to the facts connected with this phenomenon that it is most important to call the attention of the reader. Ireland is extremely wretched—has always been so. Her soil has been partitioned among English court parasites, who have kept at a safe distance from the people they oppressed; drawn everything from her, and sent nothing back that they could keep in England. Her people have been entirely detached from the property of the land they render fruitful—men with love of country, but no country to love—strangers and wayfarers on sufferance in the island of their birth. But, with all this, nothing can be more false or unfounded than the attribution of her misery to the fact of the minute subdivision of her holdings. On the contrary, the slightest inspection of her statistics will incontestibly prove that, in all the signs of *productive* power (we say nothing here of distribution,) the progress of Ireland in agriculture has been more rapid than that of perhaps any other country in the world.

We learn from Sir W. Petty, in his "Political Anatomy of Ireland," that in 1702 the population of Ireland was 1,100,000, embracing 750,000 labouring people. They lived in 200,000 houses (about five to each,) whereof 16,000 had more than one chimney each, 24,000 but one; "all the other houses, being 160,000, are wretched, nasty cabins, without chimney, window, or door-shut, even worse than those of the savage Americans." "By comparing the extent of territory with the number of the people, it appears that Ireland is much under peopled; forasmuch as there are above 10 acres of good land to every head in Ireland; whereas, in England and France, there are but four, and in Holland scarce one!" Up to 1727, the land was in such a small number of nands, that primate Boulter was compelled to *enforce* the cultivation of five acres, in every 100, by a penalty of 40s. Mr. Macculloch dates the breaking up of large farms from the Bounty Acts of 1780, and adds that *a fresh stimulus was given* to the partition of the soil by the emancipation

of the Catholics in 1792. It is then, notorious, to all readers of Irish history, that our Hibernian neighbours were in the most wretched condition of any people in Europe, when the occupation of the soil was in the fewest hands. It could *not* therefore be that partition which produced their misery. In fact, no candid mind can deny, that the miserable state of the people, is the result, not of the social arrangements and internal economy of the country, which are mere necessary effects of a misgovernment which has destroyed commerce and manufactures, and withdrawn the encouragement to industry which arises from confidence in the justice and wisdom of rulers; but of the oppression, injustice, and folly, of the British rule.

To demonstrate this it is only necessary to know, that the resources and productive powers of Ireland have more rapidly and enormously increased since the soil has become subdivided, than those of any country in the world. In 1791, the last year of her large farm system, the population maintained on her soil—

In houses.....	701,102	was	4,206,612
In 1841.....	1,384,360	was	8,175,124
Increase.....	683,258		3,968,512

so that, in fifty years, under the small farm dispensation, the accommodation of the people has nearly doubled, and the population has also advanced in almost an equal ratio.

The first year of which we have an account of the exports of produce from Ireland to Great Britain, is 1800. In that year a population of about 5,000,000 spared us the large quantity of 3,238 quarters of grain of all kinds. In 1811, 5,937, 856, sent 429,869 quarters. In 1821, 6,801,827, sent us 1,822,816 quarters. In 1831, 7,839,514, spared 2,429,182 quarters. And in 1841, 8,205,000 transmitted a surplus of 2,327,782 quarters. In 1842, 1,888,224 quarters.

Unfortunately it is impracticable to afford any accurate statement of Irish exports and imports—because, except as regards grain, no record of these has been kept since 1825, and the great bulk of both are transmitted in the first instance to Great Britain, and go to swell the returns for that island, while the produce to and from Ireland distinctively, constitutes a portion of our coasting trade only, of which no record is preserved or is indeed practicable. The exports to foreign parts *direct* from Ireland, of which alone we have any account, amounted in 1848 to £294,813, and the imports direct from foreign parts to £4,293,278.

The total annual value of the grain crops of Ireland is estimated by Mr. Macculloch at £28,200,834
and the value of live stock, according to the census, commissioners in 1841 at 20,105,808

Total..... £48,306,642

The imports for the three years ending 1790, amounted to £3,535,588, the exports to £4,125,333. But for the three years ending 1926, the last period of separate accounts for the sister kingdom, the imports had increased *to £7,491,890*, and the exports to £8,454,918, or more than *cent. per cent.* The quantity of home-made spirits retained for hor

consumption in 1790 was 866,525 gallons, and in 1846 7,605,196, tobacco 863,563 lbs. in 1790, and 5,871,888 lbs. in 1846, tea 57,745 lbs., and 6,618,211 lbs., coffee 14,790 lbs., and 994,521 lbs., sugar 72,035 cwts., and 414,998 cwts. The tonnage of vessels entered inwards in 1800 was 214,159 in 2,403 ships, and in 1846 2,320,982 in 20,320 ships. In 1835, 1627 vessels of 131,735 tons, and 9,282 men were registered, and in 1846, or eleven years, they had increased to 2,251 ships, 247,696 tons, and 13,968 men. The tonnage belonging to and registered at the Irish ports in the three years ending 1799, was 112,333, and in the three years ending 1845, 631,981, being an increase of 530,152, or nearly a five-fold increase in forty-six years.

Now Great Britain is not enabled, with all her supposed agricultural superiority, to spare one ounce of any of the articles of *agricultural* produce above enumerated, but besides being obliged to Ireland for nearly the whole of the enormous supply, indicated in the foregoing specification, she has to import, in addition, agricultural produce from abroad, to the value of upwards of £30,000,000 *per annum*. May we not well ask, whether there is here any shadow of a pretence for the allegation that Ireland's miseries are traceable to a system under which her population has doubled and her exports of the products of the soil probably sextupled within fifty years, leaving her population no better off perhaps, but certainly not worse off than they were under the large farm dispensation. The English census of 1841 shows only 1,215,264 adult males supported by agriculture, out of a total of 4,707,600, while that of Ireland gives 1,277,054 out of 1,867,763. Irish small farms therefore support 68 per cent. of the whole population, while English large farms employ only 22 per cent. Let it be but imagined that, in the absence of commerce and manufactures, Great Britain had to throw two and a half times as many of her population for employment upon her large farms as she can now maintain, and need we say that her peasantry would be a great deal worse off than even the Irish cottiers? Is it pretended that small farms are the *cause* of the comparatively backward state of Irish trade and commerce? It might be enough in answer to this to say, that until the appearance of her small holdings, she had no manufactures, and scarcely any trade, and that these have prodigiously increased since her large farms were subdivided. But it may be enough here to answer, that the large proportion of her population engaged in agriculture is the *effect* of her inferior commercial endowments; and that these are to be traced to her absenteeism, to the insecurity resulting from religious persecution, and the consequent precariousness of the tenure of property, and to the disorderly character of the people, rising and rebelling against oppression.

What would these lickspittles of our aristocratic theory be at? Imagine the small holdings of Ireland abolished, the farms consolidated—the 5,000 acre farmer substituted for the 1,000 farmers of five acres. How are the 999 to be employed? Will the large farmer find work for a family of five upon five acres? He can, at the most, by substituting horses for the spade, employ two upon every fifty acres. In England, 1,200,000 male adults barely find employment on thirty-four millions of arable acres, being one to about every twenty-eight acres. In Ireland *1,200,000 male adults* are employed on 12,000,000 acres, or about one to

every 12 acres. The question then recurs, on the hypothesis of Ireland being thrown into large farms, and the cultivation followed as in England, what is to be done with the farming population? One man employed on every twenty-eight arable acres, would give 432,000 for the whole. What is to become of the residue of 845,000, being rather more than two-thirds of the whole adult male peasantry? Are they to find wages in trade and commerce? That channel is so entirely glutted, that there are, in the chief mercantile country of Europe (England), nearly 1,900,000 paupers totally unemployed, and, commerce itself, threatened by war and powerful competition, droops and languishes. Is the struggle among the existing manufacturing population of Britain not great enough already, but we must, by our new sagacious system of feudal politico economy, aggravate it by the competition of a million and a half of paid off peasants? Is it not frightful enough that in these realms, out of 6,575,365 male adults, 3,592,336 have to seek work in trade and commerce, having no hold whatever upon the soil, but we must still further sever the connection betwixt land and labour, and throw our masses from the least fluctuating and precarious stay of a nation, to its most hazardous and capricious? What is our manufacturing condition, but an alternate fever and ague—to-day more to do than there are hands for—to-morrow, half time, mills closed, owners bankrupt, and weavers conspiring in communist clubs, or hatching treason and conflagration, against the State and civil society. Are not the wages of skilled labour low enough already, but we must draw the peasantry off the land into the towns, to bring all to the workhouse, and a universal devil to pay? Shall we foster that system of weaving and spinning which is ever either at a hunger or a burst—for a few months keeping engines going night and day, and for the rest of the year nothing to do, all the high wages spent, and the hands starving, or perhaps, worse still, losing their pride of independence on union fare? If the manufacturers were fed with fewer hands, they would be compelled to diffuse their employment over the whole year, and keep down production below the limits of demand. If less trade were done, wages would be kept higher, custom would be more steady, profits would fluctuate the less, and manufacturers would be secured against upstart mills, rattled up in a season of great demand, to be sold at half the cost, when the flush of work is over.

What is the use of our trade and commerce, if it be not to afford us capital for laying the foundation of security, good order, comfort, and plenty, on the solid basis of agricultural abundance, and territorial improvement? What railway, foreign loan, or American stock, is half so good a saving's bank for a nation, as the soil of our own island, with its 31,000,000 of consumers, and its half million of new annual mouths to fill?

We do not want rivals and competitors for our weavers, but customers and co-operators. Where shall we find them half so conveniently, profitably, safely, as in our own country, among our fellow workers, and brother tax-payers. If we desire a home trade, let us be assured it is not by increasing the number of that too numerous class who depend for subsistence upon wages and the caprice of an employer, and not upon the secure *tenure of land* occupied by themselves. The farm labourer class

are not able to afford to spare any of their wages for clothing. They beg the cast-off garments of the Lord and Lady Bountifuls of the parish—if they buy at all, it is uniformly second hand clothes; and the result of numerous enquiries, promoted among the peasantry by the Anti-Corn-Law League, has been to establish the fact that ten, twelve, fifteen, twenty years, are often the term of life to which a single pair of breeches is renovated, refitted, and patched, in the Arcadia of Bucks, or on the plain of Salisbury.

We cannot too strongly insist upon the great evil of having too great a number of the population of any country in the condition of mere recipients of wages, servants dependent upon the caprice and management of others. They are, they must be, where they form the great bulk of the community of any country, little better than white slaves. They make masters few in comparison to servants—therefore there will be great numbers of servants seeking masters, and few masters seeking servants—they will be the sport of combinations among employers—they will be the first, and until distress reaches a certain point, the only class to suffer the consequences of depression—they will be what all are who are not, by being their own masters, trained to habits of self command, forecast, and general management of resources, improvident, reckless, exhausting their week's wages at the week's end, and reserving nothing for the crisis when "the evil days draw nigh." We want a due proportion in the gradations of society. Not too many masters—not too many servants—not the mere production of wealth, to the neglect of its distribution—not abstract riches at the expense of equable diffusion. He was not a poet alone, but a sound philosopher who taught us the difference—

> "Betwixt a splendid and a happy land,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

It is not because the Irish cottier is his own master that he is reckless. The peasant occupiers of Belgium, France, Switzerland, Norway, are the most frugal and provident men in the world. On the contrary, the saving habits of the Irish, when they have the stimulus of object, have excited the astonishment of those who have watched their history. They are desperate from insecurity—from the fact that the better they do, the higher is their rent raised—from the frugal and foresighted, being, by the detestable and iniquitous policy of grinding masters, bound for the liabilities of the lazy and self-indulgent neighbours of the same holding. The safety of a state lies in the mass of the people, having and holding the soil. We are no advocates for huge wens and enormous towns. That is a feature in the history of civilization which has uniformly been the immediate precursor of national decay. Too much town, and too little country, is like double or quits at brag, or the staking of a whole fortune on one throw. It is placing the existence of the population too exclusively upon one dependency, and a single condition. Trade and manufactures are at all times precarious—but seed time and harvest never fail. Commerce is the apex, the crowning Corinthian capital of civilization—but to make it the sole or chief dependence of a great nation is to begin building the house at the top. When customers *flag, when wages* stop, when mills stand still, and furnaces are

blown out, when discounts fail at the bank, and ships lie idle on the wharf, a people relying for life on these artificial conditions, are in a state of desperation. There is nothing for them to fall back upon. They have set their fortunes on the cast of a single die, and all famish. But the soil never fails them. When there are no wages, and little trade, the cabbages and carrots, the cottage, the cow, the pigs, the poultry, are still there. If they cannot find customers for the surplus, or if there be no surplus from a failing harvest, still there is enough of something for themselves. Even if wheat misgives, they dig it up, and plant potatoes or turnips. If there be no winter crop, they can have substitutes by the autumn. There is a less pressure on the towns. If there be not quite so much accumulated capital, which, in itself is a nuisance, as may periodically be seen by the industry with which its gatherers take fever fits of throwing it away, there will be more real substance of support diffused among the masses. Muscular extremities are as essential as a great heart. Indeed, what is the use of a heart, but to diffuse the blood over the whole social body. And if all the blood run to the heart, and leave nothing to the peasant but his fish mouth, and his spindle shanks, what is left but cardial hypertrophy, and paralysis of the limbs? The British Lion is indeed an ass, and the Union Jack has been flaunted till it be little better than a dishclout. We cannot sympathise with the simpering lyric, "Woodman, spare that tree," or bellow at the market ordinary the praises of the "Brave old oak." These are but "springes to catch woodcocks," in the net of high rents, and feudal supremacy. But we are profoundly impressed nevertheless with the sentiment, that—

"God made the country, man made the town."

and we detest that sophistication of humanity which makes man a machine, organises labour in regiments by rank and file, forgets the use of a spade, and ceases to recognize the distinction betwixt a corn stalk and a cabbage.

Is there any inaptitude in our soil to raise food, or feed cattle? Is our climate uncongenial to cereal production? Cannot we work more days in our fields than any other people? Is there a day in winter in which our cows cannot gather food, or an hour in summer in which the sun is too hot, or the herbage too bare? What is there to discourage us from devoting capital and industry to agriculture? Where can we buy food more cheaply or easily than we *should* be able to raise it, if we only went the right way to work? Have we not, whether farming in the abstract, be profitable or not, 3,561,382 human beings in the concrete, that we know not what to do with, and must feed for nothing, if we cannot put them in the way of returning us an equivalent in labour?

What has been the effect of these large farms, and this dispossessing of the petty yeomen and smaller tenantry? Simply this—that all our purely agricultural towns and villages are gradually going to decay. This, indeed, is to be inferred from the fact already pointed out, that 178,827 persons fewer were occupied in pursuits connected with agriculture in 1841 than in 1821. But it also appears in a more positive shape in *the census of the* purely rural parishes of some of the most fertile

districts of the finest counties. How many of our parliamentary boroughs have lost their franchise from decaying numbers? What is York with all its railways, its cathedral, its metropolitan privileges, to what it was at the time of the massacre of the Jews? What is Salisbury, what Arundel, or Wallingford, or Petersfield, or Lincoln, or Winchester? The reason is not far to seek. One farmer of 5,000 acres absorbs the whole profit which once formed a comfortable living for fifty farmers. These represent families of 250 individuals, requiring 250 pairs of shoes in place of five pairs—hats, coats, gowns, stockings, shirts, saddles, tea, and sugar, all in the same proportion. The huge monopolist food manufacturer and his wife, and three children, get their clothes and groceries from the distant large town, in place of the village, or neighbouring borough, and only to the extent of the one-fiftieth part of the former custom. Where is the wonder, then, that with the ousting of the fifty families, we should see the village shoemaker close his stall—the tailor shut up shop, and the grocer go into the gazette? If a duke draw into his own net £300,000 a year, does any man believe that his custom will be anything equal to that of 600 gentlemen of £500 a year each? Can he wear 600 pairs of boots, or wear out 600 saddles, or need 2,000 domestic servants, or drive 600 gigs? We want no Procrustean bed for society, to cut down or draw out incomes all to a length. We are no advocates of Owen parallelograms, or Fourrier communities of

"Mirth and Innocence and Milk and Water."

We are no levellers—nature does not level. She has her hills, and plains, and dales, her gradations of society, in infinite variety. What we here protest against is an artificial policy which, "against the use of nature," seeks to divide mankind into only two classes, the very rich and the very poor—a few wealthy masters, and a huge population of unadstricted slaves. We say it is bad political economy. What is the pretence for it? We are told it is more economical; it is said that if there is only one farmer to provide for on 5,000 acres, it is cheaper for the community to maintain him than fifty families. But what is to become of these fifty families? They are not got rid of by being turned out. They are only reduced, with the tradesmen they supported, to the class of labourers, a short step to the parish workhouse, where they will eat all, and pay and produce nothing. If they *are* got rid of—if they are crushed out of life, where are the customers of the 5,000 acre farmer? Where are the cultivators of the soil? If there are enough of ploughmen without them, it may be contended that they will repair for employment to the large towns. And what will meet them there? Two thousand answers for every advertisement of a vacant clerkship—a siege of three or four thousand messengers at every office where there is a scent even of but a week's job—tens of thousands of labourers already paid off, and their employers balancing betwixt the loss of keeping their mills open and shutting them up.

This economical gospel, according to J. R. Macculloch, is one of a marvellous India rubber sort. It draws out and bounds back again, with *all the pliability of* caoutchouc. It wants but one element of the con*veniently elastic properties of* gutta percha. It will not hold water. This

is the currency-any-thing-arian who can prove any monetary theory that may be convenient for the Bank of England. Who has demonstrated, if not to his own conviction, at least to the satisfaction of the landed gentry, that absenteeism is no evil, and that when Irish landlords spend £6,000,000 of Hibernian remittances in England and abroad, the money in point of fact is laid out in Ireland. This is the free-trader and apostle of *laissez faire* who has undertaken to show that a monopoly in land is good, while a monopoly in trade and commerce is pernicious—and that, what is sauce for the goose is *not* sauce for the gander. The latest escapade of this oracle, is equally characteristic of his consistency. Objections have been made by the ignorant to the employment of machinery. Luddites, and ignorant operatives have broken machines, and burnt down mills on the plea that they supersede human labour, and leave the industrious without employment. What has been the answer? True, we use machinery, but by its means we have so greatly reduced the cost of production, as at once to produce the best article at the cheapest rate, and so to increase demand and consumption, that a far greater number of hands are employed at better wages, than were ever required before the introduction of machinery. But when the principle is applied to agriculture, there is a convenient shifting of the argument. In tilling the soil we are told the test of excellence of culture is the throwing the greatest number of hands *out* of employment. The better the farming, the fewer people will get a living by it! And to follow out the syllogism to its legitimate corrollary, we presume agriculture will have reached the zenith of perfectibility, when it will support nobody!

> "My grief is great because it is so small,
> Then 'twould be greater were it none at all."

To our simple thinking it would be better that mankind derived no profit from employment, than that they should not be employed. That primœval curse is, in this sixtieth century, a blessing, which declares "in the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread." If the anti-agrarian economists can show us where or how our teeming population can be more profitably employed than in subduing the wilderness, and making the desert and solitary places glad, let them. We have three millions and a half of unwilling idlers among us. Trade cannot employ them—manufacturers will not—commerce is over-done. There are 465,000 new candidates for work, wages, and food, pressing upon us every year. Eight millions worth of hard-earned rates are squandered upon the local unprofitable poor. £784,178 of annual charity have to be added to this sum, besides, probably, not less than at least £1,500,000 more in eleemosynary almsgiving. All this is not enough. At one fell swoop, what with Queen's letters, Irish and Scotch funds, contributions from every part of the world, from the Grand Turk, to the Autocrat of Russia, from the Pacha of Egypt to the Hudson's Bay Company, from Indus to the Pole, to the amount of £603,535 8s. 2d. have been voluntarily subscribed, and the state has advanced £8,000,000, all to feed those whom we had not found out the way of helping to feed themselves. "In the month of *July*" (1848,) observes the Report of the British Relief *Association*, "*upwards* of 3,000,000 of persons were daily supplied with

food from the charitable fund." Nearly £19,000,000 of money given away to paupers for no return, for worse than no return,—for debasement, dependence, the bread of idleness, the abject and self-degraded consciousness of importunate beggary, and £15,000,000 of acres of improveable soil left without a single spade in it!

What might not this enormous capital have done for us, if it had been spent and not squandered, laid out, and not thrown away? It would have carried a million and a half to Australia, four millions to Canada, two millions to Natal. Above all it would have reclaimed four millions of acres of British waste lands, and established in comfort and independence 500,000 peasant farmers and their families of 2,500,000 souls in farms of sixteen acres each, three times the size of many that at present maintain many Irish cottiers. Here are Mr. Martin of Galway's estates of 200,000 acres for sale at £400,000, or 40s. an acre in fee simple. Freeholds for 100,000 families, or 500,000 souls. Pauperism grows by what it feeds on. The family relieved to day, come back to the parish pay-table tomorrow. New brats are got, to starve, or beg, as their parents did before them. Mendicancy is perennial—the acute pauper ends in the chronic vagrant. When shall we learn sense? How long shall the folly of rulers destroy the self-respect and self-reliance of the people? Is not the way plain before us? Our whole territory is surveyed and subdivided into convenient parishes. In every one of these are waste lands that cry out upon a spendthrift Board, 'Here are Guardians, machinery, there are paupers knocking at the union door—yonder is the common, the moor, the outlying patch, the "unconsidered trifles" of the soil, which yet have all their use. What hinders but our own apathy, our own incapacity for the *doable*, that we should set all these to work, for public abundance, and individual good?

"Give a man," said wise Arthur Young many a long year ago, "the secure possession of a bleak rock, and he will turn it into a garden; give him a nine years' lease of a garden, and he will convert it into a desert." Are we not even yet alarmed at the annual invasion of England and Scotland? The Irish landlords send over the food—what wonder that the people should come after it? When *will* we take warning? The Cowgate of Edinburgh, the Gallowgate of Glasgow, the Vennel of Dundee, the back slums of Aberdeen, the cellars of Liverpool, the Little Ireland of Manchester, the holes of Leeds, and Bristol, and London, the very waysides of our rural districts, swarm with Irish. Down they batter wages—lower still come our morals. Dirt, rags, recklessness, are infectious, and the Saxon sinks to the level of the celt, while the celt sunk "deeper and deeper still," fills our calendar with indictments, our jails with convicts, our houses of refuge with inmates, our whole population with fever and vice. Is there any invasion of the French, the Turks, the Hulans, half so disastrous as this? Let armies, and clouds of cossacks come over upon us, and these Saxons would sweep them swiftly into the sea. If we were conquered we would live apart from the victors, hating their morals, burning with the desire of emancipation, eschewing their customs, as the Jews did the Samaritans. But here are these men, *invaded by celts in rags*, dirt, and the importunity of beggary—they *subdue us to their own* condition, drive our labour out of its own

market, mingle with our people, vanquish their sturdy virtue with filth, rags, crime, and poverty.

The country is the nursery of the towns. From thence come the energetic spirits, the skilled industry, the genius, the ambition, the intellect, the thirst—

"That the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

It is from our fields that our Hampdens, our Cromwells, and Miltons come, to renew the greatness of our cities, and make London famous to the world. Sap the tree that puts forth this fruit, and what is to become of us? What! can we keep a people great by making a nation of weavers? What will a whole island of fustian cutting, and thread spinning, and pin heading come to? What have our shuttle pliers been once? What feeds our mills, and fills our factories? Have nothing, but, from generation to generation, cotton, and calico, and Spitalfields blood running through the nation's veins, and where would our physical substance end? The hand-loom is poor stuff to make heroes out of. It may hold on for a generation or two—but unless town blood be renewed from the country, or refreshed *in* the country, we may look for a speedy beginning of the end. Not, indeed, that we will be bettered by new consignments of the drumstick legs, and pinched stolidity of Wiltshire paupers, or the tail-wheat truckstees of Dorset.

"Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."

But there is danger to the state, destruction to "the breed of noble bloods," in a community made up of nothing but "riglar dustmen," half-baked thrumsters, and shop-board slaves. God forbid that we should join the insane cry of protection, for the crippling of its own best customers. Far be it from us to void the rheum of disappointed monopoly, upon those captains of industry, and their manful workers, who, by flinging abroad the fantastic arms of their giant enginery, and the untiring assiduous plying of piston, and blazing furnace, have made dumb matter to perform the work of thought and plastic fingers, with more than human precision, and almost with the intuition of a living spirit, and simple as they stand, fuliginous in Birmingham culm, and Manchester smoke, have conquered at Waterloo and Trafalgar for us, and bridged the Atlantic, and put the broad mark of England on the earth, and like the fine Ariel have done their spiriting gently, although they

"Can put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes."

He who can fail to do reverence to the energy, genius, and industry which have achieved all this, and to respect the men who have been its instruments, is indeed but fit "to keep a farm and carters," or, low even among savages, to have the post assigned him as his mission, of hatching eggs in feather breeches. No, Plugson of Undershot is a man every inch of him. That miller and his men—why, you will find their *sign manual on the nether* end of the fishy finlander, and the shoulders

of Circassia. That turban of the Grand Turk was woven at his power loom—and these bales of China silk are wrapped up in his webs. Let us have our great towns, and our factories, but let us have our ploughmen too. Let us scent the sweet country air, and not be altogether machinery gone mad, and sophisticated civilization run to seed. We do but contend for this, that as "God made the country and man made the town," we should still keep about us some of God's handiwork; and while we worship the graven image of Art, we should bow down in our higher soul, before the Great Spirit of Nature.

We maintain that a people, all, or in a very major part made up of town, will become a tailor and flunkey people. We would mingle those whose speech is of dollars, with those "whose talk is of bullocks." Even in the United States, the back bone of the Union is its farmers. They are its life blood, its moral regulators, the guardians of its reason, the depositaries of its principle, its sound mind in a sound body. A nation made of Jeameses and Jefferson Bricks, and Jenkinses, and Rowdy Journalists, and Bowery Boys, what can come of that but asthmatical spasms, calveless locomotives, the nodosities of the oak without its strength, and the contortions of the sybil without her inspiration? Give us the charms of art—the convenient and pleasant uses of multitudinous society—and literature and science—and the thousand thoughtful and ingenious appliances, the skilled contrivance, the orderly arrangement, the well contrived conventions of populous city life—the thousand disciplines which around and without us, yet impress upon the soul the elevating intelligences of civilization. "Where virtue is these are more virtuous." But as man is something more than his clothes, as the life is more than raiment, so would we not lose manhood in citizenship, and the primary elements of humanity, in the mere integuments of civilized convention. There is such a thing as breeding too fine. We would not lose instinct in custom, or make habit, which is called a *second* nature, equal to the *first*. We would not have ready made clothes horses instead of men. We do not want mere bundles of rules and compasses, and needs and wants—cocknies to whom Warren's blacking is as much a necessary of life, as air and water. God bless the clodhoppers—they are the true raw material of humanity. Often a very raw material indeed—but still the right stuff—true in the grain—of substance to take on the polish of civilization, without losing the tough fibre of their native forests, and the vitality of the living oak.

CHAPTER II.

THE STATE OF THE NATION.

Was Cobbett so far out in his reckoning, in his contempt for "*feelosophers?*" Or our namesake in his antipathy to those sucking Adam Smith quacks, recommended by Scotch professors as "lads of conseederable tawlents?" We have come to that pass, that the world begins to

lieve there is nothing on earth that is great, except cotton bales, sugar gsheads, and a mercantile mania. Imports of raw material—exports manufactured goods, have of long years been their standard of great- ss, and cash payments their sole *nexus* of society. We do not despise ese things. It is wonderful what they have done. Doubtless in phy- cal progression and material civilization they have performed miracles r greater than ever filled the imagination of Archimedes, or heated the ncy of the most scheming projector. But it is strange, and notewor- y, that the Utopia, the New Atalantis, the Arcadia, Plato's republic, ever looked for social perfectibility in this direction. Were they wrong? Vhat have our electric telegraphs, our thousands of miles of thread per inute machinery, our sixty miles an hour locomotion, and defiance of ind, tide, and lee shore navigation, our steam press, and penny publi- ation economy done for us? We are *knowing*, are we more really intel- igent? We are more logical and philosophical, are we more rational nd wiser? Homer sang when bards were the only newspapers of Greece, nd they could boast no better weavers than Penelope. Have we a better oet? Were there any factories in the days of Aristotle, Marathon, hidias, Praxiteles, Pericles, Socrates? Xerxes and his host were far nore materially civilized than Epaminondas. Yet heroism and virtue, ere more powerful than knowledge. What trade had Rome when she de- eted Carthage? Cincinnatus was but a ploughman, and Cato lived by is wheat and bullocks. We had indeed a woolsack when Edward con- uered France single handed—but did we know what to do with it? And lore, Shakespeare, and Bacon, what were our exports and imports when hey founded our law, our poetry, and world-wide philosophy? Charles nd Rupert took the town—Cromwell the country. Your discharged apsters and masterless serving men, and ambitious apprentices, were mowing, and smart, and civilized enough. But those plaguy ironsides rom the plough tail, mounted each on his furrow horse, did they not how fiddlesticks at Marston Moor, that made court cards skip, as never hey had done at Whitehall? After all, we are but the heirs of the plendid legacies of the past. Our physical and scientific achievements ink to nothing as compared with the moral and social heroism of the iants that were in those days. This House of Commons, this Magna harta, this Bill of Rights, this *habeas corpus* act, this reformation, this nlicensed printing, and free speech—these achievements, that have made men of us, and given us leave to think, and room to work, and space to act--clodhoppers did it all, and what better have *we* to show? Even Washington was a planter, and Toussaint flung down the hoe to revenge the outraged honor of humanity—an Afrite Spartaeus, and like him a delver in the earth.

Yes—we are civilized—the spindles whirl over Europe—and steam clouds the entire old world sky. All can boast their statistical prosperity —their progress in Board of Trade Returns—their millions of figures in tonnage, revenue, and exports. Look but at figures—believe Custom House clerks—take up but reports of Trade and Navigation, and the world seems to have shot past the millennium, and got to the meridian of the day of Pentecost, or caught the Greek kalends by the tail. Sugar, *tea, tobacco, ships, bales,* hogsheads, wines, silks, wools, cottons, oils,

surplus capital, and railway shares, prove, if not a golden age, yet quite an age of gold. Alas for statistics and logical political economy. Mankind are running away from all this, and hiding themselves in the woods. Two millions of emigrants from this *el dorado*, have left Britain for the New World prairies, or to take up the Australian crook. Two millions of Germans have followed their example—and just as the wealth of the world is flowing in upon us, the tide of human beings is flowing out. This same civilization of ours has "fall'n on evil days and evil tongues." Riots, rebellions, barricades, revolutions, are its interpreters. A universal upheaving of the mass, a fearful groundswell, founders every state ship, and sends it down head foremost to the depths, a total wreck. The masses do this, tea, and sugar, and cotton shirts at a penny a yard, notwithstanding. Louis Blanc and Fourrier are stronger than the steam engine yet. Communism and universal brotherhood are the gospel of the million, to the utter confounding of the best series of statistics, and a whole Sanhedrim of Prosperity Robinsons. Somehow we are highly prosperous, but very few manage to get their share. We are in the best abstract circumstances, but by some very perverse mischance, we happen to be in the very worst concrete condition. In short, there are very loud complaints among the rabble, that they are not allowed to go snacks. And where is the seat of this distemper—this deafening hullabaloo and general devil to pay? *In the towns.* It is the centres of material civilization, which have uptorn society to the roots. It is the recipients of wages—the men who have masters, and depend on trade, and bear on others, who have broken peace in pieces. The only conservatives are the freeholders—the men who till land, and can fall back from wages to their cow and cabbages—these are, at this moment, the sole props of order and tranquillity. "It never smokes but there's a fire." Men of even the son of a turnip, and soft headed sort, do not quarrel with their bread and butter, or if they do, what are we to think of their intelligence—of the civilization of the civilized? Does it not show a mind diseased, this discontent with increasing materials for contentment? If, the more reason we have to be thankful, the more thankless we are, is not that a proof that we are afflicted with bile and dyspepsia, of a quite other sort than carbonates or calomel will cure? When the physician proved scientifically to the Bourgeois Gentilhomme that it was impossible he *could* have any pain in his shoulder, he could not prevail on him to *feel* that he had none. Stupid individual! He *would* feel a twinge. This gnawing of the popular heart, this universal uneasiness, this unhealthy grumbling, this lucid insanity, that makes men crave for being any thing but what they are, this awkward propensity for taking stock of our social predicament and individual condition, if its course be real, does it not show that something rotten is among us—if it be imaginary, does it not at least show imagination to be unhealthy, and the result disastrous? The masses obstinately refuse to be cured by statistics. Figures are thrown away upon them. They will not be convinced that they have not a pain in the shoulder, however logically we may prove that it is impossible. If they *have* fancies, they are not the less dangerous for being fanciful. *Where do they take* their rise? In the great towns—the regions of *miasma and bad drainage—of shirt* stitching—long hours—factory smoke—among

serf Poles who get no wages—and slave Irish in the ditches—and men who have masters, and live by wages—and have no disposal of themselves. Your *sic vos non vobis* gentry, are the troublesome customers of governments. And all this in the face of accumulated capital, healthy exchanges, and increase of trade and means of comfort—in the abstract. Let us see how the account stands. The annual average consumption of meat in London per head is 122lbs.; in Brussels, 89; in Paris, 86. The imports of butter have more than doubled in fifteen years. We consume twenty times as much sugar as in 1700. Fifty times as much coffee as in 1801. Even since 1821, the consumption of tea has increased from 23 to 47 millions of pounds—sugar from 350 to 560 - coffee, from 7¼ to 36¼—tobacco, from 15½ to 27—spirits, from 9,750,000 gallons to 24,000,000—malt, from 29,000,000 to 42,000,000 of bushels. Soap has advanced from 97,000,000 lbs. in 1821, to 186,000,000 in 1847—bricks, in ten years, from 1,000 to 2,000 millions—paper, in the same time, from 61,000,000 to 127,000,000 of lbs. Consumption of cotton in 1821, 137,000,000 of lbs., 1846, 428,000,000, Wool, 10,000,000 to 65,000,000—silk, 2½ to 5¾ millions—flax, from 55,000,000 to 128,000,000 of lbs. In 1821, we exported £40,250,000 worth of produce, and manufactures—in 1846, £132,250,000. Our imports in 1821 were £29,750,000—in 1846, £76,000,000. Our shipping 25,036 ships, 2,560,203 tons, 109,179 men in 1821, and 32,499 ships. 3,817,112 tons, and 229,276 men in 1846, besides an increase in our coasters from 9,000,000 to 13,000,000 tons in thirteen years. The value of property insured from fire has, in ten years, advanced from £526,000,000 to £682,000,000. The deposits in the Savings Banks in 1831, were £13,719,495, in 1841, £24,474,689, in 1846, £33,694,642. In 1815, income from real property, above £50 a year, was £52,000,000, in 1842, the income from real property above £150, was £82,250,000—from trades in 1815, £35,000,000, in 1844, £60,000,000. The personal property annually bequeathed, between 1797 and 1831, averaged £22,000,000, and from 1831 to 1841, it averaged, annually, £42,250,000. In 1847, it was £43,611,642, even Ireland swelling the average. Up to 1845, the expenditure on railways amounted to £70,000,000, to 1848, £170,000,000. In 1839, a million and a half letters passed through the post office weekly, and in 1848, six millions and a half. In 1839, £90,000 were remitted through the post office, in 1848, £3,500,000.

The productive powers of Ireland are equally conspicuous. In 1847 she raised, of wheat, 2,926,733 quarters; of oats, 11,521,606; of barley, 1,379,029; of bere, 274,016; of rye, 63,094; of beans, 84,456—in all of grain, 16,258,934 quarters, or upwards of sixteen bushels per annum for each inhabitant, besides 2,046,195 tons of potatoes, 5,760,619 tons of turnips, 2,190,317 tons of hay, 349,872 cwts. of flax, and 976,333 tons of other crops—being an average produce of five quarters of corn per acre, seven tons of potatoes, fifteen tons of turnips, two tons of hay—equal to 698 lbs. of corn, and 561 lbs. of potatoes per annum to each individual. The live stock consisted of 557,917 horses, 126,355 asses, 2,591,416 cattle, 2,186,177 sheep, 622,459 pigs, 164,043 goats, and 5,691,055 poultry. The land was held by 883,097 occupiers.

Does not *Rigby* here come out strong? Red Tape seems here, *undoubtedly, to have the best of it*—and Monsieur Pigeon Hole puts the

tress and discontent quite out of court—upon paper. Never were seen or heard of such results. We stand confounded at the magnificence, at the grandeur, at the august and solid greatness they prefigure. It is scarcely within belief that one nation can achieve it. What consummate intellect, what daring enterprize, what skilful forecast, what profound reason, what stupendous energy, combined to do all this! Nor head, nor aptitude, nor capital, nor opportunity, alone could ever have accomplished it. These thousands of miles of road, and canal, and railway, tunnelled through mountains, cut through hills, carried over lakes, bridged and viaducted over straits, and vallies, with their million passengers and millions of tons of goods a day—these steam boats, and sailing ships, with their builders, and enginemen, and sailors, and lighters—these unsummable bales of yarn, and cotton, and silk, and linen, and woollen, and canvas, and cordage, their spinners, and weavers, and piecers, and cutters, and machinists, and warpers, and dyers, and printers, and designers—that uncommensurable mountain of iron, and copper, and coal, and lead, and tin, and salt, and lime, with its miners, and quarrymen, and smelters, and waggoners, its grinders, and polishers, and cutlers, and platers, its hammermen, its boilers, and engines, and rollers, and rivetters—that china, and pottery, that paper, and type-founding, and printing—that no end of tea, and coffee, and sugar, and cocoa, and wool, and oil, and tallow, and hides—those millions of quarters of grain, and heads of cattle, and tons of cheese, and butter, and eggs, and poultry, and provisions, and fish—their ploughmen, and farmers, and shepherds, and drovers, and fishermen, and harness makers, and cartwrights, and hoers, and dairy-women and ditchers—why the mind stops for breath to take it all in like the conception of the infinite, or the shadow of eternity! All the work of a single year, of the labourer proportion of thirty millions of people. And these horny hands, and whipcord muscles, and nimble fingers, and incessant minds, contrive to live somehow out of it, and to spare a hunch from their loaf, and lumps from their sugar bowl, and cuts from their beef, such as it is, to the tune of £62,000,000 a year to the recognised gentlemen tax eaters of these united kingdoms, besides the irregular skirmishers in law, religion, physic, art, science, literature, luxury, vice, education, pomp, and pleasure, to an amount which our income and property tax returns set down at £142,250,000. We are not mob butterers. Far be it from us to induce legs and arms to tell the belly and the head, they are burdens of which they do not stand in need. But, after all, it may be permitted to us to suggest, that money is of no use in the bank, nor are plans worth much, so long as they merely float in the anterior lobe of the cranium. The work that is really *seen*, is all the doing of the mere worker. Skill and science have no more concern with the achievement, than merely to say "Do it." It is labour which brings all out of the merely pregnant chaos of conception, and separates day and night, and puts the sun and moon of attainment palpably before men's eyes—and in answer to the call to "Do," does it. Is it not a mighty attainment? Were ever such workers seen before, since the world began, or Babel saw its tower half finished? If the *labourer be worthy of his hire*, what shall be the hire of these labourers? *Let us see—Fielding tells* us of his hero Jonathan Wyld, that of a se-

lect company who sat down with him to a quiet game of cards, all had money when they began, but every one as he rose declared himself a loser. We obviously make money. Where does it go to? Wealth beyond the desires of human avarice has been produced and flowed in upon us, in this model year 1849. What has become of it? The report of the British Relief Association informs us that three millions of these workers in Ireland were fed on charity, by rations served out to them by the government. The poor law returns exhibit an aggregate, in addition to those, of 3,561,600 workhouse paupers relieved at an expense of eight millions sterling. The new Poor Law, while it has failed to check pauperism, has, at least, served to prove that beggary is not a sham, but, that, workhouse test notwithstanding, while the cost of pauper maintenance has been reduced by open ports, the aggregate amount of rates has in eleven years increased thirty-three per cent., a ratio even greater than our increase of apparent wealth, In 1837 the poor rates of England and Wales amounted to £4,300,000. In 1848, to £6,180,000. In 1849 the numbers relieved are 100,000 more than in 1848, an advance of six per cent., within the year. In 1848 the rates were £881,978 (or seventeen per cent.) more than in 1840. Misery, literally, seems to advance in the very ratio of our wealth—the more we get, the fewer get it—as the aggregate swells, the proportion diminishes—and the greater our riches, the lesser is the share of each. Nor is this the only test of our condition. The most precise returns, diffused over a long series of years, place the criminal calendar in juxta position with the average price of the quarter of wheat. From these returns it is demonstrable that the great exciting cause of crime is poverty—because, just as the price of bread rises, offences increase, and as food becomes accessible, the number of convictions diminish. Taking crime then as the test of the condition of the masses, we learn from Sheriff Alison, that over the whole kingdom crime increases four times as fast as the population, and that "in Lancashire, population doubles in thirty years: crime, in five years and a half." And all this while the sums spent in railway wages, have added, probably, 50 per cent. to the whole payment of labour throughout the kingdom. The convictions in England and Wales alone, in 1839, were 17,832, in 1847 they had increased to 21,582, and 17½ per cent. above those of, even 1846. In Ireland, the convictions alone, in 1847, amounted to 15,257, and the trials to 31,209. The number of Irish poor relieved in London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, alone, in 1847, was 160,000. With all our enormous increase of apparent wealth also, insolvency and bankruptcy progress even faster. The Metropolitan Bankruptcy Committee have proved by good evidence, that the amount of bad debts made in England and Scotland is quite £50,000,000 a year. Where then, does the money go to—what good does it effect—what evil does it avert?

It is of no use that we prove progress in material wealth, if we also establish an increase of real misery to a greater extent still. What are all our imports, and exports, and accumulations, if we do no more with them than swell the number of bankrupts, paupers, and criminals. This, indeed, is the least consolatory view of our condition. We possess all the materials *which are supposed* to lead to comfort, order, intelligence, and

virtue, and are still "ten times more the child of the devil than we were before." We might hope, if we were poor, to make a better use of our resources, and become rich—but having riches, and being socially poor, is the saddest of spectacles. Our misery lies in this, that having the good things of this world, we know not how to use them—we only know the science of getting—not the more difficult art of wisely spending.

To this achievement we must now address ourselves, if we would live as a nation, and not add one more to the number of those splendid kingdoms which have blotted themselves from the earth;—the Tyres, and Sidons, and Ninevehs, and Babylons, and Bagdads, and Athenses, and Romes. The fact is, we have devoted ourselves to money and neglected man. Our science of life has been based upon that stirring but not very prudent principle of "devil take the hindmost." Existence has become a scramble in England:—like a crowd at the theatre to get a front place, we have elbowed and jostled our way through, regardless of the tail-less coats, the crushed bonnets, the lost hats and shoes, the busy pickpockets, through which and whom we have made good our entry, the weak whom we have trampled down, the fat whom we have squeezed and jammed, and left behind. It has not been emulation, but a sacrificial competition which has animated us. Classes have become exclusive and estranged,—the gradations of society have been lost in the exaggeration of wealth and the intensification of poverty. Medium farmers, and landowners, and manufacturers, and merchants, and warehousemen have disappeared from among us, we are all too big or too little, "overdone or come tardy off." Money has got the better of us, and yearly, labour parts to capital with a greater amount of production, at a smaller money cost.

To sum up all in a little, our danger lies in this,—there are, in proportion to our numbers, too many of us dependent on wages, and too few their own masters. There are not a sufficient variety of occupations, and too many of us rely upon a limited field of the sources of industry, which, when they languish, throw the whole social fabric into confusion.

We have proved that the number of persons dependent for employment upon the soil and its ancillary occupations, has every year become absolutely less, in the face of an increasing population, and that those whose sole reliance is upon manufacturing prosperity, have become annually greater. Had this been a natural result of the instinctive arrangements of society we should have concluded that it was the wisest settlement, because we have unbounded faith in the principle of non-interference. But the currency has been tampered with, the value of money has been artificially enhanced. Primogeniture and entail have interfered with the natural distribution of the soil, rent has been run up by protective duties, so as to make land inaccessible to the poor, while complicated titles, heavy stamps, and expensive and insecure conveyances, have made the acquisition of land in small quantities unprofitable, in consequence of the large proportion which law expenses bear to the entire cost. The obstinacy with which the crown has persevered in keeping territory to a large extent, in the very heart of the kingdom, totally unproductive, and beyond the reach of its subjects, has enormously aggravated the evil. Huge estates, and vast parks, of the finest quality of

soil, have been kept in single great families, to the grievous circumscription of real investment and agricultural enterprise. Corporations, endowments, and the church, have conspired with the great barons to monopolise the real property of the country, and to stop the natural course of agricultural improvement. In fact the benefits of the increase of population and wealth, which should have been diffused through the whole people by whom the wealth was produced, have accrued exclusively, to the owners of real property and the larger capitalists. Above all, the absurd and idiotic law of settlement, has given landowners a direct interest in depopulating their estates, and in driving the rural population into the large towns, to seek work in competition with those who have too little employment already. Our whole economical policy has had a tendency to create too many producers of a few articles, and too few home customers for them. Our taxation has been thrown too much on the necessaries of life, consumed by the poor, and too little on the property enjoyed by the rich. Our whole amount of taxation has been excessive in proportion to our means. Indeed the best evidence of how small a portion of our vast resources has been enjoyed by the masses of the people, is afforded by the significant fact, that as our wealth has increased, our revenue has exhibited symptoms of decay, and we have been compelled, by loans, and a property tax, to make up continually recurring defalcations in the exchequer. Our local taxation has been extravagant, and tithes have enabled the church to draw exorbitant rents, not merely from the land, but from the capital of the cultivator, without any equivalent whatever.

CHAPTER III.

THE DISEASE AND REMEDY.

Our disease is monopoly,—our cure is free trade. We have been meddled with by ignorant interference. We want to be let alone. Law has dictated to us the direction of our enterprise—the channels through which alone it will suffer our industry to flow. It has said to the labourer, "If you stay here where you are not wanted, I shall support you when you cannot support yourself—if you go elsewhither, where you *are* wanted, to seek work, you shall lose all claim upon me, until you come back to the parish where you are of no use." It has said to the consumer, "You must be the customer of this man, although he gives you a bad article at a high price, and takes little in return, and you must take nothing from that man, although he offers to sell to you cheap, and buy from you dear." It has said to the living, "This fair island is not yours—it belongs to the dry bones which moulder in yonder charnel house—they have left behind them this bit of shrivelled parchment, and declared that these fields shall belong to all eternity, to the 'Tenth transmitter of a foolish face.'" It has said to *the soul itself*, "Your faith is not betwixt God and your own conscience

I can entail creeds, as well as acres—and from the remote barbarism and presumptuous ignorance of 200 years, I tell you that this nation shall profess only what I believed, and my interpretation of the divine oracles shall be paid for by you, in spite of all your progress in criticism, in knowledge, in catholicity, to the exclusion of every suggestion of truth, intelligence, and reason." It has said to the artizan and manufacturer, "You and your skilful machinery must stay here, where there are too many of you already. If you cannot dispose of yourselves here, you shall not go elsewhither." It has said to the producer, "I know better what is for your advantage than you do yourself—you must not pursue this branch of profit, but devote yourself to that." It has said to the merchant, "Charter this ship, but not that,"—to the shipowner, "Buy your timber and cordage, and build your vessels here, and not there—take this shipwright, and this mariner, but have nothing to do with that." It has said to the housewife, "What! are you a patriot? then buy this bad coffee from Jamaica, but have nothing to do with better from Brazil—are you a Christian? cast away those lumps of sugar, they were produced by slaves—take this, free labour raised it—and, d'ye hear, drink tea—but enquire first whether it was brought to you by an East Indiaman." In fine, it has said, "I cannot promise you justice, but you shall have plenty of law—if you can pay for it. My Court of Chancery is the consummation of human wisdom. My Common Law Courts are the perfection of human reason. To be sure you will be ruined whether you lose or gain your suit—the expense of seeking your rights is greater than the rights to be obtained—my judges know nothing of the law which they are paid so highly to interpret, because, every day, decisions are upset on the ground of misdirection of the judge, whose sole function is to direct—his bad law will be corrected, not at his expense but at yours—and the whole titles to the land are involved in such inextricable confusion, that I am about to appoint a commission of men of common sense to supersede and set aside the courts which I have erected for the express purpose of rendering rights secure, and titles clear—but then the glorious uncertainty of the law is proverbial, and my judges are unbribable!" Some cart loads of this dung, we have already cleared away—but we cannot be right until the muck is entirely removed, and the augean stable scraped clean out.

We are not Socialists. The gospel according to Fourrier is that of a fool, and the followers of Blanc are blockheads.—French, or merely political communism, is simply uncommon nonsense. Our New Testament, indeed, tells us, that the first Christians held all things in common. The wise old Jewish policy resumed at long intervals the property of the soil, and gave it a new distribution, better adapted to the present wants of the living, than to the mere whimsical caprices of the dead—so that a continual new stimulus was given to all the members of society. But *why* did the first Christians hold all things in common? It was, simply, because they *were* Christians. They owned a prior brotherhood in soul and heart, and they might well, therefore, become brethren in possessions, whose practice was self sacrifice, "in honour preferring one another." *But they did not make laws* for a division of the spoil—they did not take *from the rich by force* to give to the poor by *fraud*—their "kindly af-

fections one toward another," made them surrender their hearts to their fellow men, their purses only following as an accessory. Nor, until men become purely, and in very spirit, christians, will society become possible under a communist dispensation. The younger brother was a Blancist. He who had nothing, pricked up his ears at an apology for going snacks with those who had much. Like the disciples of liberty, equality, and fraternity, he too would not have hesitated to begin the reign of universal brotherhood, with disorder, rapine, and bloodshed. "Master," said he to the Great Teacher, "speak to my brother, that he divide his inheritance with me." Yes, with ME. Not with all—not with the brethren—not with the halt, the blind, the infirm—but with ME. It is this Me, which is the spirit of modern communism, and until that spirit be entirely replaced by genuine Christianity, a community of goods will become a nuisance, and destructive to human industry. Indeed, until it be entirely voluntary, it will be pernicious. For what was the reply of The Master? "Who made me a divider over you? Take heed and beware of *covetousness*." So long as the poor man is envious of the rich, he is entirely unfit for a society of brotherhood. Covetousness of our neighbour's possessions is the very antithesis of communion. "Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness"—in a word, red republicanism, or French Socialism, are a very Irish kind of brotherhood. It is, indeed, demonstrable economically,—nay, it has been partially practically proved, that by a wiser application of the resources of society, by a better distribution of its productions, by a more enlightened arrangement of appliances, and a more intelligent spirit of co-operation, and mutual help, crowned by philanthropy, virtue, and religion, the poorest may command the highest enjoyments of the richest, and the richest will lose not one of the advantages which he at present can command, sauced with perfect security for the continuance of his happiness, and with the precious condiment of neighbourly good-will. Who does not see that one grocer or draper might distribute the wares needed by 1000 people, as easily as five to two hundred, setting the other four at liberty for other pursuits, in place of cutting one another down and out? Who doubts that Jenny Lind might warble to 10,000 eager listeners at 5s., as sweetly as to 1,000 at a guinea—or that, if she could command all the elegant appliances which now reward her genius *without* the guinea, she would witch the world for the love of her art, and the elevation of the rude? We all see that colonization, which lifts up a neighbourhood from Devon, and places them down together in the paradise of New Zealand, to help and cheer, and cherish one another, is even in this "devil take the hindmost" dispensation, far preferable to selfish individual emigration. Look at the one hundred provision retailers in a single street, each burning gas and life till twelve o'clock at night, to parcel out those commodities which one could do quite as easily. Take up a directory—count the number of tradesmen and shopkeepers in any town—London for example. It seems as if one-half of the whole population consumed the substance of the community in the profits of mere distribution, producing actually nothing, except, indeed, heart-burning, rivalry, envy of one another. *What* a fearful waste is here of the mind, the time, the *industry, the skill of* society. A dozen methodical, assiduous contriver

could do it all—or they might relieve each other, and spare time to the rest for relaxation, study, health, the country. When men have attained to the greater heights of reason, dukes and earls, millionaires, great landowners, will begin to discover that, after all, they cannot enjoy the best sources of elevated happiness by means of money or power—that their acres are theirs only in parchment—that the glories of air, earth, sky, and water, and sunset, and the majestical roof fretted with golden fire, are the property of all who have eyes, and ears, and nostrils, and lungs, and a sense of beauty and intelligence—and that the privilege of looking on, and moving in the parks of peers, is as much a property in them, as their legal possession is. A duke can but ride one horse at a time, and eat one dinner—so can a drayman.

> "'Tis not in them but in thy power
> To double ev'n the sweetness of a flower."

What, indeed, are our British Museums, our National Galleries, our public libraries, our royal parks, but a beginning of a sort of communism, imparting to the whole community the rational luxuries which surround the great, without the anxious cares of their possession? Machinery is but co-operation. The bible that cost £500 to the few, is to be had for 1s. by all. The gown and stockings of the kitchen wench are finer and more elegant than the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth. Our coblers fly from Glasgow to London swifter than the Flying Childers, and at a cost suited to the profits of mere shoemending. Our weavers trip to Paris. Our farm labourers push their fortunes at the antipodes. Our hod-men read the news of the whole world, as early as the foreign secretary. The public and the vulgar, see, and hear, and enjoy the best of everything. The cheap library of the artizan, is superior to the former literature of kings. In fact, the great possess no such luxuries, as those they have to share with the million. And what is communism but carrying out these economics to a larger application, with more searching frugality of material, and a more fraternal mutuality of kindliness? To consider the matter curiously, the great rich man is but a distributor, like the rest of us. He cannot eat or drink, or wear £300,000 a year. When he gets it, it is but to get rid of it. All his superfluity of possession, above the comfortable supply of wants, is of no use to him, but to part with it. The rest is mere fancy—a delusion—a disease. If he puts it in the bank, it is there no more than an entry in a ledger—if he takes it out he but scatters among flunkies and fiddlers, and artists, tailors, and gamblers, wine merchants, cooks, and authors, what he has collected from farmers, or gathered from tenants, or merchants. Could he be surrounded with all these without possessing them, reason, when it mounts higher, will tell him, that individual property in them can add nothing to them or to him—and as for his parks, his gardens, and his house, what can he do more than look at them, like any stray-sight-seer, or poetical view-hunter, that perhaps envies him of that which he can enjoy as thoroughly by the mere use of his eyesight. It is poverty, dependence, and hunger which make men avaricious, and covetous, and strong *in the sense of property.* When Cook discovered those happy Pacific *Isles, so blest by nature* that man had but to stretch forth his hand and

get food for the gathering, and needed no clothing or house, but the kindly circumambient air, he found the sense of property dead within them—

"Monarchs are but the beggar's shadows."

"for behold the kingdom of heaven is within you." Even Art, of which Wealth used to be the only patron, is coming to depend more and more upon the half crowns of the many,—and if Art could live handsomely without the half crowns, it would begin to love itself *for* itself, and for the gratitude and admiration of its fellows. When we become Christians, that is to say, when highest reason shall be married to highest virtue, we shall doubtless all be communists--there shall be no law for those who can be a law unto themselves--there shall be no rulers- for each man's conscience will be the governor of his passions. We shall be frugal from perception of its fitness—because God and Nature are frugal, losing nothing of what they have produced, but making the dead flowers of this year nourish the next spring's bud, "gathering up the fragments that nothing may be lost." We shall be liberal, as providence, which is economical, can afford to be generous, with a "hand open as day to melting charity." We shall be industrious, because labour will be a blessing, the body's health and the soul's, loving to see the useful growing under our hands, and serving our fellow man, who in turn will be serving us. We shall be studious, loving Art and Science for themselves, and for the enjoyment and advantage they confer on the community. We shall be religious, not for the bishop's palace, but for the sake of man, and raise our orisons, not from the fretted vault, but under "the majestical roof fretted with golden fire!" Even now the wisest of the great ones of the earth draw their enjoyment from those elements which can be commanded without their wealth. What peer, indeed, without a poet's eye, can even now draw half the happiness from his own domains, that the lover of nature can do, by merely looking at them? What king can be so great, as he whose mind is a kingdom to himself—who can be "bounded in a nutshell, and count himself a king of infinite space." Communism is common sense--the highest heaven of spiritualized intelligence--the consummation of reason --the wisest economy—the most genuine philosophy--the truest happiness. But as Rassellas found that there never was a poet, so may we be assured, that from the very perfectibility involved in the definition of communism, there never was a communist. To call these blaring savages of the faubourgs, these wild beasts of prey in blouses, led by unbelieving dreamers of the gospel according to Fourrier, those "monkey tigers," whose New View of Society is merely speculation run mad, and a belly-full from other folks' larder—to call such men capable of communion with any other society than kites, crows, apes, or a "politic congregation of worms," is sadly to misapprehend the significancy of the movement.

No. We are a long way off communism, because we have not yet quite reached perfectibility. As yet, selfishness is the only stimulus to exertion—and we must purchase exertion at the only price at which it is offered to us. Physical attainment must long precede moral excellence. *It is the sense of property* which produces all that distinguishes civiliza-

tion from barbarism, and we must be civilized, even upon that condition. Men will not toil for others, and as we need toil, why they must e'en do it for themselves. We need a stimulus to the intellect. If the mind will only answer to the call of competition, then we must continue to compete. If science, and art, and knowledge, demand the reward of individual advantage, then, as these are the gain of the community, we must agree to pay the price. In this universal scramble dispensation, it is in vain to expect to evoke endeavour without the premium of property. If skill, and ingenuity, invention, adventure, courage, labour, will answer only to the call of self, and exclusive ownership, then private selfishness becomes the motive power of public utility. The men who amass, become the benefactors of the State, and the accumulating capitalist is a treasure to his country. The Rothschilds, the Barings, the Wigrams, the Morrisons, better earn what is theirs, and more worthily use it, than the poorest of us. They bring the tribute of the whole world to our shores—they set half mankind in motion—they find employment and wages, and food for millions—they draw within the circle of our commerce, to our great profit, the business of the nations, and long may they enjoy the riches they so abundantly diffuse, and so liberally impart. It is right they should have large and exclusive possessions. Were these not accumulated, they would be lost. Property must have custodiers, else it would be dissipated—possessions must have possessors, and it is fitting that they who produce them should be the trustees of their preservation. So long as men are selfish and irrational, to make property common, would only be to make it cease to be. Throw all that individuals have saved and gained, into the public treasury, and how long would it exist? Would the idle work when they could eat without brow sweat? Would any man sow, when others were to reap? Would the provident save, when the accumulations of the frugal were to be squandered by the profusion of the spendthrift? The labourer is worthy of his hire--and if, without hire, he would not labour, it is better the hire should be devoted to himself, than that he should not labour at all.

We begin at the wrong end of communism. We take hold of the tail of mere material arrangement, before we have secured the head of moral adaptation. We cannot dispense with selfishness in our present state of inferior morality, until knowledge, and intellect, and industry, stimulated by the hope of individual gain, have attained to a higher state of productive power, and material skill. It is only by selfishness that we can secure the physical excellence, and the abundant appliances, which are essential to easy animal and social existence. And when these are attained, we must reach a far higher range of moral excellence, before we are fit to live in a state of communion of goods. Do not even Fourrierists take for their cardinal sentiment brotherhood? And what does brotherhood imply, but the obliteration of selfishness—individual denial—disinterested philanthropy—devoted catholicity—the absence of every passion that can disorder society, disturb the mind's peace—inflict a wound upon another's heart. When we are Christians we shall be communists. "The wisdom that is from above is first gentle, then peaceable, full of good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." We shall *have the best society*—for we shall have good manners by the instinct

of a good heart, by the inspiration of the example of the "greatest one that e'er wore earth about him," of him, whom the brave old poet so fitly called—

"The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

We shall have no care for the morrow, because all that the whole possess, being equally diffused by the good will of each, and labour for the public good, and the body's health being pleasant to us, there will ever be enough and to spare. Envy, pride, ambition, avarice, will no longer burn us up, because the daily beauty in others' lives will not make our's ugly. We shall neither have fear nor insecurity where no bad passions stir up disorder, violence, and rapacity, and where enough for each, will make all contented.

But what would these wild men have? That with a voracious avarice men should have all things in common! How long would the destitute covetous stand to that bargain? That we should live in community, while we still hate each other—that we should co-operate before we have become unselfish—that we should toil for one another while we are destitute of the spirit of self sacrifice—that we should construct our economical arrangements on the principle of the sentiment "each for all," while we are only animated by the spirit "all for ourselves?" Hitherto "fraternity" has not been very fraternal. Rich men are our brethren as well as the poor. But red republican communism has hitherto developed itself simply in the line of seizing other men's goods, and cutting rich men's throats. A somewhat unfraternal brotherhood.

No—while we are still practical pagans, we must still respect property. Nay, we can neither stimulate the head, the heart, nor the hands, to the endeavour essential to the progress of society, without building up, fortifying, and securing the rights of possession. Make no laws *against* property—make none *for* it, except such as are necessary to secure quiet possession. Go on to encourage individual skill, genius, industry, intelligence, by vindicating for them that just reward without which, they would, in the present moral state of mankind cease to exert themselves for the advantage of the community; and, since, while mankind are still selfish, exclusive, envious, and covetous, we cannot hope that they would cease to appropriate the common stock, were it placed within their reach, or that they would sacrifice themselves for mankind, while they love nobody but themselves, let us rest satisfied that the men who have acquired, or inherited possessions, are those who should keep and enjoy them, in preference to those who have not—let us be contented with a rigid adherence to the sound economical principle, "Let society alone."

Land must be let alone. We must have free trade in the soil, which God made common to all. Since selfishness, and the sense of property are the recognized stimuli of society, we must encourage in, and secure to, the masses of the people the acquisition and care of that which they may indefeasibly call their own.

It is indeed the want of this stimulus, which produces the chief existing evils of society. There is a universal uneasiness among the middle classes. They *see* the position of to-day, but they have no reliance *upon its continuance*. There is a feverish anxiety amongst them that the

future will find them without income or profit. Such enormous numbers are dependant upon the vicissitudes of commercial speculation and manufacturing profit, struggling, competing, cutting out, undermining, underselling each other, that no man is sure of his ground, and everybody is afraid of the success of his neighbour. Your American farmers have no such fear. They help one another. There are customers for all—and if there be not, there are still their own broad acres for food and raiment, and no rent to pay. The men of their towns have no such fear. The ample expanse of their soil occupies so many in agriculture, that those who pursue a town life, are not over-crowded with competitors—and when they are, their numbers are thinned out to the prairies, the plough, and the far west. We, too, should have more yeomen and landowners—more farms—more land fit for the plough, more tenants, more peasants. Let a man have the hold of a piece of his mother earth that he can call his own, and you make him—

> "Lord of the lion heart, and eagle eye,
> Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

Farming his own acres, if he be wise and frugal, satisfied with his condition, proud of his honest sturdy calling, he will find to-morrow ever the same as, or better than to-day. His custom can never fall away, for nature calls ever on him. His fabric will never go out of fashion. He has no rivals who can ever supersede his trade, and seed time and harvest never fail. We want a larger class of this kind, to maintain the equilibrium of occupation—to give solidity and a broad basis to the centre of gravity of national character—to graduate the distance between the rich and the poor. We need them, to abstract from the competition of other portions of human pursuit, the superfluous number who are compelled all to press into a narrow and overdone market of commerce and manufactures. We require them to call into existence a new class of precious customers to our home markets, who have, day by day, become less numerous, and less able, profitably to consume. We want them to officer our rural districts—to stand between aristocracy and democracy, —to defy oppression and to resist anarchy. We need them to encourage, and mingle with, the poor, and to curb the overbearing influence of the great. Above all we want a green souled and fresh hearted, and healthy minded, and stalwart bodied, middle class, to diffuse over the population sound constitutions, and vigorous character, and less sophisticated conventionalities; and to be the depositaries of the virtue, justice, truthfulness, the righteousness which exalteth a nation. The £170,000,000 spent in railways would have bought 56,665 farms of 100 acres each, requiring five families each to cultivate, and settling for life 1,411,125 country customers to our manufacturers, tradesmen, and merchants, besides feeding the country with a healthy and virtuous population.

Entail, and primogeniture, and Corn Laws, which unnaturally enhance the price of farm produce, and raise rent, have every year made the number of landowners less. We must have these monopolies of the soil eradicated, that the numbers of proprietors may become greater. *Our population, by* means of high rents, and the law of settlement, *have been driven into* the large towns. We require that they should be

more equally diffused over the country, to make it all fruitful, to carry progress and improvement, and scientific agriculture everywhere.

But, especially, and as the vital element of the re-convalescence of society, we require that a large reduction shall be made in the proportions of our population dependant upon the caprices and fortunes of masters, deprived of the means of self-development, by being the mere slaves of wages, reduced to the condition of pegs, and cogs, and wheels in the enginery of society, and that they shall be raised to the condition of being their own masters, of being the architects of their own fortunes, of having the opportunity of ceasing to be mere instruments of subdivided labour of others, of cultivating and educing their whole faculties, and of becoming emphatically *Men*. In the time of need such a population will become the bulwarks of the constitution, the fly-wheel of society, the breakwater of democratic fury, the dyke of resistance to oligarchical encroachment.

The number of mere labourers of any kind must be, relatively to the whole population, diminished—the proportion in agricultural employment, of workers employed by others, must be changed—the waste lands which are to be found in every parish in the kingdom, must be divided, and erected into farms of various sizes, and we must call into existence a large class of peasant proprietors, and small renters of land, interspersed among other classes of the larger holders and occupiers.

It has been proved—we have *demonstrated*, that in proportion as small holdings have prevailed in England, poor rates have diminished, a spirit of independence has been evoked, a manful hopefulness and intrepid activity of exertion have taken the place of the stolid indurated despair which has paralyzed the energies of the spindle-shanked drudge, who has been made the shuttlecock of the farmers, who, ground down themselves, trucked tail wheat and light barley, and reduced wages to just the point above the apology for relief at the parish pay table. In Ireland, the same result has been effected by other means. In place of being, as in England, merely dependant on wages, and having all stimulus to exertion deadened within him by the consciousness that, toil as he would, he could never better his condition, because his wages and his comforts would be regulated solely by what was sufficient to enable his masters to deny him a claim to parish relief, the Irish cottier has felt, that labour as he might, and improve as he would, his rent would always be raised to an amount which he could not pay, and that he was liable to be turned out of his holding, whenever his industry had raised its value. Insecurity, dependance, hopelessness, poverty, from which there could be no relief, have been the causes of the pauperism of the English peasantry, and of the Irish tenantry at will, or, more properly, *at caprice*.

These causes have frightfully deteriorated the character, the manliness, the physical constitution of our rural population. The breed is fast degenerating; their pith and marrow are going from them. Stunted growth, personal deformity, failing strength, broken constitutions, are everywhere observable in our rural districts. How can it be otherwise? Break men's spirits, stint their diet, deteriorate their food, and what can be *the result but pinched* faces, dead eyes, fish mouths, and calveless

legs. When disease takes them, the absence of stamina carries them rapidly off. In Ireland nature has shrunk from her office, and population has fallen from its former increase 66 per cent. in ten years. In England many of our rural parishes are smaller in their numbers than they were twenty years ago. The increase of predial crime has rendered a rural police indispensable. The commitments in Ireland have advanced in the year 1848 to 39,116. The reports on the state of our agricultural population disclosed an amount of squalid wretchedness and immorality which was appaling. Incest, and more brutal offences, have become so common, that the magistracy have been compelled to wink at them. Poisoning, like opium-eating, or drunkenness, has become an almost ineradicable crime. Stolid sensuality, or wild passion, have alarmingly increased. Pauperism has advanced, while "wealth accumulates, and men decay."

Is it too late to redeem the time, and save the country? The chief objection to any scheme for creating a peasant proprietary and a small tenantry is, that such a people are not fit to become their own masters—that they cannot guide themselves, or command their passions—that they would be idle and dissolute were the coercion of wages and employers withdrawn from them—that they require the discipline of masters and the guidance of others, on the old principle, "set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil." It is also contended that, as a matter of fact, very small farmers do not farm well, and that little holders do not possess the capital necessary to cultivate with profit and advantage.

The last objection may be first, and very easily disposed of. In truth it is unmitigated nonsense—the genuine offspring of the balderdash of our friends the *feelosophers*. Surely, if there be capital to cultivate a large farm, the greater must include the less, and there must be many small capitalists in proportion to a few large ones. If farming requires a capital of £10 an acre, there must be many more who can command £50 for five acres, than the number who possess £1,000 to till 100 acres, or £5,000 to till 500. The sum required for five acres is, indeed, infinitely less in proportion. A spade, rake, and hoe, a wheelbarrow and dibble, may all be had for 10s. No horses, no harness, no wages, no smith's work are required. Even if they were, it would be a wise economy for the parish to find the money, as they have often done, and much to their own advantage.

Is there no substance of self-help in our peasantry? Let us see; the Unions cannot find paupers in food, fuel, and clothing, upon less than 2s. 10d. per week, or 14s. 2d. for a family of five. Yet, hundreds of these, maintain themselves on 8s. a-week, and pay house-rent (1s. 6d. or 2s. a-week) into the bargain. Hundreds more bring up families of six, eight, and ten children, without ever applying for assistance out of the rates. The heroism and virtue of these men, is not surpassed in classic times, or in the *age* of heroes.

What may not be expected by increased opportunities, from such a people! Look how uniformly they succeed and rise to independence, *many of them to* wealth, when they are thrown upon their own *resources, as settlers in the* colonies—escaping from misery in the mother-

country—landing at the antipodes without a shilling, and raising themselves to affluence when they become their own masters. But we do not need to travel so far from home for examples. We have seen that Saxon boys of twelve years old have worked at sixteenths of a garden acre, paid a high rent, supplied their families with vegetables, and realized a surplus profit. It has been shown that small allotments of an acre, or half an acre, have taken a whole parish pauper population off the rates, made them permanently independent, and produced a higher rent than was yielded for better land by the neighbouring farmers. It has been demonstrated that 119 habitual paupers have been made comfortable and independent, by being permitted to rent five acres per family, at a fair rent, more punctually paid than ever it had been by large farmers. No experiment could have been more severe. Accustomed to a life of dependence on the public, it might have been anticipated that paupers would have been unconscious of self-respect, and lost the faculty of self-assertion. No result could be more triumphant. There was yet a bit of green in the almost sapless Saxon heart, and it sprung up, under the sun and air of kindly treatment, to a goodly tree. No time could be more propitious for extending the test of the principle. We are no sycophants of the aristocracy. We never flatter the mob. We tell both their duties, their rights, their weaknesses, errors, faults. But our English Barons are, as a class, great and able men. This rugged and massive Saxon people could not have been ruled as they have been, had their masters been a race of fools, white feathers, or imbeciles. No class, for their numbers, have turned out greater, abler, wiser men. We are willing to believe that they are also improving in their humanities. In their own way they are bountiful, generous, considerate of the poor. Their slips of junior nobles are not in the rear of the philanthropy which begins to animate the age. They begin to devote themselves to social questions—to the condition of the people. They help the factory hands to shorter hours—if not wisely, yet let us hope with kindly meaning. They search into our mines and collieries, they go into our cottages, they inquire into the state of our peasantry. The sempstress finds her lot bettered for them. The shopman closes his shutters the earlier for them. The very thief is reasoned with, and asked what they can do for him, that he may become an honest man. The little savage foundlings of our streets, are caught up, and put into our ragged schools. The embryo burglar, the nascent footpad, is visited in the jail, and reasoned with and taught, and his soul led up from the kennel, and the flash house, the fence, and the family man, to good deeds on earth, and a Father in Heaven, of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. No longer does

> ——— "grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
> "The short and simple annals of the poor."

Men see that there will be war to the palace, if there be not peace in the cottage—that knowledge is power, but is not virtue—a power that can destroy, if it be not too well conditioned to desire it. May not a man be able to read, yet not have a shoe to his foot? Did we never hear of learning without a shirt, and genius without a dinner? Are no beggars intelligent—may *not* men be full of knowledge, and destitute of *everything else*? *When* a whole volume of wise literature is to be had

you shall be all the richer. You may even keep your Forty Millions, and Labour be none the poorer. You may possess your broad acres, and still receive even a better rent.

The secret of peasant prosperity lies in fostering the spirit of independence. Nature and Man cry, "Let us alone." Undo bad laws, and leave land free. Saxons are still Saxon, although sorely battered. Increase allotments—make small farms—improve waste lands—throw open the soil to the people—have peasant proprietors—abolish the artificial system which concentrates territory in the hands of the few—and make it easily and securely accessible to all. Make the poor their own masters, and keep them no longer in the leading strings of masters and of wages.

"The bit of land has done it all." What it has done for one man, it will do for many, if we have but the wit to give it them.

We open a page in human history, which we hope will be read through to the bottom, and with strong temptation to turn over the leaf—a new leaf for governors. There shall be no prolixity. The words are not ours, but those of village heroes—better worth reading. The matter is not the speculation of the politician, but the facts of the annals of the poor. They shall tell their own tale, which has spoken to our heart, and will to yours, if yours be human. We have had tales of the Irish peasantry. Here are stories of the English ploughmen, which contain the highest strokes of art—those which are dashed off by the free pencil of unsophisticated nature. But here we stand like a garrulous host at the gateway, telling his guests of the cheer they will receive, when he should be ushering them into the parlour, and setting them down to it. We shall but premise that rent was in 1798 £45,000,000, in 1815 it was £51,000,000, in 1841 it had reached £62,000,000, while wages have fallen back, especially in the rural districts, somewhat in the ratio in which rent has advanced.

The good Bishop of Durham found on Lord Winchilsea's estates in Rutlandshire, in 1797, a day labourer, his wife and ten children, who, by the use of two cows and a garden, lived in comfort and independence, without costing a farthing to the parish. An old couple of fourscore, who could not labour, were, by the same assistance, kept comfortable without parish relief to the end of their days. An aged lone woman was, by similar means, preserved in easy circumstances.

The Earl, encouraged by these results, was enabled subsequently to report—"Upon my estate in Rutlandshire there are from seventy to eighty labourers, who keep from one to four cows each. *They manage their land well, and pay their rent very regularly.*" Mark that—you who have large farms thrown on your hands, or drowned in arrears. "From what I have seen of them I am confirmed in the opinion I have long held, that nothing is so beneficial, both to them, and to the landowners, as their having land to be occupied, either for the keeping of cows, or as gardens."—Spoken like a true earl.

"By means of these advantages the labourers and their families live better, and are consequently more fit to endure labour; they are more *contented, and more* attached to their situation"—no emigration in *their heads—eh?*—"and acquire a sort of independence which makes

them set a higher value upon their character"—no poaching—small county rates—little call for the "blue police."—"In the neighbourhood in which I live, men so circumstanced are almost always considered as the most to be depended upon and trusted; the possessing a little property certainly gives a spur to industry; as a proof of this, it has almost always happened to me, that when a labourer has obtained a cow, and land sufficient to maintain her, the first thing he has thought of has been how he could save money enough to buy another; and I have always had applications for more land from those people so circumstanced. There are several labourers in my neighbourhood who have got on in this manner, till they now keep two, three, and some four cows, and yet are amongst the hardest working men in the country, and the best labourers." That unhappy vagabond Swing would get little quarter from the Winchilsea folks. Was ever heard the like! If you give these peasants an inch, they would take an ell. One cow leads on to two, two low for more company—three bellow for a fourth, for all the kine can't keep the clover down! And so by steps and stairs, 7s. a-week go on to 14s., and 14s. to a "bit o' land"—and a bit to a field—until at last from merely a cottier, up creeps or crawls the large-calved, well-fed labourer, to top boots, and the market ordinary among the farmers!

But we have not done with the Earl yet, God bless him! We wish there were more like him—to put Cuffy and Duffy, and blatant physical force Chartism quite out of court.

"With regard to the profit they make of a cow, those who manage well might clear 1s. 8d. a-week, or £4. 6s. 8d. per ann. by each cow, supposing the rent of land, levies, &c. to cost them £4, exclusive of house-rent." Mr. Blacker can show them how to do it a good deal cheaper. "This clear profit, may now be set down at £5 a-year at least; so as to make the whole £9 a-year, on a supposition that all the produce is sold." "They keep sheep during winter on their cow pasture, at the rate of two, and in some cases three, at 2s. 6d. each, for cow pasture." "They all agree that two cows are more than twice as profitable as one." "They suckle calves, and buy supernumerary lambs from the farmers bringing them up by hand."—(He had "but one little ewe lamb which lay in his bosom, and was to him as a daughter."—) "I know of several labourers' widows, maintained by their sons, but could not otherwise have lived without parish relief."

His Lordship next becomes quite statistical. None of your dry haired politico-economical regiments of figures, as if, when we had read on to the Book of Numbers, we would never, in this life, reach to the next title in the Pentateuch—but just enough to set bolt upright those impracticable characters called facts—the "stubborn chiels that winna' ding."

"In the parish of Burley, and the two adjoining parishes of Hambledon and Egleton, where there are a great number of labourers who keep cows, the rate collected for the relief of the poor last year (1797,) did not, on an average, amount to sixpence in the pound. *No rents are better, or more regularly paid on my estate, than those for the cottager's land.*" *Observe, squires,* no arrears—no claims for abatement—no *grumbling at the times*—no protection. "Ready money Jacks" every

one of them. "There has not been, for several years back, any arrear of them. In these parishes there are several labourers with very large families, and several aged persons past work, who must have had relief from the parish if they had not cows; they do not receive any parochial aid; the sums raised for the relief of the poor in those parishes being for those who, from various circumstances, are not possessed of cows." "The following is an account of the number of inhabitants, and of the sums raised for the poor, and also of the amount of poor rate per pound, from Easter 1796, to Easter 1797 :—

	Number of Inhabitants.	Sums raised for the poor. £ s. d.	Amounts per pound. d.
Burley.....	225	38 12 1	$3\frac{1}{2}$ "
Egleton.....	144	15 11 5	$4\frac{3}{4}$
Hambledon.....	335	74 16 6	$6\frac{1}{4}$
	704	129 0 0	average $5\frac{3}{4}\frac{1}{0}$"

In a Note to this report, Mr. Thomas Bernard observes that, in the Dillon Enclosure Act (1781,) the cottagers were secured in the fee simple of their cottages and garden, and in two acres for three lives. "Mr. Holliday informs me, that during the sixteen years that have passed since the enclosure, there has been hardly any instance of a cottager who kept a cow, standing in need of, or seeking relief from, the parish." We wonder how Burley cum Egleton cum Hambledon fare now? We have got a Duke-fighting, "British constitution" tinkering, Protestant succession-mongering Earl of Winchilsea. We should like to have his statement of the rates of 1849 in these parishes. If he is a better man than his father, we should have him labelled in the British Museum as a unique specimen of the genus Peer. "Whoever," observes the old Earl, "has travelled through the midland counties, and will take the trouble of enquiring (as to the cause of the increase of Poor Rates,) will generally receive for answer, that formerly there were a great many cottagers who kept cows; *but that the land is now thrown to the farmers;* and if he enquires still further he will find that, in those parishes, the poors' rates have increased in an amazing degree." No doubt of it. And what does the farmer care? Rates form a deduction from *rent*, not from tenant profits—and the more destitute labourers are, the cheaper are they forced to work. *Verb. sap.*

Mr. Samuel Weller the elder had "an objection to widows"—a dread of them, we should rather say, and of their crimped caps and long becoming ear flaps—a true viduo-phobia. Now, considering that, if they have been worth marrying once, it is to be presumed that they may be worth any man's while to lead to the hymeneal altar again, this dread of relicts seems irrational. Perhaps it was the very superiority of widows' attractions which rendered them irresistible, and therefore all the more dangerous to a susceptible Jehu of a long coach. But a widow, with a whole census to herself, it undoubtedly requires some courage to undertake. Here comes one however, that even Weller himself might *fancy*. "*John Way*, Esq., of Hasketon, Suffolk," thus introduces her. "*In 1799, a tenant of* mine died, leaving a widow and fourteen children,

the eldest a girl under fourteen. He had held under me fourteen acres of pasture land at £13 a-year, and had kept two cows, which, with a very little furniture and clothing, was all the property. The directors of the house of industry immediately agreed to take her seven youngest children into the house. She said she would rather die in working to maintain them; and that if I, her landlord, would continue her in the farm, as she called it, she would undertake to maintain and bring up all her fourteen children without any parochial assistance." If the widow of Hasketon did not wear the breeches, it is scarcely to be denied that she proved the grey mare to be the better horse. Most manly widow!

"She persisted in her resolution; and being a strong woman about 45 years old, (was it fair, Mr. Way, to blab ages?) I told her she should continue tenant, and hold it the first year rent free. At the same time, though without her knowledge, I directed my receiver not to call upon her at all for her rent, conceiving that it would be a great thing if she could support so large a family, even with that indulgence." Good John Way, and wise as good;—15 of a family, perenially in the workhouse, at 3s. a head, per week, is £117 per annum, and your share would probably come to something over the rent.

"The result, however, was, that with the benefit of her two cows, and of the land, she exerted herself so as to bring up all her children, twelve of whom she placed out to service, *continuing to pay her rent regularly of her own accord.* She carried part of the milk of her two cows, together with the cream and butter, every day to sell at Woodbridge, two miles off, and with her skim and butter milk, &c., supported her family. The eldest girls took care of the rest; and, by degrees, as they grew up, the children went into the service of the neighbouring farmers." Oh! Samuel! how little you know of widows! Fifteen peasants to fourteen acres,—less than an acre a piece. Not a man among them—except a woman. Pray, reader, take an Irish bull kindly by the horns for once,—a most truthful bull. Only two cows to fourteen acres. Why Mr. Blacker could have taught them a way of keeping eighteen cows on the same quantity, and made them nine times richer. What could not the fifteen have done if they had known the use of a spade, a hoe, and a dibble! Or if a sturdy and active labourer had been one of them, to teach the boys "to know how to set about it," and to put some mettle into their hands and heels, in place of packing them off to service, to glut the labour market, and bring down labour and up rates? Is it not obvious that there would soon have come out of this Hasketon cottage, full fledged, a substantial race of John Browdeys, with money in the sample bag, flitches in the chimney, hearts in the right place, and heads that could contrive anything?

At Humberston, near Grinsby, Lord Carrington, by this cow keeping plan, kept the rates down to 10d. in the pound. Mr. Bernard, in a second visit to the Rutland parishes, found "eighty cottagers with cows, some with seven, others eight, and some nine children, all healthy, clean, well fed, and neatly dressed. None of them are become chargeable upon the parish. and of all the rents on the estate, none are more punctually paid than those of the cottagers' land." Mr. Basset, steward to Lord Glentworth's Lincoln *Estates,* "*accommodates* the cottagers with a sufficient quantity of land

to keep from one to two cows and no more. "I am convinced, from thirty years' experience, that the result has been highly conducive to the interests of the farmers, who have always a set of industrious labourers, who do not become chargeable to the parish. The rates do not average more than 8d. in the pound, for poor, church, constable, and highways." Mr. Thomas Estcourt reports that a proposal was made in 1800 to the poor of Long Newnton, Wilts, to substitute allotments of one acre and a quarter, for their relief at the parish board, They were charged 32s. an acre rent for land for which the neighbouring farmers paid 20s. Thirty-two families gladly availed themselves of the offer, and the result was, that while for the last six months before the gift of allotments, 1800–1, the parish rates amounted to £212 16s., the rate for the six months, 1803–4, under the new system, fell to £12 6s., whereof only £4 12s. 6d. were spent on the poor. They paid up all their debts, and also their heavy rent most punctually.

Sir William Pulteney does not, indeed, introduce us to another widow —but for want of a better, a collier's wife, Mrs. Richard Millward, of Shropshire, is an acquaintance worth courting. She has six children, and an acre and one sixteenth of "cat-brain—the very worst soil"—dear enough at the rent she pays, 3s. a year, and cribbed by Lady Malpas, off Pully Common. What with manuring, and careful weeding, the wheel-barrow, the spade, the fork, and the hoe, and without any live stock, but a yearly pig, she beats all the farmers round the country, and raises wheat, even in bad years, in the proportion of 70 bushels, or nearly 9 quarters to the acre, on the worst soil in Shropshire! Her straw and potato haulm, and even weeds, make up abundance of manure—she has enough of potatoes for the family, the pig, and next year's seed—she sells early potatoes, and peas, and cabbages, in Shrewsbury, and, on the same ground, grows late potatoes and turnips the same year, for the family and the pig. She does all this with little help from her toil worn husband, and takes the shine out of the biggest farmer in the county. A truly notable woman. How many Jane Millwards might not England boast, if fair play were given to her peasantry! Worthy Mr. Plumptre, a Cambridge parson, gossips pleasantly through the history of Dick Austin, of Cherry Hinton, who began a two story house, on twenty poles of roadside common, with a capital of 14s.; and finished it handsomely, besides being well found in fruit and vegetables. He also tells us of others who raised 50 bushels of potatoes on an eighth of an acre, equal to 400 bushels an acre at 4s., or £80 an acre!

These results are not indigenous to England alone. The article on Flemish Husbandry in the volumes of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, observes, "When the land is cultivated entirely by the spade, and no horses are kept, a cow is kept for every three acres of land, and entirely fed on artificial grasses and roots. All the labour is done by different members of the family—children soon beginning to assist in various minute operations, according to their age and strength, such as weeding, hoeing, feeding the cows. If they can raise rye and wheat enough to make their bread, and potatoes, turnips, carrots, and *clover for the cows*, they do well, and the produce of the sale of their *rape seed, flax, hemp*, and butter, after deducting the expense of manure

purchased, which is always considerable, gives them a very good profit. Supposing the whole extent of the land to be six acres, which is not an uncommon occupation, and which one man can manage, then a man, his wife, and three children, will require 39 bushels of grain, 49 bushels of potatoes, a fat hog, and the butter and milk of one cow; an acre and a half of land will produce the grain and potatoes, and allow some corn to finish the fattening of the hog, which has the extra butter milk; another acre in clover, carrots, and potatoes, together with the stubble turnips, will more than feed the cow; consequently, two acres and a half of land are sufficient to feed this family, and the produce of the other three and a half may be sold to pay the rent, or the interest of the purchase money, wear and tear of implements, extra manure, and clothes for the family. But these acres are the most profitable on the farm, for the turnip, flax, and colza are included; and by having another acre in clover, and roots, a second cow can be kept, and its produce sold. In a farm of ten acres, cultivated by the spade, the addition of a man and a woman to the members of the family, will render all the operations more easy."

We are tempted, even at the risk of converting the reader into an exhausted receiver of accumulated facts, to present to him the two portraits, which we have hung up in our gallery. The first is a photograph of a farm labourer, the servant of a great food manufacturer—the second is that of a small tenant, great only in being his own master. Look upon this picture—

"Here," observes the *Weekly Dispatch*, "is the week's account of a hard-working, honest, and efficient farm labourer of the county of Oxford. He has to walk three miles and a half before six o'clock every morning, to his work, and three miles and a half back again, when he is ready to drop with the fatigues of the day—seven miles a day. This is the result of the law of settlement, which induces landowners to pull down all the cottages on their estates, and draw their labourers from the neighbouring parish, that they may not gain a settlement in their own. He has a wife and five children—seven human beings in all, and his wages are 9s. a week in summer, and 7s. 6d. in winter, during the greater part of which latter season he is without employment owing to the new-fangled, pernicious system of hiring men by the week in place of the year. From his own lips we take down the following account of the disposal of his wages:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Rent	1	3	Candle	0	0½
6 gallons Bread	5	6	Cotton	0	0½
1 lb. Bacon	0	7½	Thread	0	0½
Half-pound Butter	0	5	Worsted	0	0½
1 lb. Sugar	0	4	Quarter-pound Cheese	0	1½
1 oz. Tea	0	3	Salt	0	0½
Soap	0	2			
Blue	0	0½		9	0
Starch	0	0½			

Such is the welcome home of the poor spindle-shanked, pinched-nosed

wretch from a seven mile walk, and ten hours hard work in rain and snow, in summer and winter. We were afraid to ask him where he got his fuel. It will be seen that he is a munificent encourager of the home trade—there is nothing for clothing—only an odd halfpenny for patching and darning. Nothing for shoes. This man gets no beer, loudly as the farmers clamour about the burden of the Malt Tax. He has only tasted fresh meat once in three years, on the occasion of the neighbours sending his wife a little at her confinement. He begs the cast-off clothes of the gentry, and pays for shoes out of a little extra money earned at the hay and corn harvest, by longer hours and task-work. Now this is not a new condition. This man has been thus treated by the farmers along with hundreds of thousands more, when three years ago they were getting 105s. a quarter for wheat. They were as shamefully paid in the palmiest days of Protection—in 1839, when the averages were 73s. a quarter for the year."

The genial oil painting of a small tenant, who calls no man master, and who is always his own employer, is thus framed by the same limner.

"The scene of this biography lies in Middlesex—not a dozen miles from Bow bell. The subject of it was one of those parish nuisances who could not make up his mind to break road metal, and yet never got regular work. He has a family, and took as much beer as ever, by hook or by crook, he could come by. An eleemosynary worker, a sort of odd man in the village, careful men mentally laid at his door all undetected parochial peccadilloes. He cast his eyes upon the old worn-out gravel-pit of the village on the neighbouring heath. There are two acres and a half of it with a large water-hole in the middle. It was of no use to anybody. He offered 12s. 6d. a year for the whole, and was duly installed as tenant. He began his work in the spring, and got a loan of cabbage-plants, of peas, and seed-potatoes. He discovered the hidden riches of the water-hole. Load after load of fertilizing mud he hauled out of the pond, and wheeled upon the land. He worked with his spade, early and late—wife and children helping. A starved pony and truck carried his vegetables every morning to market. He was always at it. Not a square inch was idle for an hour. The cabbages were taken up, at sunrise, for the market, and when he returned with the proceeds his family had already planted the vacant space with a new crop. Even the water-hole planted with osiers, brought the custom of the basket-makers. The world throve with him, and as ambition saw the way cleared, it stimulated self-respect. He became a teetotaller. The pony gave place to a horse. He had crop enough to take to London, and brought back manure in the return cart. Fertility and production increased. He got stronger and healthier as he could afford to be better fed. He worked harder, earlier, later. He devised new contrivances, and ventured upon more expensive crops, until, at last, in ten years' occupation of two acres and a half of an old gravel pit, we find him master of £300 in hard cash in the bank, respected as a warm man, and a steady friend in the village, and is about to treble the size of his holding, and start in the character of a prosperous small farmer whom landlords will be glad to secure as a tenant! He has, *he tells us, neighbours* whose history is almost a counterpart of his own. '*Give a man,*' says Arthur Young, 'the freehold of a bare rock, and he

will convert it into a garden. Give him a nine years' lease of a garden, and he will turn it into a desert.' Let a peasant labour for himself, and behold the result. Make him the drudge of another, at weekly wages, and next winter you will find him begging weekly loaves from the Union. We bury the virtues of the Saxon peasant when we make him a farmer's slave. Set him on his own legs, on his own ground, and there is not a moor or heath in England, that he will not make as productive as Aylesbury Vale or Romney Marsh."

How say you, gentlemen of the jury. Are we entitled to a verdict? Can you demur to our plea for the poor? Is not the case proved already? We have bored you with witnesses. What has cross-examination done, but confirmed their testimony? These Saxon peasants are a noble race—although sorely battered with scant barley bread, and dear tail wheat. Their legs have shrunk to drumsticks, and their hollow cheeks to parchment, on 7s. a week, and the abject spirit of the pauper. But in their inner heart burns still the divine spark of energy, and the fire of manhood. Enkindle their soul flame by the breeze of hope, and what may not they and England be! Bid them beg no more, but work on their own land, and not another's farm, and they will raise themselves and us to the topmost pinnacle of humanity. They *can* be trusted with independence—they *may* be left to be their own master. They need but their cottage farm, and wise and humane rulers, to spurn charity, and rise from small beginnings to the apex of society. In *spite* of neglect and oppression, see what they have *done*. Treat them according to their rich deserts and what will they not do? We sigh for no paradisaical paralellogram. We do not want the varied beauty of the green lanes of England to be squared, and ruled. We desire to revive the gradations of society—raising an intermediary class between the very rich, and the miserably poor. We would have farms, like ladder steps, for good men to climb by, from the lowly cottage, up through the little farm, to the larger homestead. We would not have the first step so high, that the needy can not reach it, and must stand in despair at the bottom, gazing at a top he can never find. We would have corporals, and serjeants, and subalterns, and captains among us, as well as generals, and full privates. How are we to set about new officeering our army of industry

CHAPTER IV

A POOR LAW.

A Poor Law, we believe to be an unmitigated curse. It makes men paupers—it bribes them to laziness and improvidence. In the rear of their minds it fosters the thought that they will be provided for somehow, whether they be provident and industrious, or not. Scotland had no relief, and her peasantry were, and are, the most frugal, foresighted, *and comfortable wages*-receiving men in the world. She is now saddled

with a poor law, and her people are losing their self-respect, their industry, and independence. It makes the poor, poorer, because the industrious have to pay for the support of the dissolute, until, at last, they take their places by their side. It absorbs £8,000,000 of the capital of the country, in that which yields no return, except an encreasing locust host of unproductive beggars. It will speedily eat up all the land of Ireland —and we are assured that the Martin estate in Galway, offered in the market in fee-simple, at 20s. an acre, hangs on hand, and will not tempt the enterprise of the capitalist, or improver, because she sees no prospect from its cultivation, but that of sufferin g beggary to reap what energy has sown. Poor rates are frightfully on the increase in England, in the face of a pattern poor law; and everywhere, legalized relief shows but one result, decreased comfort and substance—advancing crime, squalor, idleness, and pauperism. "It was an observation," says Mr. Bernard, in his Report, dated 1801, "of the late Mr. Howard, that in Switzerland and Scotland, he found the fewest prisoners. Mrs. Hannah More mentioned to me, that during the number of years the late Mr. Henry Fielding presided at Bow Street, only six Scotchmen, as he stated, were ever brought before him." Now, Scotland has more criminals in proportion to her numbers, than any country in Europe.

But if we are to have a poor law, it should be equal in its operation. Why should the people of London pay more for the support of the poor, than the inhabitants of Rutland, or Caermarthen? They are all subjects of the same country—why should the duties of charity devolve more on the one than on the other? The vagabonds who have made the rural districts too hot to hold them, hide themselves in the metropolis. Why should Middlesex sustain the expense of thieves bred in Northampton, any more than the rate payers of Devonshire? The suppression of crime, and the relief of distress, are equally the interest of the whole nation. Why should one county sustain the burdens of all?

The poor and county rates should be abolished. If local boards will feel less interest in the frugal administration of a fund they have not directly to pay for, let government superintendents check extravagance, and show the provinces the right plan of management. We do not see any want of interest in the reduction of the state expenditure—and the spending it by local distributors, is not likely to increase the public apathy to extravagance. By collecting rates with other taxes, a large saving would be effected in gatherers and surveyors; and it is said an equal rate of 1s. 6d. in the pound would realize all that is required.

We ought to have no law of settlement. Wherever a man goes, from where he is not wanted, to where he is—in that latter spot he should be relieved—whereby parochial lawsuits would be stopped, and the costs of transport from London to Land's End would be saved. To send a pauper back to the place where want of work first pauperized him, is only to aggravate the competition for employment where it is too great already. If he *has* left his parish, that is only evidence that there is no room for him there. Why then cram him upon those who cannot give him work, and take him from the district to which he has gone to *seek it*? Oh, John Bull! Who but an ass would carry coals to Newcastle! The unemployed labourer knows better where work is to

be had than you do. What greater absurdity could you commit, than actually to controul his efforts to find a living, where he best knows it is to be had?

But our chief objection to the law of settlement is, that it forms a direct encouragement to the clearance system. If, by suffering peasants to settle on an estate, the owner and none other will be saddled with their support, it is obvious that he is necessitated to prevent their inhabitancy. If you propose to him to divide his acres into cottage farms, he replies that he will be saddled with a rookery of paupers. To hasten the departure of those who are there already, he will harry their nests by getting up a case of poaching, or insist upon their going into the workhouse, and when they are off the ground, he will pull down their cottages, and recommend their family to the shelter of the nearest ditch. If he wants labourers, he will send for them out of the village, in the neighbouring parish, and compel them to come and go two or three miles each day, to and from their work. He will have no ploughmen's cottages on his farms; the plan which in Scotland kept peasants out of the villages, and therefore out of the ale house. No—his *farmers* alone will be the inhabitants of his farms, and their servants will be removed from the supervision of their masters—an effect which has promoted theft of farm produce to a somewhat clamant point. In Scotland, the former absence of any poor rate, induced landowners to build, on all their farms, sufficient cottages for the labourers, who sat rent free—the tenants paid much of the wages in kind, engaged their men by the year, and paid them their money once in six months. They had to preserve a character, and, not having money in their pockets every Saturday night, they were not tempted into improvident habits. Men who are paid off every Saturday night, are often thrown out of work; and as they are loosely engaged, so they can easily find a new master, should they displease the old one. No companionship is preserved betwixt master and man, and the nexus betwixt the rich and poor is broken. Weekly engagements and weekly wages are the natural result of the law of settlement.

It is, then, an indispensable pre-requisite of all experiments in small tenantry or cottage farming, that the poor and county rates, as a local assessment, should be abolished; and an equal rate handed over to the commissioners of assessed taxes for collection. It is also essential that the law of settlement should be repealed; and that the poor should be relieved wherever they seek assistance. A man who has lost character in one parish, may thus retrieve it in another, where he is not known.

When these improvements are effected, we entertain a strong conviction that land owners will not be slow to create cottage farms. It is demonstrable that by their essentially superior productiveness, they can afford a greater rent;—it has been proved that they greatly alleviate the burden of local rates, and therefore practically raise rent. Cottagers pulverize the soil, they weed it, they feed it with manure, by soiling cattle and pigs, and hand-feeding sheep;—they command a more rapid change of crops, so that when potatoes are being dug at one end of a patch, turnips may be sown at the other,—cabbages may be stuck into the wheat stubble, and barley after very early peas or vetches. Above all, while by the *existing system, the* labourer alone is made productive, the cottage farms

pedient for employing money-dealers, to devise the means of circulating money safely, by their superior knowledge of safe men. But if all depositors could, without risk, and the roundabout ceremony of bills and discounts, circulate their money rapidly themselves, or, in other words, find out the men who could invent new methods of profitably employing it, the uses of capital would become greatly more enriching to the community. This is seen when great confidence exists—when men can be trusted—when there is no fear of failures and bad debts. Then everybody is busy—all are actively employed in devising new sources of profit, and new means of employment. But ready money, which truly means a greater number of circulators, a more rapid transfer of coin and its return, is the most convenient method of ensuring confidence, because no credit or trade trust is so safe as ready money. A man can sell cheaply when the number of his customers increases, or, in other words, when he turns over his capital rapidly; and the cheaper he sells, the greater is the increase of his custom. Even the largest undertakings do not require the concentration of capital. Our railways have been constructed by the contributions of the many—and one of the evils arising from the undertaking, has been the locking up of capital, or, in other words, the transfer of the spare money of the many, temporarily into the hands of a few.

We cannot doubt that the reader has already applied this doctrine for himself. It is better for a country that its wealth, without being artificially, should be somewhat equally, divided, than that a few should have it all, and the many have none. What is a money qualification but a confession, that good conduct, intelligence, and activity, are best secured by the possession of capital? The greater the number of capitalists, the greater will be the industry, the sagacity, the energy, the inventive spirit of a community. The Americans perform greater wonders than any other people, just because a greater number of them, possess means more or less, than any other people. Who can doubt that a community would, in every respect, be richer and more prosperous, with 3,000 families possessed of £100 a-year each, than with one Duke of Northumberland and 2,999 Wiltshire ploughmen? The latter would soon eat up the substance of the former in rates, producing nothing in return—the active brains of the others, would be continually devising new plans of enterprise and industry, profitable to all, and burdensome to none.

We must therefore not merely have much capital, but many capitalists, placed in a position easily and effectively to produce more. They must not be competitors of each other. They must not crowd markets which are glutted already. They must not all produce one thing, or cut each other's throats by struggling to get above one another, and tearing their common customers to pieces. They must be placed in an occupation where, however much they produce, it will all be consumed.

What will do this half so effectually as by the transfer of the enterprize of the nation to a branch of employment, which does not as yet produce nearly enough to meet the demands of its customers? That we export more than one half of all the manufactures we produce, is a fact which proves that that branch of industry is overdone. We have to compete in neutral markets, not only with foreigners, but with each other. That *we import £30,000,000* worth of food, is evidence that our agriculture is

underdone. Nor is that nearly the extent of our surplus power of consumption. It is only the measure of our capacity to pay. We could probably, with great ease, consume at least £90,000,000 worth of food more than we produce. Indeed, that hundreds of thousands of our people perish annually of hunger, is a proof of what an enormous want has yet to be supplied. Nor let it be said that agricultural pursuits are unprofitable. A spade, a handful of seed, and a few acres of waste, will at least feed the cultivator and yield a surplus for sale. We have 3,500,000 idle paupers: they at least may feed themselves, if we will let them. Nay, a ploughman may feed himself and a weaver too—and a weaver may clothe himself and a ploughman also. Here is exchange at once—and incontrovertible mutuality of advantages. Manufactures will rise in price with an increased demand, wages will follow—these will yield a better price for food, and all will prosper. Farmers, indeed, tell us that with their present burdens they cannot till to a profit, although they get their land for nothing. But the peasant need have no burdens, no wages to pay—no horses to keep - no establishment to sustain—no implements to buy—and it is absurd, it is proving too much to say, that land will yield nothing in the midst of 256 consumers to the square mile, if it can sustain in comfort the population of Illinois and Wisconsin.

We must have a goodly band of peasant proprietors, with their foot planted on their own freeholds, and encouraged by the consciousness that the acres they render fruitful are their own. Fifteen millions of unimproved arable acres would yield 300,000 five-acre freeholders, and support to fifteen millions of souls. We have shown how, on heavily rented land, people live in comfort on three acres—even two. What might they not do were the three acres five, and no rent to pay? But we could not spare above one million of small farmers, or five millions of souls, and the waste lands would yield farms of fifteen acres to each family of five. The widow supported fifteen souls on fourteen acres. Surely five may live on fifteen acres rent free. 200,000 acres in Galway are even now for sale at 20s. an acre in fee simple. Why not begin? It is rent and insecurity of tenure which confessedly have ruined the Irish peasantry. They have no stake in the country—no interest in the cause of social order—no character that they need be afraid to lose, because they can easily shift their quarters, who leave nothing behind them.

But secure these men in the absolute possession of what they cultivate, and who could be more provident, more loyal, more attached to institutions, which secure to them the peaceable possession of what is their own? Tie them by the leg of freehold property, and how careful would they be of conduct, how cautious of debt, which would oust them from their holdings, how afraid of crime which would forfeit their all! Working for themselves, the members of each family would stimulate each other to exertion and improvement. Certain that all they made would be their own, and that every improvement effected by their own hands, would add to the value of their freehold, how different would be their conduct, from that of those who could only thrive to have their rent raised, and whose only protection consists in that assumption of poverty, which the Turks affect, to save their property from the tax gatherer? *What do not Irish* farmers effect in America, Van Diemen's Land, and

Australia. Nay, what success do they achieve at home, with the encouragement of a moderate rent, and security of tenure. Mr. Allen, in his "Colonies at Home," shows that a cow may be kept on half an acre. Mr. Cobbett developes a plan whereby a rood may be made sufficient for the purpose. Moses Greer, the winner of the first prize at the Market Hill Agricultural Society's Meeting, for keeping four cows and two calves on one acre and a half all summer, and having three roods of turnips, and of rape for the winter, states, "I hold 8¾ acres of land, which I have now got into the highest condition; and I shall in future be enabled to keep it so, without going to the expense in lime, which I have heretofore been at, by reason of the great quantity of manure from my increased stock of cattle, consisting of four cows and two calves. This stock has been fed on clover and vetches, on the same piece of ground which, when formerly in grazing, fed only one cow, and that poorly. My land is held part at 23s., part 8s. 3d. an acre, and my rent amounts to £7 14s. 6d., and I have sold butter to the amount of £11 4s., clear of all deductions, and have had enough of milk and butter for my family besides. The abundance of manure has enabled me to set as many potatoes as my neighbours, holding the same quantity of land, and I have as much crop too, besides having my turnips likewise. By the soiling system, and four course rotation, I derive, every year, greater advantages; my land being now all perfectly clear, every inside ditch levelled, not a spot in the whole that is not productive, and not any of it whatever in pasture."

Thomas Bruce, another Irish cottier, observes: "When I came into possession of my farm, in 1831, there was no more than about half an acre of potato ground, and this in such a dirty bad condition, that it had to be dug over with a grape, in order to clean it, before it could be sown with grain and clover seed. The rest of the land was in a miserable exhausted state, not fit to produce anything; and I was then possessed of but one cow, and had no meat to feed more. That year I sowed a few turnips upon what manure I had to spare, by employing lime compost for my potatoes; and the next spring, between compost and cow-house manure, I was able to set an acre and a half of potatoes, and half an acre of turnips. That year I was able to house-feed, upon the clover and some vetches, two cows, and had plenty for them all winter. Next spring I had so much manure, that, with some assistance from lime compost, I was able to set two acres and a rood of potatoes, and three roods of turnips; and, having sowed more clover, I was enabled that season to keep three cows and a horse—which stock I still have with the addition of a calf; and have fed them this season on five roods of clover, two roods of vetches, and one rood of grazing; which, being chiefly on a rocky bottom, cannot be broken up. And if an acre was allowed for the keep of the horse, and twenty perches for the calf, this would leave only one rood and four perches for the summer feeding of each cow; and this, with one rood of turnips for each, during winter (which would allow, at thirty-four tons per acre, near ninety pounds a day for each for seven months), would only make eighty-four perches, or little more than half an English acre for the year's *keep*. And I have a rood of rape, as a stolen crop besides; so that *I have plenty of food* for them; and my land is improved to such a

egree, that there is more than three times the return from it, than hat it formerly gave; and I shall now be able to keep it in heart y the manure made by house-feeding, without any of the expense or lime which I have been formerly at."

James Bradford, said: "When I came under Lord Gosford, I owed 5 an acre of arrears; I had no property whatever, nor meat for ıy family. I have now, thank God, and the assistance he has been leased to send me through Mr. Blacker, plenty of provisions to do ntil next crop, though I had none then. I have also two cows and pig, and then I had neither one or other. My land, also, is now n heart, and produces as much in one year as it then would in three; nd this season, I expect to pay up all arrears that are against me, nd I will only owe the purchase money of a small piece of land his ıonour added to my farm, as an encouragement; and when I get lear of this, I think I will be comfortable, and very thankful for all hat has been done for me."

John Hogg said, "that he had been in distressed circumstances efore Lord Gosford bought the property, and was intending to go to America; but having got encouragement from Mr. Blacker, he had followed his advice, and his farm was now all under the four-course rotation; he had two cows and a horse, had a cart and a plough; owed no rent now, though he was deep in arrear formerly; had bought more land, and was in the way of doing well. The new system kept himself and family all busy, and paid them well for their labour. He formerly had been obliged to pay £7 for potatoes for his family, and now he had £3 worth to sell, owing to the manure from his turnips."

John Whittle stated "that he had formerly only one cow and a horse upon six and a half acres. He had since, for his exertions, got from Mr. Blacker, the addition of another acre, and he now kept *well* two cows, two heifers, and his horse. He had levelled all his ditches, and filled up an old quarry, and covered rocks with soil, so as to gain a full rood of land, on which he had this day a capital crop of turnips, and had his rape after his grain, by stocking the grain crop in on one side of the field, and sowing the other, and giving it the summer manure, which he had plenty of.

Michael Clarke said: "When Mr. Blacker first came to my house I had fallen into arrear; distress of mind, and ill health that it brought on, had driven me to a state of despondency; I did not care what became of me, or whether I was turned out or not. I was in despair; and my family in misery, surrounding me. He told me he would help me if I would do as he directed, and that he would send a person to instruct me, and that the place would be worth having if it got justice. I did not believe that it ever would have turned out as he said it would: but, as he was so kind, I promised I would take heart again, and do as I was bid; accordingly, Mr. Bruce came and pointed out what was to be done. I got up my spirits, and my health got better. Mr. Blacker lent me a cow, when I got clover to feed her on. The first year I was able to pay nothing, but he saw I was doing my endeavour, and he did not press me. The next year, I paid a year and a half; the one after, I paid another year and a half; and the one following, I paid two years, and now

I expect to be able to clear off all, and to have my cow and pig tomyself. I have a new loom besides; and all my ditches are levelled, and the whole farm in good heart. My health is got better, and I have no more to say, gentlemen; but thank God and his honour, I am in the way of doing well. I have meat for myself, and meat for my cow, and meat for my family, all provided for the next twelve months, and it is long since I was able to say so before."

James Jenkins said:—I am able to say, gentlemen, that since I have followed the plan recommended by Mr. Blacker, I have been able to change my stock, with considerable profit to myself, from a very bad stock to a very good one, as my getting the first premium shows; and, though I was then pinched to feed them poorly, I have now plenty to feed them well; and, whereas, I had only two cows, a heifer, and a pony formerly, I have now five cows, two heifers, and one good horse, on my sixteen acres, kept on clover and vetches in summer, on cabbage at this season of the year, and turnips in winter and spring. I prefer early York and sugar-loaf, and flat Dutch cabbage, to the curled kail, for they give more food at this season; and if the plants are put in about three inches under the manure, the potatoes can be dug out without injuring them; and as they grow into the trench they do not overshadow or injure the potato as the curled kail does. I am also happy to tell you, gentlemen, that I find the produce of the farm is increased, as well as my stock. Formerly, I could manure but an acre and a half of potatoes, and that but indifferently, but now I have, this year, four acres of potatoes and turnips manured in the very best fashion; and you all know the more manured land you have in the farm, the more grain you will get out of it. Many gentlemen, from distant parts, have come to see my farm, and I am always glad to see them, and have always something pleasing to show them. Gentlemen, I have nothing more to say, but that I am well content, and determined to persevere in the plan I have now been so much the better of."

Samuel Parks, of Lurgyross, said:—"I hold 4 acres 2 roods, 20 perches of land, at a rent of £4 9s. 2d.; upon this I feed two cows; and, after providing for my family, I have sold £7 worth of butter and milk, being one half more than my rent. My cows are house-fed, and in capital condition, as my getting a premium shows."

Joseph Thompson, of Grayhills, said:—"I have 11 acres 3 roods of land, and on this I have three cows, a heifer, and a horse. The half of my land was formerly in grazing, and my stock far inferior in number and condition. I consider the four-course rotation as an excellent plan, and mean to persist in it; and I think I will be able to increase my stock next season, from the fine appearance my clover now has."

Mr. Ingram said:—"I hold twenty-three acres of land, and nobody can say I hold it too cheap, when I tell them I pay £25 a-year rent. My stock is seven cows, two heifers, one calf, and two horses, and they are all in good condition; the butter has already produced £26, which is a pound over the rent; and I expect to make it £30 before the *year is out, as the* price is so high. And I will tell you more, gentlemen, *I had nine* hundred stooks of excellent oats, and an acre of flax,

and all early in and well saved; so that I could make four times my rent off my farm."

This account seemed to give the greatest pleasure to all present, and Mr. Ingram's health was drank most cordially. The mention of the produce of Mr. Ingram's dairy afforded much surprise, as he keeps three farm servants, and must, therefore, have great consumption at home. The chairman, however, said he understood there was another in the list that would surprise them still more. He then passed a high encomium on Michael Clark's farm, in which, he said, there was not the space of a single foot neglected; and also noticed Ruth M'Connell, who, by her own exertions, had made a small piece of ground (which had merely fed a goat before, and never yielded more potatoes than lasted until Christmas). now to keep a cow right well, and supply potatoes for the year.

Robert Mitchell said:—"His farm formerly produced him no more than about £8 16s. which was the rent he then paid; he now had to pay more, but, by the new system, he had, last year, made £44 5s. 4d. out of it, leaving plenty of food for himself and nine of a family. He had also increased his stock from one cow, to three cows and a horse; and he saw clearly that by going on as he was doing, he could have three times as much potatoes, oats, and flax, as ever he had formerly."

Now these are not picked cases. Mr. Blacker, the Marquis of Waterford, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Stanley, Mr. Stafford, and a host of others, have exactly the same account to give. They themselves have, in their several districts, sought to cure a chief evil of Ireland, the absence of resident gentry, and larger capitalists, to officer and show an example to, the poor. They have substituted for this want the practical agricultural science of land agents, and improvers, who have put the poor in the right way of fertilizing the soil; and the readiness with which they have taken advice and adopted new improvements, is a proof that there is no national inaptitude in the people. The Earl of Clarendon, struck with these results, has sent agricultural missionaries all over the country, with the very best effects, and the cases above quoted, establish, incontestably, the fact, that small holdings are naturally far more productive than large farms.

But if, even under such a system, with heavy rents to meet, and a tenure not secure against the heartlessness of a new, and less considerate landlord, so much has been done, what may not be expected from a race of peasant proprietors, invested in the fee-simple of the soil, labouring without rent their own land! Nothing but the most criminal neglect could have postponed the experiment so long; and it is high time to begin, when thousands are dying for want, and the property of the country threatens to be swallowed up by Rates in Aid.

For the salvation of the peasantry, therefore, and of the farmers, it is essential that no time should be lost in England, Scotland, and Ireland, in reclaiming and colonizing our waste lands. We have proved the virtues of the people, when stimulated by the chances of independence; we have demonstrated the capabilities of the system of small holdings, and spade husbandry, and cattle soiling, to render production *abundant, and to enrich* the peasantry. There is no apology left for

indulging the mere crotchets of economists; and we are no longer entitled to excuse ourselves under the plea of the uncertain success of the system. That the case may be made to run on all fours, however, we proceed to quote examples of its actual results.

We must premise that it is an indispensable preliminary condition of peasant proprietaries, that the titles and conveyance of land in this country, should be assimilated to those of France, the United States, or our own Colonies. Our jurisprudence has only served to "darken counsel by words without knowledge." Law, whose only use is to render rights secure, and titles clear, is the great source of uncertainty, insecurity, and utter unintelligibility. The tenure of land in the three kingdoms is so frail, that it is certain the deeds by which several of our most eminent conveyancing judges hold their estates, are absolutely bad. In Scotland, the slightest mistake in feudal ceremonies, such as giving sasine of hasp and staple, in place of earth and stone, the erasure in the date of a sasine, where the original deed was indefeasible, and a thousand and one equally worthless quibbles, have reduced opulent families to beggary. In England, the system is scarcely any better; and in Ireland, it is so incorrigibly bad, that Sir Robert Peel, in his plan for the settlement of Galway, after proving case upon case where the law produced nothing but insecurity, and flagrant injustice, proposes, as an essential feature of his plan, that the jurisprudence and the courts of law, should be entirely set aside, and the whole title to the soil should be settled, and constructed by a lay commission.

What is wanted is this. Let the whole land of the kingdom, or at least of Ireland, be technically resumed by the crown. Let a new, and most precise survey of the whole be made, and reduced into parish, county, and general registers. Let a commission be appointed to examine every freehold title, duly advertizing for rival claimants. Let all be heard, and then a final decision having been come to, let the person, declared to have the right, receive a scrip, declaring what the property is, let his name and the description be entered in its proper register, and then consign the whole parchments to the flames, making the scrip and the entry a title, absolute and indefeasible for ever. Transfers will be effected by giving over the scrip to the purchaser, and entering his name below the original holder's in the register. Six millions of properties are thus easily secured in France—double that number in the United States, and not a few in Prussia and Belgium. No title can be half so clear, and the system is made to yield a large revenue to the state, in fees, with very small cost to the purchasers; besides relieving the community of the wholesale plunder perpetrated by the law, in making up titles, and then disputing their validity. What is practised in other countries, cannot fail to be practicable here; and land would thus pass from hand to hand, like bank notes or railway scrip, forming a most convenient means of speedy and safe investment. Indeed, even in England, an approach has been made to this reform in enclosure acts, and the apportionment of commons by commissioners. The holders derive their title, not from complicated writs, but by a declaration in the Act of Parliament itself, which is justly regarded as the safest title in the market.

Without some plan of this kind, a system of small holdings cannot be carried out. If for £20 worth of land a man must pay £20 of law costs, or cent per cent, he obviously can never be a gainer by the purchase. Great landowners are much interested in this, because expensive and insecure conveyances form a very heavy deduction from the value of land.

Titles, then, being made simple, safe, cheap, clear, indefeasible, the state must address itself, steadily and effectively, to the colonizing of our waste lands by raising a class of peasant proprietors, and dividing the territory into farms of various sizes, to suit intending purchasers. It will be necessary for the effectuation of these objects to their fullest extent, that the laws of primogeniture and entail should be abolished, and that no corporations, of any kind, should be permitted to hold real property. This latter branch of the subject will be treated of afterwards,—meanwhile we have to confine the reader's attention to the effect upon the industrial, social, and agricultural prospects of communities, of changing the tenure of land from a precarious tenantcy to an absolute freehold right.

In Guernsey and Jersey the farms average four, and are seldom more than ten acres; the tenure is a perpetual lease, transferable at the discretion of the lessee, at a fixed ground rent. There is not a more prosperous or contented peasantry in the world, or more productive farms. "Wheat crops," says Maculloch, "average five quarters per acre,"—two quarters above the average of England,—and "60,000 of potatoes are grown per acre." The peasantry are singularly frank, honest, and independent.

By a single decree, the king of Prussia enfranchised the whole leaseholds of his territory, changing the tenantry, by a single stroke of the pen, into freehold landed proprietors. Joseph II. of Austria, did the same in reference to his subjects. The effect was, that these countries made as great progress in productive power, in industry, and prosperity, in the ten succeeding years, as they had done in the preceding hundred years.

In the United States, and in our own colonies, the whole land is held in freehold, and the superior energy, industry and virtue of the population have become proverbial. The chief temptation to crime, want and poverty, has never existed there. The doors are without locks, and property is so secure from theft, that many communities are not even provided with a jail. The inhabitants constitute our chief, and by far our most profitable customers for our numerous exports. Freeholders are capitalists, and all command the means of purchasing whatever is necessary for decent comfort.

In France, we learn from M. Chateauvieux, in his communication to the poor law commissioners, that 94,011 proprietors hold an average of 340 acres, 344,069 hold an average of 88 acres, and 3,561,733 hold an average of 14½ acres. The whole number of landed proprietors is reckoned, by the minister of commerce, to amount to 10,896,682, holding an average of 11½ acres each. Entails and primogeniture were abolished at the first revolution, and France now supports 34,000,000 people from her own produce, besides sparing a quantity for export, on the territory which *formerly required an importation to maintain 24,000,000.* She now

bears a taxation of £45,000,000, as easily as she then did £10,000,000. Of 132,646,091 acres of territory, only 9,146,091 are unproductive. Her whole poor's rates and public charities in 1833, when her population was about 31,000,000, amounted to no more than £3,412,452. In the same year the *English* poor's rate alone, for 15,000,000 of people, amounted to £6,317,255, besides nearly a million more in charities! In 1844, the number of persons committed for trial in France, with a population of 34,000,000, was 7,115. In England, in the same year, the number so committed was 26,544, in a population of 16,000,000. In 1833 the number of persons relieved in France, was 1,120,981, in a population of 31,000,000. In 1849, the number of persons relieved in the United Kingdoms, out of a population of 30,000,000, was 3,651,000!—or, if we take England alone, 1,900,000 were relieved in a population of 17,000,000. "Mr. Moreau de Jonnes," observes the author of the work on the 'Aristocracy of Britain,' "presented a comparative view of crime in France and England in 1841. Correcting a misprint by the help of the tables now before us, it stands thus:—

FRANCE, POPULATION 34,230,000.

	Crimes.	Proportion.
Accused	18,206	1 to 1,900.
Condemned	13,855	1 to 2,500.

ENGLAND, POPULATION 15,901,000.

Accused	31,309	1 to 500.
Condemned	22,733	1 to 700.

It would appear that there is nearly four times as much crime among a thousand Englishmen as a thousand Frenchmen. It is material to observe, also, that the French returns embrace the *Correctional Police cases*, while police cases are excluded from the English returns."

When we have quoted these figures, have we not said enough? He who runs may read the effects produced upon human conduct by men being attached to the soil by property, and by possessing something to be forfeited by a departure from the paths of virtue.

"To judge," observes M. Dupin, "of the advantages gained by the present law of equal succession, it would be sufficient that those emigrants who returned to France in 1814, would recal to mind her condition in 1791, when they left her. It is an erroneous idea that our national strength or wealth have been diminished by the division of the land into too small portions. Never before were our armies so powerful and trustworthy, than since they have been composed, principally, of citizens who, proprietors themselves, are personally interested in the defence of our territory. Never before has order been more easily maintained throughout the country, or were travellers more safe, or, in fine, the whole people more civilized and happy. The abolition of the law of primogeniture, by establishing equality in all families, has caused a *greater intimacy of fathers* with their children, and of the children with *each other. It has put* an end to jealousies. All receive the same edu-

cation, the same treatment, the same inheritance. There is now no one of them born to wealth and power, and the others destined to comparative privation, depression of rank, and unhappiness.

"As to the land itself, every candid person will acknowledge that the large entailed properties were the worst cultivated. How many lakes, ponds, and marshes, have, within the last thirty years, been converted into fertile pasturage! How many extensive improvements have been carried into effect, which would never have been attempted by a proud noble, or interested factor!

"The lands and forests belonging to religious and other public institutions, were formerly wasted; for each incumbent naturally wished to have the greatest amount of advantage to himself during his occupancy, without any regard to the permanent benefit of the property. But now, even the great proprietors themselves will admit, a far more perfect system of management has been introduced, during the last twenty-five years.

"A great impulse has been given to industry, and the accumulation of property. The frequent transfer of land, while it has enriched the treasury, has facilitated the adjustment of the boundaries of estates. The economy of some, has made up for the prodigality of others. Cities have been embellished, arts have been brought to perfection. Our dwelling houses have not only increased in number, but have been built more commodious, more convenient, and of a more handsome exterior; and in fine, the effect of this new law has been so great, that, as if by a new creation, our people have not only become vastly more numerous, but so changed for the better, as to be altogether a new people, full of learning, intelligence, and morality." We might add to this pleasing picture the further consideration, that the additional experience of twenty-three years, has only served to make the prospect brighter. The revolutionists and red republicans of 1849, are the people without land. There are no socialists among the country freeholders. The violence of disorder and revolution has been crushed by the ballot box, and the conservative votes of six millions of landowners.

Even Mr. Macculloch, with all his prejudices, cannot shut his eyes to the effect of the extension of small freeholds in Prussia by the edict of 1807. "It has," he observes, "given a wonderful stimulus to improvement. The peasantry, relieved from the burdens and services to which they were previously subjected, and placed in respect of political privileges on a level with their lords, have begun to display a spirit of enterprize and industry that was formerly unknown. Formerly, also, there was in Prussia, as there has been in England and most other countries, a great extent of land belonging to towns and villages, and occupied in common by the inhabitants. While under this tenure, these lands rarely produced a third or a fourth part of what they would produce, were they divided into separate properties, and assigned to individuals, each reaping all the advantages resulting from superior industry and exertion. The Prussian government being aware of this, has succeeded in effecting the division of a vast number of common properties, and has thus totally changed the appearance of a large extent of country, and created several thousand new proprietors. The want of ca-

pital, and the force of old habits, rendered the influence of these changes at the outset less striking than many anticipated: but these retarding circumstances have daily diminished in power, and it may be safely affirmed that the country has made a greater progress since 1815, than it did during the preceding hundred years."

Norway, under a similar agricultural dispensation, exhibits the like results. Nearly all the occupiers of land are also the owners; and so comfortably provided, that according to Laing, little distinction appears between the condition and establishment of the farmer and the professional man. The Norwegians are particularly frank, independent, intrepid, and strong—generally well educated, respectful and orderly.

In Bavaria the confiscation of the church lands, and the law of equal succession have divided the land into 2,254,603 estates, and Macculloch is constrained to admit, that by the "confiscation of the church lands, and the introduction of a more liberal system of government, a great deal of waste land has been reclaimed, and an improved system of cultivation has been introduced into various districts, and is diffusing itself over the country." "The produce of corn and turnips, is equal to what it is in the best cultivated districts of England; and, notwithstanding the vast consumption of corn in the breweries, Bavaria has, invariably, a large surplus for exportation."

"Switzerland," observes the same authority, "is a country of small proprietors. An estate of 150 or 200 acres belonging to an individual, worth, perhaps, from £90 to £100 a year, would be considered large everywhere." "The peculiar feature," continues Mr. Laing, "in the condition of the Swiss population, the great charm of Switzerland, next to its natural scenery, is the air of well-being, the neatness, the sense of property imprinted on the people, their dwellings, their plots of land. They have a kind of Robinson Crusoe industry about their houses and little properties; they are perpetually building, repairing, altering, or improving something about their tenements." "One is surprised to see the wife of such, good, even genteel manners, and sound sense; and, altogether, such a superior person to her station." In Austria Proper, in Lombardy, in Hungary, in Galicia, the holdings, although not freehold, are fixed in tenure, and small, averaging about 28 acres; and nowhere is productiveness greater, or industry more energetic.

In fact, when we survey Europe, we see England almost left alone in her large farm, and huge estate system; and we may also see misery and crime just increasing, in the ratio of the prevalence of that arrangement of the soil. We have forgotten the condition of our people, in seeking the abstract riches and power of the state; and have not blushed for the description of our country as one "where wealth accumulates, and men decay." One only country remains to keep us in countenance—Spain, and there it is that agriculture is more backward than in any country in Europe. "Moral," says Macculloch, "have had still more influence than physical causes, in retarding the progress of agriculture in the Peninsula. At the head of the former must be placed the vast extent of land belonging to the nobility, clergy, and corporations. *These vast* possessions are uniformly held under strict entail." "*Luckily, however, the* large estates that belonged to the church, have

been confiscated during the late revolutions; and their sale and division will materially increase the number of smaller proprietors, and give a powerful stimulus to improvement."

We do not, at present, touch upon the laws of entail and primogeniture. These we shall consider hereafter.—What we desire to rivet the attention of the reader upon, is the accumulated evidence which exists of the fact, that small holdings are not injurious to the productiveness of the soil, and that they are uniformly accompanied by the increased comfort, intelligence, independence, and virtue of the people. If we have succeeded in establishing that point, then it is, obviously, the duty of landholders to subdivide their farms, to encourage the growth of peasant tenantry, and to assist the parish authorities in extending the allotment system, and the enclosure of wastes into little farms, in aid of the extinction of the wide spread pauperism which threatens to engulph the whole property of the country.

Our second proposition followe as a corrollary from the first. A freehold of the soil, by producing greater security of tenure, a more intense sense of property, a more thorough consciousness of independence, stimulates self respect, arouses the energies of the whole family, adds the incitement of pleasure in improving one's own land, which often becomes more energizing than even the bias of self interest, and affords the best security for virtue, integrity, frugality, and forecast, by constantly suggesting the reflection, that there is something to lose by vice and improvidence. One seldom hears of a freeholder being a thief. Still more rarely is he a rebel, or a revolutionist. Few men who have a stake, however small, in the country, which can only be secure by the maintenance of those laws which preserve his title, are found in the rank of red republicans. The first French Revolution was caused by the alienation of the masses from the soil, and its exclusive appropriation by the nobility and clergy. A land*less* people rose upon the land*ed*, and made them shorter by the head. Our own first revolution occurred when property was well divided, and a change to a commonwealth brought with it no excesses, but an orderly continuance of the power of the law. The second and third French Revolutions have occurred under a dispensation of an equal distribution of the soil among the people, and the result has been a singular abstinence from violence, and the most anxious respect for the law, except among those who are possessed of no freehold in the soil. These facts, it may be observed, demonstrate the present impracticability of socialism. The stimulus of selfishness and property is, in the present moral and mental backwardness of mankind, essential to public order, and the encouragement of industry. It is, even, necessary to the prevention of crime, and the suppression of pauperism, and improvidence. Such phenomena also demonstrate, that a moral must precede any economical change towards a theory of co-operation and brotherhood. Rich men, as the world at present wags, are the trustees of the public wealth, putting it to a profitable use, and encouraged to skill and enterprise in the application of capital, by the indispensable motives of aggrandisement. Neither the rich nor the poor are yet enlightened, and virtuous, and good enough, to *be incited to the promotion* of human happiness by the love of man,

and by the perception of the sources of true happiness, and moral wisdom. The time will come, indeed, when mankind, ennobled by higher and more enlightened principles, will enjoy the beauties of nature, and the delights of art, by merely looking at, without the desire exclusively to possess them. We shall yet see the day, when it will add nothing to the value of a statue, that it is unique, and when moulds will be no longer broken, or copperplates destroyed, that a worm may feel assured nobody possesses a copy but himself. When we become ashamed of selfishness, we shall be fit to live in communities—*but not till then.*

Let us then begin the new reign of social reform, by reclaiming and colonizing our waste lands. If statesmen will not yet part with the state craft of entail and primogeniture, they cannot, at least, object to distribute land, which is unprofitable, among those who will turn it to account. Where men have no rent to pay, it is obvious that a smaller holding will enable them to live well, than they would require if rent had to be deducted from their gains. It is also clear that they would be animated to greater industry, and encouraged to lay out more freely their savings upon a soil that they can call their own, and from which they are emancipated from the fear of eviction. Five acres are enough in Belgium, and Guernsey, even for mere renters. In a country where customers are more numerous, and more at hand, where roads are better, and the profits of produce are higher, the same quantity of land in fee simple, to an equally industrious and skilful race, should suffice. Indeed, we have already proved that it is enough, and "an ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory." Mr. Porter informs us that the quantity of land at present in cultivation, in the United Kingdom, is 46,139,280 acres, and as the population now reaches nearly 31,000,000 it is obvious that our existing allowance, under a defective system of husbandry, is not quite an acre and a half per head. Spade husbandry and soiling cattle, by increasing manure, would certainly improve the fertility of the soil by one half; so that an acre per head should be sufficient. A family of five, could not, among themselves, do entire justice to more than five acres; because we see, that whenever the quantity is larger than that, hired help has to be procured. The widow, whose case we formerly noticed, had only 14 acres among fifteen people, and five acres would have produced quite as much, had one of her family been an able-bodied labourer, capable of handling the spade.

We have carefully inspected the tables of the area, and the description of land in the United Kingdom, country by country, county by county. We find a considerable quantity of cultivable waste in every one of them. Even in Middlesex, with 2,000,000 inhabitants, there are 17,000 acres of improvable waste, capable of maintaining, and usefully employing, an equal number of people at least. In Edinburgh there are 20,000, in Dublin 49,000, in Surrey, 50,000, in Lanark, 195,000, in Lancashire 200,000, in Yorkshire 200,000 such acres. In the Channel, and other British Isles there are 166,000. In all there are 15,000,000, capable of maintaining and employing 15,000,000 of souls, while our annual in*crement is 460,000.* And, to demonstrate, the effects of small holdings, *in France, there are only* 9,000,000 acres of improvable waste, while,

under our large property system, there are fifteen millions, and four times the number of proportionate paupers and criminals.

Our rail and common roads, our canals, our navigable rivers, and larger extent of coast, afford enormous facilities to our agriculturists in carrying produce to market. Our equable and moist climate, enables us to raise vegetables all the year through, so as never to require that the soil should be vacant of a crop. The grass is grazeable even at midwinter; and turnips and greens will then still grow. As a preliminary, we should cut national arterial drains throughout the extent of the kingdom, which, from the extent of running water, would, in many cases, form themselves into canals or running streams, carrying down surface peat, and bog, as in the case of the Blair Drummond Moss. We are no advocates of social paralellograms. We would not have all our farms of one size, or two either. We would have large and larger interspersed with small and smaller, but, as a security against consolidation, we should insist that the law of Kent should be extended to the case of all these waste lands. The natural wants and arrangements of society would speedily readjust any huge inequality of holding. Where in one family two farms would be run into one, in another, one would fall into four. We must have society officered—the capitalist, beside the peasant, for mutual help and profit.

Now where is the difficulty of beginning? Even if it were only an experiment it could be made without cost, because we have 3,651,000 unemployed paupers, and their keep takes from us £8,000,000 a year, without any return, besides much more given in private charity, which is taken from us partly by the necessitous, and more by imposters who never approach a work-house. We apply the rates for emigration, why not for home colonization. We squander £8,000,000 in one year, in feeding 3,000,000 of starving Irish. With half the money we could have set up 1,000,000 on their own freeholds for life, and never hear more of them, except as useful producers of food good tax payers, and large consumers of our manufactures. At the most moderate calculation, an acre of cultivated land yields a gross return of £6 per annum—on 15,000,000 acres this would bring a gross return of £90,000,000 a year to the nation; and at three quarters only to the acre, we would produce, in meal, or in malt, an equivalent to 45,000,000 of additional quarters of grain per annum, amply sufficient, entirely to supersede importation, and to render our manufacturers independent of the competition and fluctuations of foreign markets. When we talk of the pauperism of the small continental holders, of their privations, of their misery, do we forget our own squalid peasantry, our domestic locust host of beggars? When was it, that in England, the number of beggars became so great, and so dangerous, that Acts of Parliament were passed to hang them? Why, it was at the time when the only freeholders in the country were the barons, the corporations, and the clergy. Where are, even now the greatest hordes of beggars and banditti? In Naples, Spain, and Italy, where the land is not yet sufficiently subdivided. What is a vagrant, but a man who has no home, who is not fixed to the soil, by possessing it. Even in our colonies, where the *Wakefield system of* dear land prevails, the population is migratory.

wandering from place to place, because they are not fixed down by possession of the soil. But there is a most mean and unreflective intelligence in those who characterize the small holders of the continent as poor, and pinched, and miserable. They are uniformly virtuous. Crime is little known among them. They include no paupers or destitute. Their clothes are never ragged—they have plain, but whole furniture, in their houses. The proof adduced in support of the charge of their wretchedness is this, that they never taste butcher's meat, and are unconscious of sugar and tea. It never has occurred to the blockheads who sniff at all foreign peasants who are unconscious of roast beef, plum pudding, beer and rags, that thrift, self-denial, and frugality, are evidences, not of wretchedness, but of the superior morals engendered by independence. Foreign small farmers do not, like our labourers, lay out their earnings on their belly—they do not live from hand to mouth, as the improvident landless do, secure of the workhouse in time of need. But these men save out of their appetite and stomach what will make them *capitalists*, and there is the most conclusive proof in the world that they *are* capitalists in the fact, that all the land in France is purchased in *small* quantities, that twice the sum is afforded for small freeholds that is offered for large estates, and that in the nine years between 1826 and 1835, 600,000 small properties were thus purchased by the peasantry. Frenchmen of £500 a year, who have no need to live penuriously, fare, from choice, simply and sparingly. It is a habit of the country, and one which our poorer classes, at least, would do well to follow.

By those who are bitten with the small farm phobia, it is, indeed, contended that the cultivation of our waste lands should be undertaken on a large scale, by men of huge capital; and that what is wanted in Ireland, for example, is the consolidation of small farms, the introduction of English farmers, and the change of the cottiers from the condition of occupiers, to that of day labourers at wages.

Now there are two very conclusive answers to this ignorant proposition:—

1. It has come to be discovered in our colonies, that almost the only successful agriculturists are those who begin without a penny. Capital is found to be of scarcely any use except to raise wages far beyond their proportion to living profits. In Australia, in New Zealand, in Van Diemen's Land, a man who can work hard, and has been brought up to labour, is found to be richer at the end of five or six years, than the capitalist who commenced with £1,000. Labour, stimulated by self interest, is the one thing needful in the improvement of the soil. What, indeed, is the use of capital in agriculture, except to pay wages, and to command labour, eye service, the least productive of all. Well does Mr. Thornton observe, "the Irish (and he might add the English) peasantry, have quite labour enough at their own disposal. Their misfortune is, that they have so much. Their labour would not be the worse applied, because they worked for themselves, instead of for a paymaster. So far is capital from being indispensable for the cultivation of barren *tracts, that schemes of* this kind, which could only bring loss to a rich *speculator, are successfully* achieved by his penniless rival. A capitalist

must have a certain return for the money he lays out, but the poor man expends nothing but his own superabundant labour, which would be valueless if not so employed; so that his returns, however small, are all clear profit. No man in his senses would ever have thought of wasting money, upon the original sand of the Pays de Waes; but the hard-working Boers who settled there two hundred years ago, without any other stock than their industry, contrived to enrich both themselves and the land, and, indeed, to make the latter the richest in Europe. There is no soil so worthless that an English labourer will not eagerly accept an allotment of it; and while the green valley, from which some Highland community has been driven, is fast relapsing, under the superintendance of a wealthy sheep farmer, into its primitive wildness, its former tenants are forming new patches of arable land on the rock strewn moors of the sea coast."

In fact, paradoxical as it may appear, we incline to the conviction, that a comparatively rich soil is necessary to the return of a profit to the capitalist, and that poor land can be profitably reclaimed only by a poor man. New soil can only be produced on thin land by trenching, an operation exclusively of the spade. Hard, retentive, *cloddy* soil, can only be effectually pulverized by the spade. Deep rooted weeds, heath, furze, cannot be effectually eradicated, but by the hand and the spade. The plough cannot go among rocks, or very strong land. Every earthy patch of a rocky moor, is manageable by the hand, but not by a horse. Boggy land will not bear a horse—wet clay is left full of holes by the horse's feet. We never heard of sand being reclaimed by a large farmer. It requires the minute attention, the abundant manure of a resident family, to do anything with it. "The provinces of West and East Flanders," observes Macculloch, "and Hainault, form a far stretching plain of which the luxuriant vegetation indicates the indefatigable care and labour bestowed upon its cultivation; for the natural soil consists almost wholly of barren sand, and its great fertility is entirely the result of very skilful management, and judicious application of various manures." This is solely the work of peasant proprietors. "The Flemish small freehold farmers," continues the author of the Farmer's Series of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, "seem to want nothing but a space to work upon: whatever be the quality or texture of the soil, in time they will make it produce something. The sand in the Campine, can be compared to nothing but the sands on the sea shore, which they probably were originally. It is highly interesting to follow step by step the progress of improvement. Here you see a cottage and rude cow shed erected on a spot of the most unpromising aspect. The loose white sand, blown into irregular mounds, is only kept together by the roots of the heath; a small spot only is levelled, and surrounded by a ditch; part of this is covered with young broom, part is planted with potatoes, and, perhaps, a small patch of diminutive clover may show itself, but manures both solid and liquid are collecting, and this is the nucleus from which, in a few years, a farm will spread around. If there is no manure at hand, the only thing that can be sown on pure sand, at first, is broom; this grows in the most barren soils; in three years is fit to cut, and produces *some* return in faggots for the bakers and brickmakers.

The leaves which have fallen, have somewhat enriched the soil, and the fibres of the roots have given a certain degree of compactness. It may now be ploughed, and sown with buckwheat, or even with rye, without manure. By the time this is reaped, some manure may have been collected, and a regular course of cropping may begin. As soon as clover and potatoes enable the farmer to keep cows, and make manure, the improvement goes on rapidly; in a few years the soil undergoes a complete change, it becomes mellow and retentive of moisture; and enriched by the vegetable matter afforded by the decomposition of the roots of clover and other plants. After the land has been gradually brought into a good state, and is cultivated in a regular manner, there appears less difference between the soils which have been originally good, and those which have been made so by labour and industry. At least, the crops in both appear more alike at harvest than is the case in soils of different qualities in other countries." It is, indeed, obvious, that these small holders are not only the most productive, but the most skilful farmers, having known for centuries those rotations of crops, and that economy of manure, which our farmers account among recent discoveries. The same writer says, "We surpass the Flemish farmer in capital, in varied implements of tillage, in the choice and breeding of cattle and sheep; and the British farmer is, in general, a man of superior education, to the Flemish peasant. But in the minute attention to the qualities of the soil, in the management and application of manures of various kinds, in the judicious succession of crops, and, especially, in the economy of land, so that every part of it shall be in a constant state of production, we have still something to learn from the Flemings."

Nor is it in Flanders alone that this capacity of labour without capital, to reclaim wastes may be seen. "Leaving Sauve," says Arthur Young, "I was much struck with a large tract of land, seemingly nothing but huge rocks; yet most of it enclosed and planted with the most industrious attention. Every man has an olive, a mulberry, an almond, or a peach tree, and vines scattered among them; so that the whole ground is covered with the oddest mixture of these plants, and bulging rocks, that can be conceived." "Such a knot of active husbandmen who turn their rocks into scenes of fertility, because I suppose they are *their own*, would do the same by the wastes, if animated by the same omnipotent principle." "Between the town (of Dunkirk), and that place (the Dunes) is a great number of neat little houses, built each with its garden, and one or two fields enclosed, of most wretched blowing *dune* sand, as white as snow, but improved by industry. The magic of property turns sand to gold,"—the true territory of Pactolus.

Are these cases to be treated as exceptions to the general rule, as fixed by the Sneerwell order of economists? Then what say they to this? "245 tenants," observes Colonel Robinson, manager of the Irish Waste Lands Improvement Society, "many of whom, a few years since, were in a state bordering on pauperism, the occupiers of small holdings of from ten to twenty plantation acres each, have by their own free labour with the society's aid, improved their farms to the value of £4,396; £605 *having been added during* last year, being at the rate of £17. 18s. per *tenant, for the whole term*, and £2. 9s. for the past year; the benefit of

which improvements each tenant will enjoy, during the unexpired term of a thirty-one years' lease.

"These 245 tenants and their families, have, by spade husbandry, reclaimed and brought into cultivation, 1,032 plantation acres of land, previously unproductive mountain waste, upon which they grew last year, crops valued by competent practical persons at £3,896, being in the proportion of £15. 18s. each tenant; and their live stock, consisting of cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs, now actually upon the estates, is valued, according to the present prices of the neighbouring markets, at £4,162, of which £1,394 has been added since February, 1844 (a year), being at the rate of £16 19s. for the whole period, and £5. 6s. for the last year; during which time their stock has thus increased in value, a sum equal to their present annual rent; and by the statistical table and returns, it is proved that the tenants improve their little farms, and increase their cultivation and crops in nearly direct proportion to the number of available working persons of both sexes of which their families consist." The only exception to this progress is in the case of tenants, "who are occupants of larger farms than twenty acres, a class too often deficient in the enduring industry indispensable for the successful prosecution of mountain improvements." Here is actually official testimony against large holdings of waste land.

2. But whether the scheme of introducing large capital and extensive farmers to the waste lands, either of England or Ireland, and the conversion of the occupiers into daily labourers, be the best abstract economical theory or not, the idea in the concrete and actual circumstances of the case is glaringly absurd. Fertility and productiveness are, of themselves, not the ultimate end of agriculture, but only a means to the support of the people; and no theory of culture is worth a farthing which does not accomplish this purpose better than any other. If all our people were in full and profitable employment, then, indeed, we might be free to entertain the question of mere abstract gain and economy. But the chief object of the settlement of waste lands is to support and employ 3,651,000 unwilling idlers. Now, if we assume the whole fifteen millions of acres of waste land to be cultivated upon the farmer and day labourer system, the farmer on the existing average of hands cannot employ more than one man to every thirty acres, which would give 500,000 labourers only to the cultivation of the whole; and, if we assume that 5,000,000 of the Irish population are dependent upon the soil for subsistence, nothing short of employment for 1,000,000 labourers would, on the large farm system, effect the result, even supposing that these men were distributed over the whole three kingdoms. But the actual extent of waste land in Ireland alone is only 4,900,000 acres, which, at the given rate of employment, would only occupy 163,333 labourers, and maintain 816,665, a result which could only enormously increase the misery of the 4,183,335 who would, according to this theory, be left without any means of subsistence whatever. We have formerly shown that, just in proportion as the large farm system has prevailed in England, the number of persons deriving subsistence from agriculture has absolutely decreased. Nor can it be said that this has arisen from their *more profitable* employment in other occupations, in the

face of the existence of £6,000,000 of poor-rates, and two millions of paupers. The effect of the small farm and allotment system in affording profitable employment to the labouring community is so notorious, that the chief objection urged against it by the farmers is that it has a tendency to produce a scarcity of day labourers. This is so much an invariable effect of peasant proprietaries, that Mr. Scott, the British Consul at Bordeaux, in his return to our Poor Law Commissioners, says in reference to France—"owing to *the scarcity of labourers*, no distinction is made between the wages of an able bodied and a common labourer." To the same effect the Quarterly Reviewer (No. 81) observes—"In the parish of Clapham, in Sussex, there is a farm called Holt; it contains 160 acres, and is now in the occupation of one tenant. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it seems to have been a hamlet in which there were at least twenty-two proprietors of land; the documents relating to them are in a state of perfect preservation. In 1400, the number of proprietors began to decrease; by the year 1520, they had been reduced to six; in the reign of James I. they had been reduced to two; and soon after the restoration of Charles II., the whole became the property of one owner, who let it as one farm to one occupier. The population resident on this farm, and subsisting upon its produce, between the years 1300 and 1400, could not have been much less than 100 (it must have been at least 110;) the number of persons immediately connected with the tillage of this farm at the present time, does not, probably, amount to forty (twenty-six is the proper allowance under the existing system;) and, supposing ten of them to belong to the farmer's family, there are thirty persons deriving no part of their subsistence from the land—except as wages of daily labour."

Facts accumulate on us so rapidly, that we are placed in the French dilemma of an *embarras de richesse*. Selection is our difficulty, not instances to quote. The *a priori* presumption of the obvious excellences of the allotment system is so conclusively clenched by the practical results, that we are only restrained by the terror of boring the reader from pouring upon them the full tide of accumulated testimony. We have but to say, that he mustn't be bored—or he must be contented to suffer the infliction, and judge of the utility of the dose as housewives do of medicine, by its wholesome unpalateableness. The British public have been grossly deluded on the subject by Macculloch worship, and the mistake of the *cum hoc* for the *people's hoc*. We desire once for all to settle this question, because we believe that, upon its fate, hangs that of this great country.

In Abringdon Potts, no poor rates existed prior to the appropriation of the common. In 1770 the cottagers were deprived of their allotments; the poor's rates began from that year, and bear a large proportion to the rental. (*Quar. Rev.* 81.)

In Lidlington, the poor's rates were six-pence in the pound, in 1751. The cottagers were then robbed of their common rights, and the rates rose to four shillings, in 1801, and are even now on the increase. (*Ibid.*)

In 1828 Sir Robert Sheffield's bailiff was enabled to report to his employer, "We have no poor here," in reference to several entire villages *and hamlets, in* consequence of the allotment system. (*Ibid.*)

At St. Michaels, Wilts, the labourers have four acres of land,—they produced 50 per cent more than the neighbouring large farmers, and poor's rates were reduced to a trifle. (*Ibid.*)

Mr. Herod, of North Creak, Norfolk, mentions that in 1798, the cottagers of the parish grazed their cows on the commonable lands. The rates were 1s. 9d. in the pound. These lands were ploughed up by the large farmers, and, as the privileges of the cottagers were gradually taken away, the rates rose, first to 3s., and then, when they were all robbed of them, to 6s. in the pound. The only two who hold out, are men with largest families in the parish, the one having two acres, the other one acre, for which they pay a high rent, and neither of them have ever made any charge upon the parish.

A man in Dorset met with a severe fracture of the leg, which disenabled him from seeking work regularly, except as a jobbing gardener. A gentleman hired to him a quarter of an acre of unproductive orchard at £10 a year. His family consists of ten in all, the rent is paid punctually, his place is in beautiful order, and he has never taken a farthing of the rates. (*Cottage Husbandry.*)

A quarter acre of waste land was, in 1815, granted by Lord Bexley, near Bearstead, Kent, to William Baker. He enclosed it, planted it with fruit trees, and with no capital but the savings of a labourer's wages, built himself a cottage on it. He has a family of young children, and a sick wife, but has never come upon the parish at all. (*Ibid.*)

At Wantage, Berks, thirty-two labourers have among them twenty poles each, or four acres in all, at a rent of £3. 12s. per acre. Their expenses and rent are £27. 4s., profits £88, or £21 per acre! (*Ibid.*)

Three miles from Wells labourers afford to pay £8. per acre rent for potatoe ground, and at Shepton Mallet, £10! The Bishop of Bath and Wells allots quarter acres at 50s. an acre. The expenses of each quarter acre are £3. 5s., the nett profit £4. 7s., or £17. 8s. per acre.

The Rev. S. Demainbray, Incumbent of Broad Somerford, let, in 1830, seven allotments, at £2. an acre. The produce was 88 sacks, 1 bushel potatoes, and 6 sacks, 2 bushels wheat, per acre; yielding a profit of £7. 6s. 4d. per acre. A large farmer gave up a farm of poor land by the tenure of which he was going to ruin, and it was at once eagerly taken by labourers. "That land which, from 1806 to 1819, had never been able to bear a blade of wheat, and only a scanty crop of oats, is now equally productive with any land in the parish, yielding 84 sacks, 1 peck potatoes, value £16. 16s. per acre, or 4 quarters, 1½ bushel wheat, value £13. 8s.

"In the summer of 1829, a tenant, William Knapp, informed my son that he must give up at Michaelmas, his farm of eighty acres. He stated that crops would hardly repay the labour, and instead of paying his yearly rent of £60, he requested £30 might be deemed sufficient. My son wished me to let the whole farm to the poor, but I objected lest the offer should overstock the market. But on the day appointed for letting it there were so many eager applicants for it, that he was prevailed on to exceed his commission, and let the whole farm in portions of one or two acres; and this farm, which had been thrown up at £60, has this year, produced *upwards of* £80, clear of all expenses, from willing, punctual

and grateful tenants; *not a six-pence was deficient at the annual audit, last Michaelmas.*"

Oh! English nobles! how little do you know what noble men you govern! Oh! Norman barons! how precious is that Saxon race who suffered you to conquer them from worse native slave masters! Keep them still the serfs you found them, by battering them down to the squalid abjectness of beggary, and they will again sink to the stolid dulness of the iron dog collar, and the despairing passivity that cares not what comes of country or of home. Raise them to the free spirit of independence, which is the natural atmosphere of their lives,—let them but be free to own the land they till,—to toil for themselves, as nature meant them, and on every moor they will conquer another Agincourt, and on each barren waste, achieve a nobler victory than their ancestors gained for you at Cressy and Poictiers!

Lord Braybrooke began the allotment system in 1830, in Suffolk, —has 77 tenants, and finds the net profit on an outlay of £14. 16s. 8d. to be £27. 15s. 4d., or nearly 200 per cent. A gentleman in Wilts has, by the same means, reduced the rates in his parish, from £2074. 1s. 8d. in 1819, to £1424. 18s. in 1830, with an increasing population, —the soil being the worst land, and the holders paying, punctually, 30 per cent more than the large farmers.

The *Bath Journal* mentions a case of twenty-nine acres of land thrown up by a farmer at a rent of £15 a year. The vicar of Box let it to thirty families who, thereby, have "kept 176 individuals free from parish relief; and are rendered respectable and happy." "As to the improvement of the land and its far greater productiveness; when first let to these people, the farmer left it rather than pay more than 10s. an acre; it is now worth, by spade cultivation, nearly £10. an acre."

"The whole land," observes John Denson of Waterbeach, "of the parish of Milton, is 1200 acres, divided into ten farms, fully maintaining in comfort, 300 or 400 souls, and pays a rent of from £2 to £4 an acre, and £300 a year direct taxes;—*no redundant population.*" This is equal to about 3⅓ acres of light land to each inhabitant, or 15 acres to a family of five. Eighteen acres of common, at Woburn, not worth £3. a year, were let by the Rev. Mr. Beard to 133 occupiers. Every one paid 16s. an acre, or £14. 8s., to the very hour, and have on the land £300 worth of produce. At Springfield, Essex, an eighth of an acre produces a profit to the labourer of £3. 5s., or £26. an acre. At Condall, (Sussex,) 150 acres to 120 holders, produced equally good results. At Basingstoke, the profits were £10. an acre. Lord Chichester's 25 tenants on ten acres, at Falmer, realized a profit of £138. 1s. At Toddington, Beds. 83 tenants found the results equally satisfactory. So also is Lord Sherborne's Report for his Glo'ster estates.

A sickly labourer, near Bristol, could not induce the farmers to employ him. Engaged at 10s. a week by a gentleman, he asked to rent two acres of rough waste, which were let to him at full value. "In a few months he and his wife cleared it, burnt the furze, spread the ashes and planted four perches with potatoes. The clothing of the family *improved, health* became better; the cottage was whitewashed, and en*closed with a wall* and gate, blossoming with the rose and corchorus

—the pig became two; a few sheep were running in the lanes; a little cow appeared, joined at last by another—these were exchanged for sheep. After six years' service my sober quiet honest labourer died, leaving two children, some money, two fine hogs, 49 good sheep advanced in lamb, and all on 10s. a week and two acres of waste." Let us couple with this case, that of Charles Marshall, day labourer, at Ash, Farnham, Surrey. Twenty-six years ago he got a grant of an acre of old gravel pit, at a small quit rent—cleared, levelled, trenched, dug, and planted it. He struggled on until he built a cottage on it, his wife making him a present of fourteen children. A quick fence encloses a rood of potatoes, another of barley, and two of vegetables, for family and pigs—these latter are on one side of the house, bees on the other, a grape vine and evergreens surround his three rooms, and a wash-house has its oven, copper, and sink. Watchful of liquid and other manures, more is produced than he can use, and he sells some. The pork tub is full, sides of bacon hang in the chimney, the crocks are full of honey—a mangle and drying ground give profit in washing, and he wants but a cow, and another acre to use up his manure. He is now clerk of his parish, and we dare be sworn there isn't a better in England.

We have coupled these cases. They make us proud of human nature, and ashamed of ourselves. Here we do but talk and write, but there these men DO.

> "Of all the good we miss, or ill endure,
> How little human laws can make or cure!"

What shall those say who curse their stars, when they see what providence puts within the reach of all who will but "catch time by the forelock?" Who might not master the appliances which these village heroes found enough to build independence on? Here do miserable forked animals "in populous city pent," waste life away in wretched troublous forethought of the means of living, having, within their grasp, a thousand times the income of these men, yet trembling for rent day and Christmas bills, fearful of a struggling old age, chained like galley slaves to convention, and show, and superfluity elevated into wants, destined to be caught like the startled hare in her form by the beagles of grim poverty, while the brave heart and cheerful endurance of the labourer is conquering poverty, and proving, that no man on the earth need starve, or die of care, while an acre of old gravel pit, or an odd corner of waste is left uncultivated. Brave souls! who resist evil, and it flees from them, as the evil spirit is said to do at the name of the Son of Man. Who prove to mankind the solution of the vexed problem of existence, and show upon how little many may build up greatness—the wealth of him, who, by his own hands makes his means rise above his wants! We are but the pigmies whom shadows overawe—you, the only giants whom the substance of calamity but inspires to make war upon the world, and subdue circumstance to the purposes of life. Why should they be obliterated like their fabled brethren at the very time society has most need of their example? In eight agricultural counties, observes the Rev. Mr. Yeatman, the decrease of houses, between 1690 and 1801, has amounted to 30,064, and between 1825 and 1828 the num-

ber of persons transported in these counties has advanced from 283 to 2449!

Captain Mason, (Herts.), found the profits on allotments, £20 an acre. Captain Scobell, of Midsomer, observed £657. 2s. 6d., to be the profit on 30 acres, or £28. 18s. an acre, and the men declared—"We are in heaven now to what we were." Fourteen allotments at Upper Sherringham, Norfolk, yielded a nett receipt of £53. 0s. 2d. on six acres. H. Seaman, of Warren Fane, Kent, rented an acre and a half, at £7—a heavy rent. He built a house on wheels- and got 400 bushels of potatoes the first year trenching, value £20. Second year, built pigsties, kept pigs, made fifteen cart loads of manure—planting half the land with potatoes—the rest with vegetables. Third year—It took up his whole time; he encreased his stock of pigs—sold £20 worth of cabbage plants, and 100 stones of pork, at £20, in all £40, on an acre and a half, besides supplying his family. Owed his chief success to the care of manure. In three parishes in Hants., 46 acres 3 roods and 9 perches yielded a net profit of £325. 10s. 3d. At Cirencester, at Margate, at Hinton Sherborne, at Preston, like causes produced like effects. Edward Richards, aged 68, with six children, a common labourer, rented an acre of waste, at Cirencester, and in three years cleared £40. He gave £80 for the fee simple of two acres more, on which he raises seven quarters of wheat. Lord Bathurst gave him 75 perches of swamp at 10s. a year, and gradually getting six acres more, he keeps three cows, several sheep, pigs, &c., and has long been a ratepayer, but never a rate receiver. A labourer of Lavenden, Bucks, from an acre of land, produces 180 bushels potatoes, 12½ bushels wheat, and 5½ bushels pulse in the year.

Let the reader take breath. We have done with our cases. Here are

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

If these will not move him, "neither will he believe though one rose from the dead." We seek not to move the pigs bristles of your self-sufficient dogma-crammed capital worshipper. But to us such chronicles seem enough to—

"Breathe a soul, under the ribs of death."

These men had no favour shown them. They paid higher rents than the large farmer could afford—they never sought an abatement, for every year is a good year to the spade husbandman, fertile in resources and full of shifts. They paid their rent always to the very day. They brought down poor rates in their own case to the smallest figure. Crime disappeared, like the couch grass, before the spade. No burden of family broke their backs, or 'bated their spirit. Early and late they were at it—at THEIR OWN. The moon lighted them to their work. When the farmer had nothing for them, they dashed the snow off the furrow, and turned up new soil to the winter's frost. Wet days sent them home, not to the ale-house, but to their own field—*they* could make the spade turn the furrow, when the tenant's horses could not be borne upon the soaking glebe. And when the summer and autumn came, every farmer was shamed to see crops rising out of the waste, or gravel pit, which he could not draw out of his most fertile land. All through the piece it was a fight betwixt the landlords, the parish, and humanity on the one side,

and the farmers on the other. Nothing is more pregnant with instruction than the reason assigned by the farmers for their opposition. Their uniform plea was, that allotments made the labourers independent, and made the supply of labour scarce. And this objection often prevailed *entirely*—and always succeeded to the extent of preventing any attempt to swell the holdings of the labourers into little farms. An eighth of an acre, thirty poles, half a rood, was generally the niggard dole which avarice dealt out to willing industry. Through the whole of these reports, and meetings, and prospectuses, nothing is more carefully disclaimed in notes, parentheses, and protests, than the idea of ever enabling the labourer to dispense with wages. That is a thing too dreadful to be thought of by respectable farmer-fearing humanity that keeps a gig. Even poor Seaman becomes a dangerous character when he can find constant employment on his single acre of old gravel pit. Honest John Denson, of Waterbeach, is looked upon as quite a Gracchus for pleading for four acres to the able bodied.

Now, we would go a *leetle* further. The evil of our economical system is, that too many of us live by wages. When masters suffer, the servant starves. When wages stop, he has nothing to fall back upon. When he would eat, he has every thing to buy—and, wages stopped, where has he to buy with. But the seed time and harvest of the spade husbandman never fail him. He may lose a crop, but something is still left. When the slug takes his patch of wheat, he can kill him, or thrust in cabbages, or barley, or vetches, or something. The cow will yield her milk, whether ports are open, or discounts are raised. Take labour out of the market, and wages rise—the great body of consumers possess better means of payment, and manufacturers and tradesmen flourish by cheap food and better wages. The farmer is relieved in his rates, and the landlord gets a better rent for his land.

But we do not stop at cottage farms; we must push on to freehold farms. We shall never rest content until the whole country is covered with them. This is the true solution of the Parliamentary Reform Question. We shall need no ballot when the peasant is his own landlord. There will be no pocket counties when we get our yeomen and statesmen back again. These are the safe voters. Careful, timid of any commotion that may overturn the law, which secures their title to them, these men, the masses, will be the true conservative loyalist palladia of the country. In France, it is the freehold peasant classes who have saved law and order from destruction, and sent prudent and honest deputies to outvote the ruffian fanaticism of the mere Paris-Journal-drunk mob. Already, after a fashion, freehold land societies spread. But we would wish to see freehold farms founded on the same principle, of from five to fifty acres.

Have at the waste lands first. They are rentless and unprofitable. We would have "the waste and solitary places made glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose." Saxon heads can devise it, Saxon hands can do it; we trust that Saxon hearts can will it. We are somewhat late of thinking of it—but it is never too late to do well. Humanity cries to us from the depths. If we will not answer her, it were better a mill stone were tied about our necks, and that we were cast into the sea.

Have we no sense of the precipice on which we stand. Have not the books of the prophetess been one by one burnt before our eyes—and does not the sybil even now knock at our doors to offer us her final volume, ere she turn from us and leave us to the Furies. Crime, not stealing, but striding onward. Murders, poisonings, becoming almost a domestic institution among our villages—husband, children, parents, drugged to their final home for the sake of the burial fees. Vice within the law, keeping pace with offence without. Incest winked at by our magistracy from its fearful frequency in our squalid peasant dwellings. Taxation reaching beyond the point at which resources can meet it, so that, at increasingly shorter intervals, we have to borrow from ourselves to make expenditure square with income. Poor Laws extended to Scotland and Ireland, where they were never known before, and New Poor Laws failing in England to check the advance of rates, and the growth of inveterate beggary, until property threatens to be swallowed up by the propertiless, and a terrible communism to be realized among us by a legalized division of the goods of those who have, among those who have not—the fearfullest socialism, the equal republic of beggary. "Speak! strike! redress!" Three millions and a half of the houseless and homeless, the desperate, the broken, the lost, plead to you in a small still voice, yet louder than the mouthing theories of constitution-mongers. Man, abused, insulted, degraded, shows to you his social scars, his broken members, his maimed carcase, blurred in the conflict of a selfish and abused community.

We say it must no longer be. We are a spectacle to gods and men —"a byeword and a hissing to the nations." Savages grow up in the midst of our feather-head civilization, wilder, more forlorn, more forgotten, and neglected than the Cumanchee, or the earth-eaters of New Holland. Ragged foundlings, deserted infant wretchedness, paupers hereditary, boasting a beggar pedigree older than many of our nobles grow up from year to year, generation to generation, eat with brazen front into the substance of struggling industry.

"It must not, nor it cannot come to good."

It ought not. It would be to doubt a moral providence to believe that humanity shall thus be wronged, and not be revenged. What is God's earth made for, if not for man? What scandal is it, if to nothing else, yet to our mere intelligence, that land should lie here waste, and industry stand wistful there, waiting to be married to it, and that we shall forbid the banns? This is, indeed, sacredness of private property run mad —it makes individual possession a nuisance—it gives force and reason to the wildest theories of equality and community. If men who have our waste do not till it, wherefore should they have it? Who gave a man a patent in the common earth, except that he should wisely use it for mankind's profit? We force on the discussion of the most fundamental principles. Beware lest we get too soon at the root of the whole matter. —"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."—If his stewards return him not the usury he exacts—if we sentence it to barrenness, *when men starve* around us, who would water it with the dews of la*bour to gather from it* its rewards, let us not wonder that the trust is re-

called, and that those should suffer the consequences who have done nothing to avert them.

CHAPTER VI.

ENTAIL AND PRIMOGENITURE.

It is amazing with what fool hardiness man flies in the face of nature. Civilization means little else than the negation of it. To make a bit of parchment hedge and fence in a whole country, and secure it to one worm of the dust as literally as if it were all in his breeches pocket, is it not the maddest thought? To see hunger bitten wretches, almost dying on the pavement for want, and gazing, with their pinched faces and prowling eager eyes into a cook shop, yet never daring to touch that without which there will soon be, for them, no life—is not that subduing humanity to its conditions, with a vengeance. To behold millions perishing in a famine, and patiently submitting to a law which prohibits food from coming at them, that rent may be raised, and farmers secured in their averages, is not that over breaking of nature to the requisitions of human law, the saddest of spectacles? That two attornies should have the power to drag the orphans' patrimony, the widow's provision, the honest man's estate into a Court of Chancery, and there should, by the forces of the law, fasten upon all, and suck every drop of blood out of them, leaving the loser and the gainer alike beggars, and the attornies alone fat with the oyster shared between them, trustees, executors, creditors, all to whom the property should belong, alike ruined, whether they are in the right or in the wrong; is not a nation, which hangs a poor thief who cribs a watch, and rewards a robber who plunders a whole estate, judicially blind, and hopelessly in a state of moral and intellectual idiotism?

What shall we say of a people who suffer themselves and their property to be quibbled, and lied, and humbugged into a lawyer's brief bag —who shall suffer the narrow, ignorant, utterly irrational, judicial mind to sport with the whole rights and privileges of a nation of free men? What have we here? A man calls a family into existence without their consent. Is he not responsible for their happiness, bound to make life to them a blessing, and not a curse? Yet he may leave them all without a shilling, endow an hospital, or enrich a stranger. Regan and Goneril will pour their leprous distilment into weak Lears'ear—fawn and flatter, slander the absent, and lie upon the honest who are too proud and too good for the dirty work of toad-eating dotage —and straight way they shall have all, and Cordelia be left without a kingdom. "Thy truth then be thy dower!" Wiser nations will not suffer this. No ear-wigging parasites can practice on imbecility in America. France will not allow a father to cut off the honest son with a shilling, and leave all to *the dirty sycophant.* The law compels him to respect the ties of nature,

and despises the caprices of the cheated dotard. Children are there protected against the necessity of wearing their heart upon their sleeve, and from the foul conspiracies of each others plots. But we, God help us! in an enchanted castle of horse hair wigs, contentedly suffer every dictate of justice or reason to be trodden under foot, and to call it the perfection of human reason. The wife, who has created the only fund of the family, must see the whole substance of herself and children carried off before her face by gaping creditors. The vagabond husband may seize upon all, and dissipate the fortune of his wife upon his mistress. That is our precious English law! Wiser nations give to a bankrupt's family half his goods, deeming them, as they are truly, his most deserving, because his most helpless, creditors.

If worse can be, worse remains behind. There is absolutely no protection given to an honest man against a knavish partner. Even if the former were unknown to be in the firm, and never trusted, and no credit given to him, if by hook or by crook, even a constructive partnership can be concatenated accordingly, nothing that his partner did in secret, or by fraud, can he escape from.

But worst of all—if a man possesses £20,000 a-year, and have invested all his savings in real property, our sagacious jurisprudence leaves the whole of his daughters, the most helpless of the family, and all his infants, absolutely without a shilling, and hands the whole over in absolute reversion to the eldest son—who, by his very age, is perhaps the only member of the family who is enabled to do for himself, without any help at all. A mother cannot succeed, by our law, to her own child. His inheritance shall go to the crown rather!

The law of primogeniture, abolished in every country, not only in the New World, but in the Old—except in Spain and Portugal, (precious models to follow!)—exists still in all its force in England. It is true, that a man may leave, by will, his real property to whom he pleases, depriving wife and child, perhaps, of the property which he acquired through their means—but if he do not leave a testament, our law makes a will for him, the most barbarous, inhuman, and unnatural that it is possible to conceive, assigning his whole real property to one only of his children, his eldest son, and forcing the community at large to maintain the rest, it may be in the workhouse, rather than compel the son to respect the ties of nature.

It may, indeed, be supposed, that if the law enable a man to dispose of his property as he pleases, no hardship is qualified. But there is a a treble injustice—first, in permitting him so to abuse his power—second, if he does not, so to abuse his property for him—and third, in turning the current of public opinion into such a crooked and dirty channel.

Habit, is a second nature. Traditionary law makes a national conscience. Concubinage and polygamy are considered perfectly virtuous in countries where the law recognizes the custom. In England, bigamy is regarded as a crime, simply because the law makes it so. So long as our laws did not prohibit a man from marrying two sisters, public *opinion, among* us, saw nothing vicious in the practice. The recent *statute, prohibiting it,* will gradually accustom the public mind to regard *it as an offence against* the moral law. Among an agricultural people,

orgery is held in little disrepute, and the law says little about it. In England, public opinion long regarded it as an offence which would justly sanction the judicial murder of the forger. In Turkey, it is considered an act of as great immodesty, as if a woman were to go naked through the streets, that she should let even the tip of her nose be seen by any one but her husband. In England, our women cannot even conceive of the indecency of going with the face exposed. It is said that Indian tribes regard it as immodest for a woman to walk with her toes turned out. Kames mentions a country, in which modesty is so keen, that women have been known to commit suicide when they have been surprised, accidently, into a fortuitous exposure of the person. A Hindoo abhors pork so much, that he will leap out of a boat into the sea, at the hazard of his life, to avoid contact with it. Our very conscience is the creature of circumstance, and tradition—and bad laws will make a bad national moral sense. Although the law of gavel kind prevails in Kent, the general law of the nation so over-rides it in the general mind, that estates are settled by testament, there, on the eldest son, as they are by law in the rest of the kingdom.

What the law should do, is, to make such a disposition of a man's property, as a right-minded and just thinking man ought to do, did he himself exercise the power. The law of primogeniture, therefore, should be at once abolished. We do not say that a step further should be taken, by depriving a man of all power to make a legal distribution of his real estate for himself. The effect of such a system would be to *force* an artificial subdivision of land, and so, perhaps, unnaturally, to produce an equality of property, not recognized by the varied expedients of nature. It is desirable to have in a country graduations of rank—not startling contrasts, as is the effect of primogeniture. Society should possess every variety of condition that is natural to it—the poor, the comfortable, the better off, the rich. They assist each other, they are examples to each other—they officer mankind, they stimulate exertion to rise into higher positions. We see, indeed, that even under the law of equal distribution, this effect often prevails. One man dies childless. Another leaves an only child. Others two or three. Where all have an equal share, every woman is an heiress, and when she marries, her own inheritance, and that of her husband make one large property of two smaller ones. If a country be purely agricultural, indeed, and no means other than the culture and productiveness of the soil were supplied for employment, or the creation of capital, too great an equalization might take place. But in a country such as ours, where the great bulk of the people are employed in more profitable pursuits, all to whom land is left, will not continue to hold it. They will sell their portion to one of the family, and push their fortunes elsewhither. Even in France, one-fourth of the whole land is *sold* every ten years—that is to say, those who have small shares together, dispose of them to another contiguous proprietor, so that there is a continual commercial tendency to consolidation, counteracting the natural tendency to subdivison — and, practically, subdivision has now reached its lowest point, it being observed that of late years no actual increase of subdivision has taken place. We have *in England* many huge merchants, realizing fortunes of one,

two, three millions. These men buy up land wherever there is a sale. One possessed of a rental, of probably £150,000 a-year, acquired by himself, will, by inheritance, leave it to an only child. Where vast fortunes are realized in trade, therefore, it is clear that land, even under a law of equal division, would continually fall back in large quantities into a single hand again, to be redistributed gradually, by the accidents of birth—so that practically, in a great commercial country, large owners would constantly appear to officer the rural districts, while new distributions opening up property to the whole of society, would bring wealth into a regular course of re-adjustment.

If the law of primogeniture be an offence against natural affection and sound policy, it is obvious that that of entail is still more opposed to every dictate of reason and justice. Is it in the power of individuals to appropriate to themselves the earth which God made common to all? There can be no natural right in one man to possess exclusively, that, without the fruits of which, mankind could not live. He did not create the earth—he does not own the sun, the dew, the seasons—without, not merely the sufferance, but the active co-operation of society, he could not maintain possession for an hour. When he became a part of that dust which he owned, there, at least, would be an end of his right and power together. The soil of every country belongs to mankind at large. We assert this, formally, when we take possession of an island inhabited by savages. The doctrine has been distinctly laid down in governors' proclamations. Even formal written sales of New Zealand land, made by the natives to settlers, have been set aside on the very ground that the natives themselves could not appropriate it. The grass grows, the seed germinates, the fruit ripens, cattle generate by force of nature. We have no hand in it. We, indeed, take and keep possession by force, but not by natural right. If there were such a right, our Norman barons should be extruded from their estates, and these handed over to such as could prove themselves Saxons.

If there be a natural property in the soil, it must belong to mankind at large, or at least to the whole who live upon it. For what man has added to it in houses, drainage, culture, fertility, there may, perhaps, be an equitable claim for compensation—although as it is labour which does all this, and surrounding producers and consumers who give value even to improvements, perhaps society at large can prefer the fairest claim to remuneration.

At least, it is obvious, that as it is only by the sufferance of a nation, that individuals can be defended in possession of what they appropriate, proprietors are the mere trustees of the public, charged with the management for the general good. The sole title of the landowner consists in the identity of his right with the general good. As all cannot possess, and would not render the soil so productive as if it belonged to one, stimulated to enterprise by the incitement of private gain, it is deemed wise to recognize the rights of private property.

No man, however, can have a *right* to appropriate the soil, except by the general consent of all to whom by nature it belongs. Still less can he ask society to declare that it shall still be his, centuries after he is *gathered to his mother* earth. Indeed, it is conceded that it is only by *force of law, made by the* state, that this right could exist; and the state

which had the power to make it, has equal power to set it aside. It may, indeed, well be doubted whether men who have been dead three hundred years had the right, even as a nation, to tell us, who live on the earth now, You shall give this country to this man, and that parish to that, and to these others you shall give nothing. If they could do that, they could also prohibit the cultivation of the soil, so that we might all be extinguished by famine.

We may, indeed, safely dimiss the question of the abstract right of individuals, or of nations even, to settle for all time the appropriation of the soil; because it has never very seriously been asserted.

Let us rather hasten to the consideration which forms the ground for the justification of such a law, that it is expedient and for the advantage of the community.

Now, if nothing which is morally wrong, can be politically right, we have an *a priori* presumption against even the expediency of such a law. We have seen again and again, that laws which were regarded as exceedingly politic, have proved in their results highly pernicious where they warred with nature, and abstract human rights. Monopolies, protection to native industry, reciprocity, a sanguinary code to suppress growing and pernicious crimes against an artificial state of society, but which were not crimes of equal magnitude in the eye of conscience—these have all been regarded, at the time of their enactment, as the perfection of state sagacity. Blasphemers have been executed, heretics burnt, Catholics enslaved, Jews proscribed, the liberty of speech and press denied, creeds endowed, the right to exercise trades and handicrafts denied except to guild brethren, vagrants hanged, slavery justified by reasons which were held conclusive by all. But the whole progress of legislation has developed itself in undoing and repealing. Statesmen rise to eminence by the simple discovery that law making is an evil—that we have undertaken to judge for mankind, what providence has settled better already—that expediency is a blind and ignorant guide—that we legislate prophetically, without possessing the gift of foresight—that most human laws which are good have been already enacted by God himself—and that all our cunning state-craft has consisted simply in a repeal of the statutes of the wise lawgiver of the universe. Religion has fallen back under state protection—blasphemy and heresy have increased in the ratio of the severity of their punishment—crime has advanced as the code for its suppression has been made more bloody—Catholicism and Judiasm have flourished by persecution—trade has languished by protection—industry, enterprise, and skill, have been paralyzed by monopoly. The very perfection of our civilization consists in our rapid return to a state of nature, and all material interests cry out to rulers, "For heaven's sake let us alone!"

God has made a natural aristocracy. All men unconsciously bow down and worship the true hero.—Pericles, Solon, Lycurgus, Cromwell, Washington, Moses, Alfred, and, not to speak it profanely, Christ, need no patent of nobility to command human reverence. What do we, but ape providence and caricature nature—try to rival where we should imitate, and mimic where we should copy.

"Man! vain man!
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heav'n
As make ev'n the angels weep!"

We set up an opposition to God—and in place of his nobles, start a brummagem peerage of our own—poor forked animals, the

"Tenth transmitters of a foolish face!"

—"the accident of an accident."—With all our gettings, we have not yet got understanding;—and so we have our law of entail, to sacrifice the living to the caprices of the dead, and for the sake of magnifying a family name, to destroy the substance of humanity. Now, although there were every apparent advantage to society in such a law, we have already been taught by example, experience, that we are not competent to pronounce upon its permanent benefits, without the advantage of some surer guide than our own state theories. Lying, theft, murder, may be justified upon a mere short-sighted view of circumstances. If we choose to dismiss our conscience and our instincts, which are designed to inform us of our duty, or, in other words, of what is for our permanent interest, we may easily find it expedient to commit the worst of crimes. Humanity may be proved a vice, by merely surveying the horizon of present position—honesty may be logically syllogised into the worst policy—and truth, itself, demonstrated to be plaguy inconvenient. God has given us a shorter cut to wise legislation than the fallible lights of human reason. A small still monitor within, wiser than the wisest, will guide us if we will but listen, and instruct our intellect if we will only consult the inspired oracles of the heart. The first question we should ask of every law should be, "Is it honest?" Let that answer be given first, and we shall soon determine whether it be expedient.

Is it just to sacrifice a whole family to aggrandize one—or to suffer the dead to monopolize the birthright of the living—or to postpone the needs of the many, to the family name of a few—or, artificially, to hand over whole counties of fertile soil, in the midst of a teeming population, who alone make it fruitful, to a single worm of the dust, neither necessarily good nor truthful, and, entirely to exclude from its riches and its produce, those whom God made his heirs of all the earth?

Is it right to fly in the face of nature and providence, and give a purely factitious and artificial importance and greatness to titled imbecility, and call all men to worship it, because the sovereign, in a whim, has given it capricious honour? We know but one rational answer to these plain questions.

But even experience and expediency, as illustrated by our narrowest lights, are opposed to such a system. "What we now see in England," "observes the wise and politic Sir Walter Scott, himself, by prejudice, a feudalist, "took place after the destruction of the Roman republic, and was the principal cause of the downfall of the Roman empire. The small farms of the primitive Romans had been gradually united—the property of the soil was confined to a small number of great proprietors, and the cultivation of it handed over to slaves. Mercenaries *alone were entrusted* with the defence of the country, and the empire *fell to pieces.*

"If the existing system in England is not changed, it will happen before long, that the total rental of the landlords will be absorbed by the poor rates. In certain parishes they already exceed the rental; and in a great number of others they carry away two-thirds of it, and continue increasing in a most alarming ratio. This is a palpable chastisement to those, who from a motive of cupidity, as culpable as it is improvident, have separated from the soil the peasant who cultivates it. The time will come when the whole rent of the land will be hypothecated to the poor. An agrarian law will thus, in fact, be established, and by the strangest and most unexpected of revolutions, the labourers of the country will be substantially in possession of the whole rental of that soil, in which any participation is now refused them.

"In this respect France, more equitable than England, has also shown herself more politic. Whilst our laws favor, by a continual action, the accumulation of landed property, hers, on the contrary, tend to a perpetual subdivision of it. It is possible that the system in France may not be confined within proper bounds, but, even were it carried to an extreme, it is less prejudicial than the opposite one."

The pandects of Justinian, and the capitularies of Charlemagne, enact equal succession for sons and daughters, and prohibit entails. Adam Smith denounces them. Kames demonstrates their detestable influences in an elaborate treatise. Whately has a fling at them. Estrada and Jovellanos, the chief economists of Spain, trace the fall of their country to their prevalence. Passy, De Beaumont, the great Sismondi, the greater Say, Buret, Guizot, Constant, Dupin, Blanqui, Mignet, Von Raumer, minds of the highest order, and who have had ample opportunity in their own country, of tracing both the evils and the advantages of primogeniture and entail, are all equally unanimous in their condemnation of both. Stuart Mill, in a work deserving to be written in letters of gold, leaves the system without the shadow of an excuse. In truth, there is not a great name in social, political, or economical science, which may not be marshalled against it. Sir Thomas More, Bacon, Blackstone, are equally emphatic in its condemnation—and yet, against reason, authority, the feelings and interests of the public, and even the bias of our jurisprudence, there the huge abuses stand, monuments of the selfish blindness of our nobility, and the wretched passivity of the people, at a time when their consequences threaten to involve both in absolute ruin.

What has been their result? We say nothing of the political ascendancy they have given to our aristocracy—let that pass. But who will improve an estate of which he has only the life rent? Who will, under such circumstances, abstain from getting out of it all that he can, and putting nothing in? Look at church and corporation lands. Who will be an improver of that of which others are to receive the fruits, against his will and to the prejudice of those he desires to benefit? How can he let his farms, or alter his fields, or undertake speculative, but useful improvements, if his lands are tied up by his heir? What inducement has he to avoid extravagance, or to exercise a prudent frugality, when he knows that, although he may be bankrupt to-morrow, it will be none the worse for *his family name*. And the expectant heir, waiting for a dead man's

shoes—what hope is there of him. In boyhood worshipped as the rising sun, he must anticipate his future fortune. He plunges into debt, because his bonds have a marketable value. He raises all he can at usurious interest, upon post obit bonds, so that when, at last, he comes to his estate, he is without a shilling in the world; and, arbiter of the disposal of a vast portion of the most precious treasure of the country, he possesses political influence, but is entirely deprived of the means of managing and benefitting his own estate. He early learns to hold cheap the paternal authority, and to defy his parents. He looks down on his brothers and sisters, who, penniless themselves, see one of themselves bear off what ought to belong to the whole of them. The father, if he be provident, spends nothing on the estate, because what he lays out is only robbed from his destitute children, and he naturally stints the heir to make a purse for the rest. Perhaps the life renter has no male heirs, and the property is to pass over to some far off relation. Every tree is cribbed—the mansion is allowed to fall into disrepair, the farm houses into decay. Embarrassed, he becomes a trader in politics, and sucks out of the minister what his estate can no longer yield him. Or, being secure against all reverses of fortune, he emancipates himself from the toil which is the condition of distinction, and, becomes, what those born with the silver spoon generally are, "the fool of the family." Then the destitute brothers prowl about Downing-street, or use their station to compete for the first ranks of commerce with those who should have been exempted from their rivalry. All the property of the "House" being centered in one, the thrifty father quarters his penniless young upon the country, screws out-door relief out of the minister for them, and insists upon places being created for their support, if they are not already in existence.

But it is not so much for the evil they inflict, as for the good they prevent, that primogeniture and entail are so objectionable. We have already shown that under their influence, the land of the kingdom has, every year, been consolidated into fewer hands, just as a rapid increase of population demands its wider diffusion. Nowhere have we seen it alleged, that the number of proprietors, out of thirty millions, exceeds 240,000—most computations quote it at a much lower figure. But only conceive of a country in which the mass of the people are entirely destitute of all property in its soil! A landless nation—in a country, but not of it—trespassers on their own territory—freemen without a freehold! Why, it is the very madness of over-civilization—property run mad. That a whole, a vast, a great people, should tamely stand by, and "grossly gape on," while a mere handful of the foolishest featherheads of them all, shall run in and seize upon the whole of these islands, and then, when they have pounced upon it, that all the rest shall fall down and worship these Dalai Lamas, shed their blood like water to defend them in their capture—tax their own bread to raise their rents for them—steep themselves in debt to the chin of £900,000,000, toil and slave to pay the interest, and then hand the most of that over to these Josses. Oh, ye gods! are we not *the* wofullest sons of turnips!

But what has come of it? It is in vain to expect patriotism from *men who have no country*. Our masses care nothing for it—hate it.

—take themselves off as fast as free passages can carry them—many to America, to get up a war against the very earth on which they were born—by sufferance. Attachment to a constitution, which secures them nothing, defends them in nothing, were a moral phenomenon which they at all events seem no wise inclined to exhibit, except in Chartist petitions bound with iron hoops, torch light meetings, political unions, Irish rebellions, and a "sacred month." "The world is not *their* friend, nor the world's law." What care they who is king, and who cobbler. Your invasions, and threatenings to social order—what are they to them. A beggar cannot worsen his condition, whether the white or the red be uppermost. Your Union Jacks and British Lions, (oh, most worshipful sucking bucolic orators) are no more to them than dishclouts and shotten herrings. They will forfeit their "stake in the country for a promise of—

'Pippins and cheese to come.'"

Have they not once already risen from their dens, blood-shot-eyed and glaring, howling that they would make an end of it, and stuck the fairest powdered heads on pikes, pitching bushels full of court pericrania into guillotine sawdust? And again, when the land had been divided among six millions of them, and law and constitution made them sure of it, have we not seen them bend their heads for a moment to the blast of revolution, and then rise and prop up fallen authority, and by the silent ballot box put down the disturbers of the settlement that made them freeholders?

Be assured we are none too soon in sopping our own ban dogs. County constables, and "the flower of the British army," may be tried once too often. The malcontents are not all Cuffys and Duffys, and cellar martyrs, and cabbage garden Washingtons. Already they begin to eat up rent and tithe. Their stomachs are not nice, nor their appetites particular. They may take a fancy to toast their cheese, when they can come by it, at the fire of the Bank of England. "Friend, look you to't."

We have already seen that crime increases as property becomes consolidated. Our convictions are four times as large as those of France or Belgium, and ten times those of Switzerland. It has been demonstrated that where men are freeholders, pauperism disappears. Even allotments minimise rates, and the beggary of France is almost all in the great towns, while in England, it is chiefly rampant in our rural districts. Small farms make labour scarce, and withdraw from the market masses of competitors for employment. The farmers complain that small holdings make the peasantry too independent—and with three millions and a half of paupers, it becomes essential that we should reduce the numbers of those who live by the receipt of wages. The allotment system makes food cheap and abundant, leaves surplus earnings in the pockets of the poor, to lay out on clothing and luxuries, prospers the home market, consumes our manufactures and taxable commodities, and swells the public exchequer by increased customs, and excise receipts. It furnishes industry with new motives to exertion, makes every member of the family a productive labourer, and evokes the maximum labour *and energy of* the masses. Moderate freeholds relieve the middle

classes of our towns of the competition they have to sustain with their own order, driven up from the country by being left without estates. They help the farmer in diminishing poor and county rates, and moderate rents, and, by increasing the number of farms, render them more easily and cheaply procured. They distribute, more equally, the industrious occupations of life, and diffuse the population less partially over the country. They increase the number of the gradations of society, render it more easy to rise from one rank to another, and diminish the contrast and the distance between the rich and the poor. They immensely improve agriculture, encourage the expenditure of capital on the soil, and multiply the resources of the cultivator, by rendering varieties of crop more easy and quick. They render butter, cheese, eggs, pork, poultry, more plentiful, and encourage attention to manures. They bind society better together, promote religion, morality, the spirit of independence, and the love of order, and raise up a body of the best and safest electors. They take all danger from revolution—and, in a word, they promise to redeem us from the slough of despond.

There is not an example in the history of any modern nation, of the coexistence of social prosperity with a monopoly of land. All our constitutional writers trace the greatness of England, from the date of the confiscation of the church lands, and the distribution of the territory of the country, among the great body of the people. Spain began to decay when her nobility and clergy became the sole possessors of her soil. She daily revives since the partition of the real property of the church among the mass of the laity. France came out of the most expensive and devastating war in which she was ever engaged, far richer than when she commenced it, by the stimulus given to her industry, through the confiscation of the estates of her noblesse and priesthood. The onward march of Prussia began with the famous decree of 1807, which made all her tenantry freeholders. The fall of Rome is traced by all historians from the period at which her little freeholds were consolidated into large entailed estates tilled by slaves; and the Campagna di Roma, once the most fertile and populous district of Italy, by reason of its peasant proprietors, is now a malarian desert, from which the shepherd is driven, under the holding of Italian nobles. In Bavaria, in Nassau, the abolition of entail and primogeniture were followed by a striking advance in general prosperity.

"Three times," observes Mill, "during the course of French history, the peasantry have been purchasers of land; and these times immediately preceded the three principal eras of French agricultural prosperity."

"In the worst of times," observes Michelet, "in the crisis of universal poverty, when the nobles are poor, and sell from necessity, the poor find themselves in a condition to buy; no other purchaser presenting himself, the peasant in his blouse appears with his golden piece, and buys his patch of land. That hour of disaster, when the ploughman can buy land cheap, has always been followed by a sudden expansive start of productiveness for which men were at a loss to account. About the year 1500, *for example,* when France, espoused by Louis XI., threatened to perfect *her ruin in Italy,* the nobility, who take part in the contest, are forced *to sell; the land passing* into new hands, revived at once; they laboured,

they built. This glorious time, (in the phrase of monarchical history,) christened itself, 'The Good Louis XII.'

"It endures but for a season, unfortunately. The soil is scarcely brought into good heart, when the religious wars break out, which seem to scourge the earth, to spread the most horrible misery—famines so dreadful, that mothers eat their own children. Who can believe that the country ever can revive? Yet, war is scarcely at an end, with its ravaged fields, and black and burning cottages, when the peasant's opportunity again comes. He buys them—in ten years France has changed its aspect; in twenty, or thirty, property of all kinds is doubled, trebled in value. That era, baptised with a royal name, is called that of the 'Good Henry IV. and Richelieu the Great.' We need scarcely add the notice of the next Gallican crisis, in which the land, again entailed, brought misery upon the people, which, attributing to the right cause, brought in its train the horrors of the first revolution; after which, the air being cleared, by the subdivision of the soil, the country has risen to a high reach of social and public prosperity."

To us, "much meditating upon these things," it has become clear, that the old resources of this country are worn out. Steam engines, spinning jennies, power looms, steam boats, railroads, electric telegraphs, and all our other victories over ignorance and barbarism have exhausted their regenerating influences in vain. "The time is out of joint"—it won't be put right, without some new oil and fresh setting. All classes complain—not without pregnant cause and ominous significancy. Farmers go down first—trade languishes—commerce has lost the elasticity which characterized it—manufacturers have to compete where they had a monopoly—the labouring poor are in misery. We have but to lay our finger on the page of the history of every nation to see the remedy. It lies in this—that we throw open the land to the people—that we merely give them *leave* to help themselves—that we destroy entail and primogeniture—that we no longer strike our waste lands with unnecessary barrenness—that we disencumber real property of the practical entail of corporation and ecclesiastical tenure, and that we make the acquisition of the soil as cheap and easy as consols or railway scrip.

We are an old country—we require a new lease of youth. With a free soil diffused among the great body of the people, we would spring up at one bound into the most vigorous rejuvenescence—we would be born again—we would begin the world anew—with all the advantage of a new society, counselled by the experience of the old. When all the world is turned upside down, does any statesman, worthy of the name, expect that the leaders of the world's mind can escape a revolution? We would have our rulers to make it, that they may guide and mould it, rather than that it should be the work of the enemies of social order. They have already tried religious, and further on a political, and further on still, a fiscal revolution. These have succeeded; but our evils lie deeper. We must have a social revolution. Agriculture must once more become a leading branch of industry—and the masses must become freeholders of the soil they till. Where in England is crime and pauperism least and education most prevalent? It is among the small statesmen of *Cumberland and Westmoreland* who own the land they plough and pasture

"Wherever," says Sismondi, "you find peasant proprietors, you also find that ease, security, and confidence in the future, that independence, which forms the best guarantee of happiness and virtue. The peasant who with his own children cultivates his own land, who pays no rent, and no wages, who regulates his production by his consumption, who eats his own bread, drinks his own wine, wears his own flax and wool, cares nothing about market prices; he has little to sell and little to buy, and is never ruined by revolutions in commerce. Far from dreading the future, it is gilded by his hopes; for he applies to the profit of his children, and future generations, every hour that which is not required for the current labours of the year. It contents him to devote an hour to plant the acorn which will become an oak, to raise the aqeduct which will drain his future field, to train the conduit which will bring down the spring of water, to improve by constant care, snatched from a leisure hour, the animal and vegetable life with which he is surrounded. His little patrimony is a true savings bank, always at hand, to receive his little gains and utilize every instant of his leisure. The ceaseless activity of nature makes his toil breed, and return to him an hundred fold. The peasant has a lively sense of the happiness of his freehold condition. He is always eager to buy land at any price. He pays more than its worth, or than any profit it will return; but is he not wise to prize highly the advantage of laying out his labour advantageously, without being compelled to submit to low wages; to find bread when he wants it, without being ever obliged to submit to an extortionate price?

"The peasant proprietor, of all agriculturists, raises the largest crops; because he can best calculate the future, and has been most enlightened by the experience of the past. He, too, also knows how most profitably to apply human labour, because distributing the avocations of all the members of the family, he assigns a task for each day of the year, of the kind best adapted to the capabilities of each. Of all cultivators he is the happiest, and at the same time, on a given space, land yields more without being exhausted, and maintains a greater population where there are peasant proprietors—and, in fine, of all cultivators, the little freeholder gives the greatest encouragement to trade and industry, because he is the richest?"

These statements the author corroborates by a series of examples of the state of the Swiss and other continental peasantry.

"In walking any where in the neighbourhood of Zurich," says Mr. Inglis, "one is struck with the extraordinary industry of the inhabitants." "In the industry they show in the cultivation of their land, I may safely say they are unrivalled." "It is impossible to look at a field, a garden, a hedging, scarcely even a tree, a flower, or a vegetable, without perceiving proofs of the extreme care and industry that are bestowed upon the cultivation of the soil." "Not a single weed is to be seen—not a stone." Where seeds are sown, the earth directly above is broken into the finest powder, "and there is not a single thing that has not its appropriate resting place."

Of the vallies even of the High Alps, he continues to say, "the country *is incapable of greater* cultivation than it has received. All has been *done for it that industry* and an extreme love of gain can devise. There

is not a foot of waste land in the Engandine, the lowest point of which is not much lower than the top of Snowdon. Wherever grass will grow, there it is; wherever a rock will bear a blade, verdure is seen upon it; wherever an ear of rye will ripen, there it is to be found." "There is not a single individual who has not the wherewithal to live comfortably, not a single individual who is indebted to others for one morsel he eats."

"Since the beginning of the century," concludes Mr. Mill, "and concurrently with the subdivision of many great estates, which belonged to nobles, or to the cantonal governments, there has been a striking and rapid improvement in almost every department of agriculture, as well as in the houses, habits, and the food of the people. The writer of the account of Thurgau, goes so far as to say, that since the subdivision of the feudal estates into peasant properties, it is not uncommon for a third, or a fourth part of an estate to produce as much grain, and support as many head of cattle, as the whole estate did before."

In his "Rural and Domestic Life in Germany," Mr. W. Howitt thus speaks of the peasant proprietors of the Rhenish Palatinate:—"The peasant harrows and clears his land till it is in the nicest order, and it is admirable to see the crops which he obtains." "The peasants are the great and ever present objects of country life. They are the great population of the country *because they themselves are the possessors.* This country is, in fact, for the most part, in the hands of the people. It is parcelled out among the multitude." "It is from this cause that they are probably the most industrious peasantry in the world. They labour busily, early and late, because they feel they are labouring for themselves." "The German peasants work hard, *but they have no actual want.* Every man has his house, his orchard, his roadside trees, commonly so heavy with fruit, that he is obliged to crop and secure them all ways, or they would be torn to pieces." "He is his own master; and he and every member of his family have the strongest motives to labour. You see the effect of this in that unremitting diligence which is beyond that of the whole world besides, and his economy which is still greater." "There is not an hour in the year in which they do not find unceasing occupation." And Professor Rau, to the same effect continues, "The indefatigableness of the country people who may be seen in activity all the day and all the year, and are never idle because they make a good distribution of their labours, and find for every interval of time a suitable occupation, is as well known as their zeal is praiseworthy in turning to use every circumstance which presents itself, in seizing upon every useful novelty that offers, and even in searching out new and advantageous methods."

Even Arthur Young continues a witness for us. In the Western Pyrenees, the country of Bearn, the soil he says, "is all in the hands of little proprietors, without the farms being so small as to occasion a vicious and miserable population. An air of neatness, warmth and comfort, breathes over the whole. It is visible in their new built houses and stables; in their little gardens. in their hedges; in their courts before the door; even in the coops for their poultry and the sties for their hogs." "The benignant genius of Henry IV., seems to reign still over the country; *each peasant* has the fowl in the pot." In Flanders, Alsace, *Artois, the Garonne,* Quercy, "the admirable rotation of crops so long

practised in Italy, but at that time generally neglected in France, was already universal." "They are cultivated more like gardens than farms. Perhaps, too, like gardens from the smallness of the properties." "It was sufficient to prove that property in land is of all others the most active instigator to severe and incessant labour." And this truth is of such force and extent that I know no way so secure of carrying tillage to a mountain top, as by permitting the neighbouring villagers to acquire it in property; in fact, we see that in the mountains of Languedoc, &c., they have conveyed earth in baskets on their backs, to form a soil where nature had denied it."

Speaking of Sardinia, Young observes, "What keeps it in its present unimproved condition, is *chiefly the extent of estates*, the absence of some very great proprietors, and the inattention of all." And Macculloch continues "the *division of the island into immense estates*, most of which were acquired by Spanish Grandees, the want of leases, and the restrictions on industry, have paralyzed the industry of the inhabitants, and sunk them to the lowest point in the scale of civilization."

"In Norway," says Laing, "the land is parcelled out into small estates, affording a comfortable subsistence, and, in a moderate degree, the elegancies of civilized life, but nothing more. With a population of 910,000 inhabitants, about the year 1819, there were 41,656 estates." In Britain, in a population of 30,000,000, there are only 200,000 estates! "The active partition of the land itself, seems, in practice, not to go below such a portion of land as will support a family comfortably." "The heirs, accordingly, either sell to each other, or sell the whole to a stranger, and divide the proceeds."

"No where," he goes on, "is the art of irrigation carried to greater perfection than that part of the great plain of the Po, included in Piedmont." "Savoy, which is remarkable for the grandeur and beauty of its scenery, though a poor country, produces sufficient for the wants of its inhabitants. The peasants *are all, or mostly all, proprietors;* on the high grounds, they break up the grounds with the pickaxe and spade, and to improve it, carry up mould and manure in baskets from the vallies," "so that by dint of skill and industry, cultivation is extended over tracts which would otherwise be a continued surface of naked rock."

"With regard to the condition of our neighbours, Mr. Inglis observes, that "upon the whole, the peasantry of France are the happiest peasantry in Europe. He records "his belief in the great honesty of the French people, who cannot be charged with that disposition to petty theft, which so disgraces the people of most other countries."

Mr. Jonathan Pim, in his "Condition of Ireland," states that "Forth Mountain, (Wexford,) 700 feet above the sea, rugged, bleak and sterile," is "now sprinkled with little patches of land, many of them on the highest part of the mountain, reclaimed and enclosed at a vast expense of labour, by peasant proprietors." The "rocks have been broken, buried, rolled away, or heaped into form for fences. The land, when *thus cleared, has been* carefully enriched with soil, manured, and tilled" —"*holdings vary from* half an acre to ten or fifteen acres. The occupiers *hold by right of* possession; they are generally poor; but they are

peaceable, well conducted, independent, and industrious; and the district is absolutely free from agrarian outrage."

As if the wisdom and foresight of Cromwell put its indelible mark on everything they touched, the Report of the Irish Commissioners, (1845,) after stating that Ireland was confiscated in vast masses to English favorites and absentees, observes, "The adventurers who obtained debentures from Cromwell, formed for the most part a small proprietary; and being generally resident, exercised an influence on the relations of society, different from that produced by the large and absent grantees of former reigns."

Mr. Browne, our Consul at Copenhagen, reports of the Dane, "His ambition is to become a petty proprietor, and this class of persons is better off than any in Denmark. Indeed, I know of no people in any country who have more easily within their reach all that is really necessary for life, than this class, which is very large in comparison of that of labourers."

"There is a large number of persons," observes the Report of the Irish Commision, "in Ireland, possessing a small amount of capital, which they would gladly employ in the cultivation and purchase of land, and a still larger number now resident in different parts of the country, and holding land for uncertain and limited terms, at a rent, who would most cheerfully embrace the opportunity of becoming proprietors. The gradual introduction of such a class of men would be a great improvement in the social condition of Ireland. A much larger proportion of the population than at present, would become interested in the preservation of peace and order; and the prospect of gaining admission into this class of small landowners would often stimulate the renting farmer to increased exertion and persevering industry."

We have been tedious, perhaps over irksome, in our extracts. We have presented a body of evidence, so extensive, so unexceptionable, so authoritative, that we trust we have fairly put out of court the enemies of allotments, the sneerers at small farms, the phoo! phoo! scoffers at a peasant proprietary. We have shown entails and primogeniture to be politically inexpedient, morally unjust, economically ruinous. Nay, we have proved that there is nothing in the nature of the English, Scotch, or Irish, that should render the experiment of justice and humanity likely to fail in their character, any more than in that of the French, the Belgians, the Norwegians, or the Prussians. If the regeneration of the masses of the people, the revival of the resources of the country, the suppression of pauperism and crime, the salvation of the very breed of Englishmen from rapid deterioration, are objects which are to be postponed to the policy of maintaining a territorial aristocracy, let us fairly understand that this is the ground on which the theory of the constitution is to be preserved at the expense of the very nation for whom it was constructed.

For our part, believing that tyranny is the only government which can rule barbarism, and that an aristocracy is an institution essential to the guidance of a rude and ignorant community unfit to govern itself, we are equally convinced, that when savages become civilized, and *knowledge takes the* place of ignorance, the functions of an autocrat and

of an oligarchy are, practically, at an end; and that the continuance o the power and privileges of either, is incompatible with enlightene social arrangements, and wholly opposed to the new order of things which naturally arises out of progress and high social culture. "Th times of this ignorance God winked at, but now He calls upon all me everywhere to repent." With the institution of a peasant proprietary freeholders, and who are also electors, it is obvious that the politica influence of an aristocracy is at an end. But when the choice lie between the destruction of the country and the resignation of power privilege, and property, which stand in the way of national redemption we do not think so hardly of our British nobility, as to believe that the do not love their country better than their order.

There will always be among a wealthy commercial people a natura aristocracy. Even in New York the red republicans complain of th existence of an aristocratic class. The millionaries of trade will continually come into the land market, consolidating large tracts of soil an founding territorial families. In the absence of entail and primogeniture, we have no objections to such a class. The longer they hold thei large estates together, the more illustrious will they prove themselves, because they will show, that from generation to generation, they have been frugal, provident, virtuous and wise, the best leaders of a country. If any one heir lives beyond his means, and neglects to improve his property judiciously, it would, under such a system, pass into the hands of creditors, and again find its way into the market. We do not desire to force subdivisions. We only want to prohibit a forced consolidation. We are for free trade in land as in everything else, and do not wish to permit the dead, to legislate for, or dictate to, the living. If the law is to make a man's will, let it divide his substance equally. If he makes his own, let him dispose of what is his own as he pleases. But in the soil, he has only a property divided with nature, and with the community which defends him in possession—and he exercises his rights of disposal quite far enough when he extends it to the endowment of the next generation. To many of our chief nobility, who have little more than a nominal interest in their estates, to many heirs, who have already anticipated their future life-rent interest, the power of selling their entailed estates, cannot fail to be a source of relief, and of enrichment. It is supposed that four-fifths of the land of the country is mortgaged. A great community cannot any longer suffer its territory to be so grossly mismanaged. Nor would the value of landed property fall under an improved arrangement. Both rent and price are greater in countries where land is let or sold in small parcels, than where farms and estates are consolidated. Subdivision introduces a host of small capitalists to the competition of the market. Our savings' banks returns show that there are always about £13,000,000 on hand, among the poor, ready for profitable investment; and the vast number of small holders of railway shares, proves how many frugal and saving men exist among the poor.

Meanwhile, as a beginning, for there is no time to be lost, let the state *initiate the new* era by the appropriation and subdivision of our waste *lands—which, as if most* conveniently to meet the wants of the popula*tion, are distributed* over every parish throughout the three kingdoms.

The plan has been recommended by the commissioners of the crown, by the best members of our nobility, by abundant experience, and by unanimous testimony. Nothing but that huge unsightly wen, that syphon of men's honest gains, that futile ineffectuality, that scab and boil of the body politic, that preposterous humbug, and unmitigated curse, our British jurisprudence, stands in the way of that as of every other social good. Sweep away the court of chancery, the lawyers, and that farrago of jargon and rubbish called our system of conveyancing, and get men of common sense and business habits, to adjust a simple title, declared absolute and unchallengable by Act of Parliament. "We speak as unto wise men, judge ye what we say."

CHAPTER VII.

CORPORATIONS—CHARITIES—ENDOWMENTS—CHURCH PROPERTY.

It follows as a corrollary from the preceding observations, that no public body of any kind should be permitted to hold real property except for the mere purposes of trade. They are worse than eldest sons—they are heirs of entail, without possessing the immediate personal interest in their property which private life-renters often manifest.

It is obvious that the effect of holding lands by corporations is very much that which might be expected to follow from private proprietors becoming immortal. A corporation never dies—and if they were to increase largely in number, and go on purchasing land, they might, ultimately, possess the whole territory of the country, and entirely disinherit its inhabitants. Private enterprise would have no material on which to exert itself—the living life-renters would have less motive than in the case of the father of an heir of entail to improve, for the benefit of the rising generation; and progress in agriculture would be entirely arrested. The bishop has no idea of laying drains, of which his successor alone can reap the benefit—or to repair farm buildings, which are only to yield a profit to the future "right reverend father in God," who is enquiring for his health, that he may know how soon he may pester Downing Street, and step into his shoes. Irish societies, livery companies, endowed charities, hospitals, and schools and churches, ecclesiastical property, are all an unmitigated nuisance. You may "nose them a mile off," by the bad farming, the ruinous building, the wretched tenantry, the inferior architectural construction of every possession that belongs to them.

Why should the property of a country be locked up from the living, by the dead? We make the franchise of the people to depend upon the the property of a freehold. We have not a thirtieth part of our population enfranchised. Why should the acquisition of our political rights be withheld from us by public bodies, which cannot, as such, even acquire them for themselves? It is from the operation of these absurd *abuses, that the people* squander their savings on foreign repudiated

bonds, Spanish securities, United States stocks, French and German, even Indian railways, and all kinds of unsound securities. Our best savings' banks are our houses, our gardens, our farms, our little holdings. Of this safe deposit we are entirely deprived, by our laws of entail, and corporation tenures.

Out of these pernicious arrangements has arisen another serious abuse. No sites are to be had in our towns for building houses. The soil is in the hands of the City of London Corporation, of the Marquis of Westminster, the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Northampton, the Bishop of London, the Dean of Westminster. We cannot actually build our streets, except by sufferance of and on the conditions prescribed by these magnates. They refuse to part with a square inch. They will only permit our citizens to build their houses on their land on a short lease, of from forty to sixty years, at an enormous ground rent, and on the express condition that the builder shall keep the edifices in high repair to the end of the term, and then hand over his own houses to the ground landlord without any consideration whatever. By this process it is anticipated that the Marquis of Westminster may ultimately enjoy an income of a million a year, and if he chooses, become, perhaps, the only freeholder in Middlesex. There are thousands of our merchants eager to purchase the freehold of their warehouses, and to alter their construction to suit the conveniences of business. But the very corporation from which they hold, can neither sell, nor sanction alterations; so that private enterprise and useful improvement are equally obstructed.

Indeed, the abuses of trust property, of charitable bequests, of church lands, are so notorious, and the effect of corporation tenures is so avowedly pernicious, that it is not denied by the holders themselves.

Contemporaneously, therefore, with the abolition of primogeniture and entail, all corporations, charitable trustees, trustees of endowed churches and chapels, holders of church property, or of tithes and other analogous taxes upon land, should be compelled to exchange their property for its value, at twenty years' purchase in consols. The owners of land burthened with tithes, might thus redeem the tax, or the state might step into the parson's shoes—or better still, a portion of the land might be sold to pay the redemption. This would not unduly force up consols, because thousands would sell out to purchase land—nor would it depress the value of landed property, because experience has proved that there are vast masses of capital, in all proportions, ready to be invested in freeholds, wherever cheap conveyance, and secure title, afford a fair opportunity for purchase. In time, indeed, the continued increase of corporation and charitable investments in the public funds, might raise them above par, and thereby facilitate the payment of the national debt, by the reduction of the interest in the creation of a new stock at a lower rate of interest. But as no individual would be wronged thereby in his private patrimony, as charities and trusts for benevolent purposes would be less required, as general and distributive prosperity would be advanced by a more equal diffusion of property, and as increasing public spirit would probably induce more extensive bequests for public objects, little or no *injury would arise* from such an arrangement to good and useful objects. *Indeed, it is* remarkable, that in all countries where entail and primo-

geniture have been superseded by an equal distribution of estates, and the power of founding great families by accumulating masses of capital in the person of a single individual has thereby ceased, men have bestowed what they could not apply to their family pride, to the public advantage. In France, the poor are almost wholly supported by private endowments of the public institutions; and in America, the sums left to the public, are far greater in proportion to the whole wealth of the nation, than in any other country. By investing the property of all public trusts in the national funds, also, the nation would thereby become its own creditor, and the national debt would become the representative of the public institutions of the country, with which it could more legitimately and justly deal, than with the property of private individuals. Accumulations of mere corporate money would then cease to be an evil, because interest would fall as capital sums increased, and the annual burden of the debt would thereby be made less heavy to the payers of taxes. A much larger command of money would thereby be given to the Bank of England, because it would not require to have in its coffers any considerable sums to meet the sales of consols; as it would be enabled to calculate the demands which would thereby arise. In fact the capital sum of these trusts and endowments would practically be written off, as they never, by the nature of the investment, could be called up by the very force of the law; and the nation would only pay them like the rest of the taxes out of the general income.

One very important result would be the effect of the greater equality of condition resulting from a more equal diffusion of wealth by means of the abolition of primogeniture, entail, and other methods of accumulating money in a few hands. From the great mass of the middle and higher classes being thus in a less unequal condition, a spirit of independence would diffuse itself through our manners which would lead to a greater contempt for the distinctions which mere money could bestow. The inordinate luxury, the extravagant expenditure upon mere show and splendid appliances, which induce a struggle among us all to procure the means of ostentation and sumptuous living, would disappear. The collossal families of this country, by their huge wealth, live in a state of the most extravagant luxury. The crown feels compelled to vie and keep up with the nobility—the example of expense and ostentation is thus set to the whole nation, and the public men with whom the nobility come in contact, consider themselves necessitated also to maintain an inordinate style of existence. This descends from rank to rank, until all classes are induced to maintain more expensive establishments than their incomes can easily afford. Our bishops must all have fine palaces, our judges must roll in luxury, our top lawyers must roll in carriages—our merchants must haunt Belgravia. Public salaries are thereby enormously increased, and private salaries in proportion. A fearful increase of the public expenditure is the consequence, and profits of all kinds are impaired by the increased expenses of establishments. It is not because certain countries are republics that their taxation is low, and the payment of their functionaries is moderate. It is because, by the abolition of the laws which concentrate wealth, there is less opportunity of lavishing money upon sumptuous living, and the standard of

manners, thereby being simplified, men are not tempted to throw away their substance upon what can give them no additional distinction—and more moderate incomes being sufficient for the purposes of every one's position, public men require less extravagant remuneration. There are many continental monarchies where public salaries are lower than those of the United States—but in all these, the laws of entail have been abolished, and all subjects are equal before the throne. It is nobles, with their fields of the cloth of gold, which compel the enactment of sumptuary laws. Where there are giants, pigmies strive to swell to their height—when the standard is neither dwarfish nor gigantic, public opinion makes even giants insignificant.

This consideration has too often been treated in an angry, envious, covetous spirit. Hatred of men, who have been luckier than their neighbours, is a mean and odious sentiment. The human brutes, who in America feel jealous of the well earned comfort and refinement of those who, in every proper sense, are their betters, render republican feeling, not merely detestable, but mean and barbarous. It is, in this animus that the wealthy and the noble are, too often, in our own country, regarded. We desire no identification with such a temper. If we are anxious that men should accustom themselves to fewer wants, and a greater simplicity of life, it is from no jealousy or envy of the rich. We merely desire, by reducing the standard of luxury, to make life more easy and secure for all—to bring the public expenditure within the means of the people, to relieve the struggle for existence which embitters existence, and to enable men rather to labour, that they may live, than to live only that they may labour. It is better and safer for all—it relieves the anxieties of the middle classes, the burdens of the poor, the well grounded sense of insecurity of the rich, and the harassing cares of the ruler, in the preservation of order, the enforcement of peace, and the management of the public finances.

One necessary effect of collossal fortunes, of fellowships, endowed charities, rich livings, corporation sinecures, is to increase perniciously the unproductive and idle classes of useless consumers. Men that are a mere *debitum fundi*, felicitously called *incumbents*, in unconscious satire described as holders of *livings*, *fruges consumere nati*, are a burden upon the industry of a nation. It is no answer to say that property was left them, that the capital is as well in their hands as in those of others, that income must be spent by somebody, and why not by them as well as by others. Property, capital, are worth nothing in themselves. They produce and fructify only by skill and industry. Gain is the stimulus of labour and enterprise. Give that to those who are neither laborious nor energetic, and it is so much subtracted from the fund which energizes society. Men who consume, and do not produce, are essentially a burden, even although they enjoy possessions of their own—because capital, which is simply accumulated labour, is only valuable as a lever for producing more—and if it be consumed without being reproduced, it perishes. Society cannot afford to support drones. It is a mistake to suppose that a marquis or a duke, who spends rent in flunkies, Almacks, the opera, or the continent, is as useful as a proprietor, as he who *spends his income in* raising more. The rent would be better left in the

tenant's pocket to drain fields, and fertilize poor land, than in the mere gulphing a week's wages of a peasant, in a glass of Johannisburg, or wearing £1,500 a year round the neck, in the shape of a £30,000 necklace. A "snug berth" in Dulwich College, a fat lectureship, or a handsome fellowship, means simply £2,000 or £3,000 a year taken from farmers and ploughmen, to be eaten up, in roast beef, plum pudding, a fine house and choice wines, in place of being returned to the soil, to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. We need instructors, because knowledge is power. We require men of science, because they are more essentially reproducers by the brain, than a thousand hands which know not the secret of commanding nature to yield her riches. We need, above all, moral and religious teachers, because righteousness exalteth a nation, integrity and truthfulness increase that security of property, without the assurance of which, labour would not toil—benevolence, justice, purity, virtue, are the handmaids of peace, intelligence, and that *morale* of nations, which even warriors discover to be the strength of armies, and the mainstay of states. But mere idlers, who eat up charities, and do nothing,—church dignitaries, who wax fat and kick,—corporation sinecurists, college dreamers, and the sybarites of cathedral closes, are a dead loss to the community, destroyers of capital, and utterly worthless subjects, reaping where they have not sown, and devourers of the substance of the industrious. To literary leisure we are not enemies in the abstract. It is only, that by experience taught, that unearned competency is entirely without fruit, and that the precious gift of good books is seldom presented to the world by those who can live without brain-sweat, we are induced to suspect that Grub Street fare, and a garret lodging, with the terror of milk scores, and debt to the sausage man, produce more delightful and instructive volumes than all the cloisters of Cambridge, and all the money of capricious fools, who cut off their relations without a shilling, that they may furnish yellow stockings and knee breeches to make boys ridiculous, and endow pedagogues with the incomes of princes. A working clergy, assiduous schoolmasters, true learning, are the best labourers of nations. But mere eating and drinking dignitary parsondom, and sinecure lecturers, and laborious triflers, men who spend the substance of a people on controversies about the bull of Phalaris, squabbles about the Greek particle, and who work themselves up to such a boiling point of grammatical fervour, as to declare that their rival in prosody should be damned for his theory of the impersonal verbs—all such are fit for nothing, but to be carted off to the nearest dunghill, and tumbled out like so much shotten rubbish.

CHAPTER VIII.

PEACE.

It is a moderate computation which reckons the armaments of Europe to cost £200,000,000 a year. War has landed us in £800,000,000 of debt, which threatens to engulph us. Two millions of lives were lost

to France in the campaigns of Napoleon; and the universal ruin and misery with which his atrocious life devastated the world, is perhaps not calculable. Armies and navies are but the organized idleness of the most active, energetic, and valuable classes of every community. These, besides being lost to industry, contract the most artificial and vicious habits, by which they poison all who come in contact with them. We solemnly believe that no extent of insult, injury, and injustice, to which nations could submit, would be productive of half the social evils which result from war. If the people of different countries placed themselves in more intimate communication with each other, we do not doubt that wars and armies would be altogether superseded. It is impossible to believe that if Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Americans seated themselves side by side at a council table, that they would ever consent to cut each others' throats for the attainment of objects which never yet were realized by gunpowder. We did not arrest the progress of democracy in Europe, by spending five hundred millions in shooting it down. On the contrary, we hastened its advent in our own country. Napoleon did not humble the pride of England. War never yet attained any end at which it aimed. If we ask "what was it all about?" the answer of the soldier who fought it through, is only "I cannot tell—but 'twas a glorious victory."

Prospective arbitration is a rational, and would be an entirely successful object. Mr. Cobden is entirely right in point of reason, as he is right in point of heart and conscience. Arbitration will do nothing indeed with governments. But it will act upon public opinion—and that is every day becoming providentially stronger in the world. The nation which refuses it, will be put in the wrong in the eyes of the world. That will be something—everything. At least, it is worth the trial. It can cost little, and, on the most moderate computation, it must save much. Awards may be enforced, by the governments of Europe binding themselves to compel their observance. The action of all nations in this direction, would have a less invidious effect than if one kingdom avenged its own quarrel. If an award were palpably unjust, it would not be supported by public opinion. Even if it had for its object to compel a nation to cede its dearest national rights, the kingdom prejudiced would be in a no worse condition to resist, than if the invasion were perpetrated without the preliminary form of an arbitration. Lord Palmerston tells us that geographers could not agree about the latitude of the Oregon boundary. But even if their award were unjust, or absurd, an extreme case, we should escape a war without disgrace, and at an expense far less than the littlest war could cost us.

There is something so atrociously vicious in the "*crime organise*," in the "mischief on the largest scale," which war has been so well defined to be, it is so absurdly illogical, and so abhorrent to reason and common sense, that we cannot believe the plain understanding of mankind, would fail to detect its criminality. That because nations have different views of their rights, they should endeavour to do as much injury to each other as they could, without any result of good to either, is an idea so abhorrent to the dictates of sound judgment and a good conscience, that *were the question* removed from the formularies of routine diplomacy, *to the arbitriment* of mankind, it is impossible to doubt what the ulti-

mate effect would be. War at once, obviously, substitutes might for right—because it is not the justice of a cause, but the physical power of the contending parties, on which the issue must depend. Neither the soldiers engaged, nor the people whose territory is the scene of their devastations, have the slightest interest in the quarrel. They have to fight, to suffer, to be plundered, and to die, for that for which they care nothing whatever.

Fourteen millions a year extracted from the misery of our people, to pay for armies and navies, is already a war. It inflicts all its evils upon us. How many would it not feed and clothe, who now starve and go naked. What ignorance and poverty would it not redeem from vice and crime. What an amount of industry would it not usefully employ. How much would not our ships of war and war steamers fetch, and carry in goods and emigrants. How productive might not our 150,000 armed men be made. We already make war on our people, to avert the mere chances of war with our possible enemies. Since our last peace our armaments have cost us £500,000,000 in thirty-four years—a sum that would have enabled us to see the end of our national debt—itself more disastrous than the most devastating war in which we were ever engaged.

But this is not the worst species of destruction in which we are involved. We are surprised that the friends of peace have forgotten a source of contention, far more pernicious than that which is executed with the bayonet or bomb shell. "Why," says the Apostle, "go to law with one an other? Why not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded." Of all the festering ulcers which suck the strength out of society, law, is, to our simple thinking, by far the most mortal. A whole wealthy class of our community are at this moment living upon the bad passions, the fraud, and dishonesty of the community. Our law is little better than mere scientific lying. Its officers hire themselves out expressly to make the worse appear the better reason—to put their thumb upon the truth—to give probability to the false—to distort and misrepresent motives and actions—to calumniate the honest—to frustrate substantial justice, by availing themselves of the technicalities of the law. It is of no avail that lawyers deny this. They betray the duty their profession calls upon them to discharge to their client, if they do not use the law to achieve his success—they betray the cause of justice and truth if they avoid the decision of the merits of the case, by opposing to it the resources of mere technical law. "The law," said the greatest of Englishmen, Cromwell, "as it is now constituted, serves only to maintain the lawyers, and to encourage the rich to oppress the poor, but the sons of Zeruiah are yet too strong for us"—"when the English people once perceive property preserved at a cheap and easy rate, they will never permit themselves to be so cheated and abused as now they are." But even this giant was bound down by the packthreads of his Lilliputian gad flies—and his Chief Justice Coke, who seconded his efforts, the lawyers contrived to make shorter by the head, as the proper finis to More's Utopia. "They," the Utopians, says the great Chancellor, "have no lawyers among them, for they consider them as a sort of people whose profession it is to disguise matters as well as to wrest laws; and, therefore, they think it is much better that *every man should* plead his own cause, and trust it to the judge as

well as in other places the client does to a counsellor. By this means they both cut off many delays, and find out truth more certainly; for after the parties have laid open the merits of their cause without those artifices which lawyers are apt to suggest, the judge examines the whole matter, and supports the simplicity of such well meaning persons, whom otherwise crafty men would be sure to run down; and thus they avoid those evils which appear very remarkable among all those nations that labour under a vast load of laws."

This accursed system, that converts a court of justice into a slaughter house of society, that makes the strong brain crazy, and breaks many a stout and honest heart—this moral lazar house, the haunt of human spiders, busy weaving webs to catch unconscious flies, which straightway they drag to their dark holes, and devour piece meal at their leisure, is there to be no end of it? See what a weapon it is in the hands of scoundrels!

> "I'll bid my men break ope his fences
> Ride o'er his standing corn—and in the night
> Set fire to his barns, and break his cattles' legs—
> These trespasses bring on suits, and suits expenses
> Which I can bear—but will soon beggar him.
> Then should he even sue in forma pauperis,
> In spite of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind hand.
> When I have harried him thus, for two or three years,
> I'll sate undo him."

This is poetry—but like the highest poetry, it goes to the very depth of truth. Justice is denied in the very means of seeking it—the cost of redressing wrongs is greater than the rights to be asserted—with this additional risk, that it is an even chance on which side the law will declare the right to lie. The interpreters of the law, themselves do not know the law. Every day, motions for new trials succeed on the express ground of misdirection of the judge. The vice-chancellor, to-day, declares for the defendant with full costs of suit—the lord chancellor, to-morrow, declares for the plantiff with full costs of suit, and of an appeal. The law is so uncertain, that two of the greatest of its officers decide the very same case in two diametrically opposite ways, and for foolishly believing that the vice-chancellor knew the law, the poor defendant is ruined and undone. If a man beats his neighbour, until he has almost killed him, he is fined £10.—if he entertains the same opinion on a point of law as the vice-chancellor of England, he is stripped of every farthing he is worth, and reduced to the most helpless beggary. A cant phrase describes "law as a necessary evil." No evils are necessary. They exist for the very purpose of compelling us so to act as to avoid them. God scourges us with evils only to point out to us how we have infringed his statutes, and how we may obey them. The emperor of China hangs those human weeds, the lawyers, when they threaten to grow to seed—the Turk, bow-strings them—the Jews suffered them to grind their faces - the first Christian abhorred and denounced them. The anathema is as pregnant now, in London, as it was 1800 years ago in Jerusalem streets. *"Wo unto* you, ye lawyers, that will neither go in yourselves, *nor let others enter."* We ask them to give us a code, they refuse—we

try to make one ourselves—they prevent us, bamboozling the general ear with sophistical and lying pretences—they whisper to each other, "By this craft have we our wealth"—and bawl out, aloud, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

We speak strongly—this is no light matter. An attorney fights behind the palisade of his client—any man of straw—any irresponsible scoundrel—any simple fool. He heaps expense upon expense—you have no remedy. Through every turning and winding—through every new suit—through every fresh dodge he drags and trails you alive or dead, at his chariot wheels—you all the while being compelled to subsidise a sharp practitioner and a smart counsel on the other side. If he wears you out into a compromise, he sells his client to get at his costs out of you. If you hold out, he crushes you with expenses—and even after you have beaten him, he escapes, scot free, leaving his client to pay you, and serving a writ upon him to pay himself. When you have recovered all, your own attorney detains your money, on some claim for work that cannot be got out of your opponent—and so, gaining or losing, you still gain a loss. Justice may be on your side—but if law be on the other—then abstract law will triumph over concrete justice.

Talk of the costs of war! What are they in comparison to the costs of law. Take up that fearful chronicle, the Law List. Look at the number of our Judges and Recorders, our Chancellors, our Proctors, our Courts of Chancery, our Common Pleas, and Queen's Bench, and Exchequer, and Admiralty, and Arches, and Prerogative, and Privy Council, and House of Lords, and Palatinate of Cornwall, and Lancaster, and Durham, and Faculty, and Consistory, and Marshalsea, and Palace, and Lord Mayor's, and Central Criminal, and Sheriff's, and Quarter Sessions, and Conservancy, and Bankruptcy, and Insolvency, and County, and Commissary, and Bail, and Review, and Lunacy—look at our Serjeants, and Counsel, and Proctors, and Doctors, and Masters, and Commissioners, and Clerks, Special Pleaders, Conveyancers, Scriveners, Notaries, and Attorneys, and Solicitors, and Registrars, and Procurators Fiscal, and Crown Lawyers, in England, in Scotland, in Ireland, in the British Isles, in the Colonies, and all the men that are under and around them—sucking up honest men's gains as the horse leech, and never satisfied. There are 20,000 of them, and at the very moderate computation of £500 a-year each, these syphons draw from the industry of the nation, at least £10,000,000 a-year. This is far within the mark. The disbursements, all in law, of the smallest attorney, will average £1,000 a-year, besides his profit. And what is the return? Do these men *produce* any thing? Do they in any shape add to the wealth and substance of the country? Their whole stock in trade consists of wind, pens, ink, paper and parchment. They deal only in words. Do they make rights more secure—law more certain—justice more accessible—or wrong less frequent? Why their whole trade is to "darken counsel by words without knowledge." Is not "the glorious uncertainty of the law" a proverb—a favourite professional toast? Was not "the laws' delay" one of the chiefest arguments of Hamlet for making an end of life.—

> "Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear—
> Robed and furred gowns hide all—plate sin in gold
> And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks—
> Clothe it in rags—a pigmy's straw doth pierce it!"

What army kills, as the law breaks hearts? What devastating Attila spreads such ruin and misery through the very core of peaceful society, as this "Father Antic" and his imps? How many widows and orphans did Napoleon make, in comparison to the regiments of the Inns of Court? Look at that terrible Court of Chancery. Who ever comes out of it alive? What rich man ever entered, that did not become poor. Innocent executors, unconscious guardians, helpless wards, honest trustees, well meaning partners, unhappy creditors, unfortunate legatees, miserable mortgagers, and wretched mortgagees—without their consent, against their will, their interest, their reason, dragged through that detestable inquisition—forced to swear and make oath to the most sacred intricacies of kindred, and to disclose the inner sanctuaries of families—nay, to make oath to the very meditations of their own hearts—put to the question as peremptorily as by the Spanish propaganda, under pain of the torture of attachment, imprisonment and ruin!

Are these slow hounds to be longer let loose upon innocence? Why, in a free country, should any man pay for appealing to the laws of his country. Why should a citizen be ruined for misapprehension of laws which nobody understands? Above all, why, when the highest authorities in jurisprudence interpret public rights in totally opposite ways, should the innocent and helpless parties be stripped of all their substance in the process of defending themselves from wrong? If you throw the capital of a nation into the sea, how long will it hold together. If you waste it in that which yields absolutely no return but crops of misery, injustice, robbery, insecurity, how can any people bear up against it? We may quote More, and Bacon, and Coke, the very fountains of the law in evidence of its evils. Lord Chancellor Cottenham, the head of the Court of Chancery, has officially declared, that he would not be visited with the calamity of becoming a suitor in his own court, for all the world. Sir Robert Peel finds that our jurisprudence so absolutely destroys the only purpose for which it was instituted, so turns right into wrong, so unsettles the certainty of title which it is its ostensible object to secure, so absolutely denies justice, and plunders those who seek it, that he cannot even begin to hope to render clear and safe, the rights of property in Ireland, until he has succeeded in exauctorating and setting aside the whole legal machinery of the country.

We entertain no doubt whatever that the counsel of the apostle is not only spiritually right, but also worldly wise. It is better to be defrauded by a neighbour than stripped by an attorney. It is better to put up with the first loss than to encounter two. The grievance is that, in the Court of Chancery, you have not even that option. You must plead—you must swear—you must follow wherever your enemy chooses to drag you. It is not enough that you are ready to suffer any decree to be pronounced, which your opponent chooses to ask. There can be no costs *without litigation*—and litigate you must. Is any man foolish enough

to believe that rights or property *could* be less secure, if there were not a lawyer in all the world? No system of jurisprudence can be perfect. But can any be so pernicious as that which scourges England?

Conveyancing is simplified in France and America—why can it not be so here? Is there any difficulty in compelling persons seeking redress to come at least, in the first instance, and without the intervention of lawyers before a small committee of the special jurors of his parish—stating specifically what he wants—meeting the aggressor face to face, and fairly worming out the matter to the bottom? This succeeds in Prussia—why not in England? How few are there who would not rather accept of the mediation and decision of these men, than go to the Court of Chancery or Queen's Bench? Is not substantial justice, of which every man's conscience gives him notice, better than legal abstractions. Could the decisions of laymen conflict more than those of judges do? Contracts might be drawn up in brief by public officers—official trustees, executors, administrators, might be appointed, who, with the testamentary appointere, might manage estates without making pabulum for quirks and attorneyship. Much is said about lay decisions not giving satisfaction to the public. Do those of our courts of law give satisfaction? Is it not better to give dissatisfaction, without expense, than discontent *with* it? If our courts gave "satisfaction to the public," whence comes the host of appeals and new trials? Might not non-professional arbitration by presence and interrogation of the parties at least advantageously *begin* all questions of right—leaving it at the peril of the dissentient to carry the case further? Law, disguise it as we may, is all made up of mere taxes on the community to support a class who produce nothing, and who add nothing to the public stock of wealth. Lawyers are mere non-producing consumers of the national substance. The capital we expend on them yields no profit or return. Actors touch the heart—singers give us pleasure—painters advance refinement—doctors alleviate pain—parsons lead the human spirit to the moral and the divine. But lawyers only foster bad passions, increase animosity, thwart right, brutalize in place of civilizing mankind, and dissipate our substance upon words. We say, "Away with them!"

Strange thoughts dream their way through men's minds, of the theory of the universe. The cynic suspects that the moral, like the national world, goes round and not forward. That even in its course round the sun, the globe, at the year's end, returns to the point from which it sets out, and the human race describes a revolution rather than a progress of ages—that the earth has its eccentric movements, but even these are uniform and repetitory—and man seems to strike out some originality of madness, but may find in turning back the musty leaves of history, that he has only been repeating himself—and that "there is nothing new under the sun," not even novel virtues, or original manias and vices.

War is the spirit of antagonism, combativeness, destructiveness, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Red, blue, green, white, are but the hues of the same body of malignity. Whether it shall be poison, or highway robbery, swindling, attorneyship, the constable, the hulks, the gallows, or the gun, all are only forms of the same spirit of insult or of injury. *At home*, it is Chancery, the crow bar, handcuffs, the house

of correction, Jack Ketch, prussic acid—abroad, it is gunpowder, cold steel, and red hot shot. Nay, perhaps, mankind being possessed of a given quantity of devil, it is doubtful whether to check its fiendship in its straightforward course, but drives it to break out unnaturally in another place. The discontinuance of quarter staff and fisty cuffs, is suspected of being the cause of the increase of poisoning and stabbing. Perhaps open downright war, with its qualifying generosities, runs off the lusty ferocity of nations, and sweetens the interior system. Murder is not found among the class of old soldiers or sailors—actions at law are rare among those who have been acccustomed to actions in the field. Crime has increased, not diminished, since the peace. It is even said that in Ireland, when treason and rebellion are afoot, all other offences cease in the most criminal nation in the world.

To deprecate mere war then, by armies and navies, is it not a mere attack of symptoms, leaving the disease to fester and poison the inward blood? Nay, perhaps it is to rob antagonism of its courage and its nobleness, driving malignity to meanness, and cruelty to cunning. What is wanted is to "transform" mankind, "in the renewing of their minds"—to make them "children in malice," by making them "men in understanding." The schoolmaster is abroad—that's one comfort. The best and wisest literature in the country is sold for three-halfpence. Chambers, and Howitt, and Eliza Cook, are the weekly oracles of the masses, preaching to them patience, temperance, brotherly kindness, and charity. In this there is hope—perhaps regeneration. But let not worthy quakerism be deceived. War is not to be abolished by "cutting off the supplies." There are other ways of carrying it on, than by "a pull at the exchequer." Better blow out a man's brains in the field, than wear his anxious spirit away in a law suit—better take him prisouer in the camp, than take him in execution in his own house—better annihilate wives and children in sacked towns, than poison them for burial fees, or starve and beat them, with brutal husbands and drunken fathers.

Change the soul and actions will alter. Shed abroad, over the world, the "spirit of love, and of *a sound mind*,"—for all antipathy is a madness—and wars, social and political, will cease of themselves. Raise intelligence, for as every knave is but a fool, with a circumbendibus, reason which conquers folly, may crush knavery. "We have proclaimed," says Hugo, "the fraternity of citizenship—let us declare the brotherhood of mankind." We do not despise the day of small things. We bid God speed to the Peace Congress. Love conquers all things—it may yet vanquish national jealousies, the antipathies of class, social malignity. We do not undervalue political means for moral ends. War is less likely between subjects of the same government, than between states, having fancied opposing interests. The twenty-nine federative states of America, in a territory as large as all Europe, varied in race, interest, and climate, yet live in peace under one central court of arbitration and government. Rome, Athens, Sparta, were but cities in continual contention with surrounding provinces. England, in the heptarchy, Scotland, when divided amongst feudal chiefs, Ireland cut up into provinces, *with a separate clan in* every county, were distracted by endless feuds. *France, sundered into* petty kingdoms, never knew internal peace. The

whole tendencies of modern policy are, towards the consolidation of smaller estates into larger. The German fiscal, and commercial league is a vast trading confederation. The genius of free trade carries with it the seeds of future commercial union among mankind. Poland is merged in Austria, Prussia, and Russia, Hungary in Austria. The world may, at last, grope its way to a wiser system. Why may not Europe end in a federal union—why not have United States in the Old World as well as in the New. It is for the material interest of all. There is an outcry about preserving nationalities—is that not a mere keeping up of distinctions, prejudices, and antipathies? There is not such a virtue as patriotism, even hinted at in the whole of the New Testament. There love of country is superseded by love of man—and our neighbour is defined to be he, whether Samaritan or Jew, who most stands in need of our kindly offices. The Gospel was preached to all nations, the gospel of a common father and a common humanity.

Go on, then, worthy missionaries of universal peace—mindful that the letter killeth, and the spirit maketh alive—that it is not the sabre and the rifle alone that make a war.—Go on, in hope, in full assurance, that in due season you will reap, if you faint not—but that it is in vain to cry Peace! Peace? where there is no peace. You must first convert the heart of stone into a heart of flesh—and turn the soul to love, before it can avail anything, to turn swords into ploughshares. And, that man may attain to charity, it is first of all essential that he should attain to material competency—from that it is an easy step to knowledge, and from thence to power. Therefore, with all thy gettings, get understanding.

CHAPTER IX.

RELIGION.

Hitherto we, Englishmen, have gone a strange way to work with our spiritual concerns. We have made a church for the support of pastors, not the edification of flocks. "The church in danger," has never meant anything else than tithes in danger. In nearly every country in Europe the priests have managed, at one time, actually to secure to their order a fourth, sometimes a half, of the whole soil of the country—and church seems to mean nothing but worldly possessions, in the language of all ecclesiastical corporations. "A plain, blunt man, that loves his friend," would naturally conclude, to his simple thinking, that the separation of church and state could do no harm to either. Creeds, catechisms, articles, organs, pews, bishops, and rectors, faith, hope, charity, evangelism, prayer books, and bibles, the human conscience, and the religious spirit—are they not things which may exist, even, although, acts of parliament have nothing to do with them? Or, if it is an act of parliament alone, which makes and preserves them, what are they spiritually worth?

We set a high political and social value upon religion. We think the institution in society of a priesthood of incalculable benefit. That there shall be, in these realms, twenty thousand educated men, eminent among their fellow citizens for moral worth, social respectability, and superior intelligence, whose functions it shall be, weekly, to call the people together, and remind them of their moral duties, instruct them in their conduct, lead them, upward, to the thought of God, immortality, and the infinite significancy of their own souls,—who shall daily be among them, healing the breaches of families, comforting the distressed, and consoling, and helping the poor,—if ever there was an office worth paying for, it is that. Righteousness exalteth a nation politically—the more moral a people are, the more orderly, great, and rich, they will become. A policeman and a soldier sitting in a man's own heart, and whispering to him the decalogue—is it not the cheapest and best of constables?

Yet of all the forty thousand sermons preached weekly in our churches and chapels, how many are worth the hearing? What virtuous actions do they inspire—what vice do they repress—crime and pauperism are more rampant than ever. How many homilies will bear a reading, of the many which are printed. The fault is not in the people. If a preacher be but tolerably eloquent, his church is crowded. Of the noblest institution in the world, we make the very meanest use. We repeat a single prayer five times every Sunday morning. We are told to enter into our closet and shut the door when we pray. In place of that, we "weary heaven with prayers" in public congregation. We are informed that we shall not be heard for our much praying. Our answer to that is a book full of act of parliament matins and vespers, which so gnaw the tympanum and wear out the very spirit, whose physical organ cannot sustain, too long, the ecstacy of devotion, that at last, an appeal to Heaven palls upon the sense, and weighs upon the auditory nerve—

> "Like a twice told tale,
> Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

In fact, we endow theology—not religion. We busy ourselves with what men should believe, rather than with what they should do. We stereotype opinion. We are worse than papists. They at least have a *living* infallible interpreter of the Bible, who *can* change the tenor of its meaning, as greater intelligence sheds more light upon it. But we have made choice of 300 dead popes, who, two hundred and fifty years ago, declared what we were to believe, and what we were to deny, and put it into an act of parliament, and proclaimed that that alone should be the religion of the free people of England *in sæcula sæculorum. Amen!*

The imposition of hands—the effusion of the Holy Spirit upon bishops, rectors, canons, deans, and curates—of what use is that? The Holy Ghost in vain overshadows the pastoral soul, and inspires it with divine truth. After dignitaries and working clergy have received the divine afflatus, they must still look up their Articles, and stick by the act of parliament. Prophets of the people! They dare not speak what they *think, or utter* what they believe, if in one jot or tittle it differs from the *pontiffs of the* Westminster Assembly. Did God ever mean that the *human mind* should progress, and religion stand still? All truth is

eternal—divine truth immutable. But did the men who lived 300 years ago, know better where to find it than we do, with new lights, and more profound research? Truth is, indeed, immutable, but are men's views of what Truth *is* immutable? Why should successors of the apostles preach with the halter of excommunication round their necks? What free soul, speaking to the free, can speak to purpose if he is to be the mere pipe and trumpet of dead men's dreams? The Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland asserts the doctrine of the power of absolution, and of the right of persecution for heresy in the broadest terms. The Church of England formulary, for the visitation of the sick, instructs the priest to say to the sick man—"By the authority of Jesus Christ committed to me, I hereby absolve thee from thy sins." The Book of Common Prayer asserts the efficacy of infant baptism by an authorized priest to wash away original sin, and regenerate the soul—denying its efficacy when the ceremony is performed by any Dissenter—assigning, therefore, to its own priesthood, the power of salvation. It teaches a sort of mild form transubstantiation, called consubstantiation—it lays much store by consecrated ground, and has its particular meats during Lent. These are stereotyped doctrines fastened upon this nineteenth century, and these kingdoms, of railroads, steam engines, electric telegraphs, penny postage, and cheap literature, by presumptuous and ignorant men 250 years ago—this is the stuff our national religion is made of, and for which we are to pay £6,000,000 a year. Our national teachers are not even deemed worthy to address God Himself, crying from the depths of their own souls to the hearer and answerer of prayer, under the inspiration which He gives to their own spirit. No: their divine ecstacy must come from the Queen's printer, bound in calf, bald with age, and not very choice either in diction or in grammar. The Athanasian Creed, the kneeling at the name of Christ—the going to the altar, then to the desk, then to the pulpit; the changing of surplices from white to black, the risings up and the sittings down—not one of these must be pretermitted. A nation cannot even be suffered to thank God for a good harvest, or to humiliate itself for a bad one, without leave from the Archbishop of Canterbury in a form issued from Lambeth.

What can come of that? What mind, that has any soul in its sacred business, can reach to its own stature under such a system? How can original, eloquent, inspired men make religion, living and present, out of that? Look at the education of our moral teachers. What are the chief qualifications? The classics at one University—mathematics at the other.

See how they have settled the very foundations of faith. They have handed over God's eternal truth to be discovered by gerund grinders and dead-vocable mongers. The very doctrine of the Trinity is made to turn upon a dot in the middle of an Omicron, and a comparison of manuscripts. Tradition and prescription are as influential now as they were among the Jewish doctors—and whole battalions of our priesthood, prohibited from going forward in the onward career of human progress, and free inquiry, fall back to the fathers, and relapse into a bastard popery.

The Dissenters, too, are not free from this vice. They endow creeds.

They will suffer no man to deliver himself of his own reasons for the hope that is in him. They are more watchful of heresy than our bishops. They will strip whole congregations of their ecclesiastical property, if they and their pastor presume to think for themselves. On this very ground of heresy, they demanded that the Hewley chapels should be taken from the flocks, and handed over to them. In place of hailing the spirit of Free Inquiry, they sought to persecute it, and to attach material disabilities to the profession of a faith which differed from their own.

We say, then, let religion be free. Let the human soul be emancipated from the shackles of tradition. Let free men speak freely to minds that are free. What progress would science make if it were bound by a creed—astronomy by the Ptolemaic system—geology by the Neptunian theory—chemistry by the atomic—anatomy and physiology by the texts of Hippocrates, Galen, or Hunter—natural history by Aristotle or Pliny. What would have come of religion if that which is our practice had been effectual? Christianity itself was a Jewish heresy. The Reformation, what was that but a negation of the theory of the imposition of traditionary creeds upon man's living soul. That French savage Calvin, indeed, broke through his own creed, and burnt others for not accepting his new one. The Scottish Covenanters, persecuted for conscience sake, sought to interpose the Confession of Faith upon the whole people of England. Calvinism hanged a Scottish youth at the Grassmarket for denying the doctrine of the Trinity. To this hour, it is only by sufferance that men are allowed, by our laws, to deny the truth of Christianity—and, although it is permitted to Protestants to call Catholics idolators, and to exclude Jews from the Legislature, it is not lawful for unbelievers to say what they think of Christianity. Hone was imprisoned for his "Mysteries," and Hetherington for his freedom of speech.

Religion cannot be made vital by such means. We cannot make a living faith out of dead men's creeds. We cannot raise the soul to heaven upon the ladder of dead men's prayers. We have need of religion,—much need of it. Crime and vice abound and increase. We require wise and worthy moral instructors. That is not to be done by solving problems, or parsing Homer. It will not come out of an ecclesiastical monopoly. Moralists and true prophetic men are born, not made; they do not always graduate at universities, nor scrape acquaintance with bishops. We must be only too glad to take them where we find them. The best came from the carpenter's bench. Some of the first from herring boats and the tent maker's workshop. They must be the choice of the people, if we would have them to hear them. They must be selected for their genius, their originality, their knowledge, their sincerity, if we would have them worth hearing. The world has outlived the age of mere prayers, priests, surplices, and genuflexions. "The church," is a term which has lost its talisman, and something else must be tried. Men must be exhorted by those who speak from the fervour of their own convictions, not from the amount of tithes and the text of *the articles.* They must be persuaded and enlightened, and inspired and *roused, not dogmatised* to and bullied, in the mild peremptoriness of *ecclesiastical authority.*

And these spiritual teachers must not be sordid self-seekers, and Downing Street jobbers of livings. They had better even be at least not necessarily west-end drawing room gentlemen. Carriages and palaces will not increase their influence. It would be wise, too, not to seek to wash away original sin at 2s. 6d. or 5s. per soul, or to make christian burial dependent upon burial fees. Oh! when we think of a Paul, and look upon a Charles James of London,—when we call to mind the first teachers, and cast our eye across the Thames to Lambeth gold plate, and compare Mark, and John, and Timothy, with Henry Exeter, and Gathercole, and Sewell, and Pusey,——

But comparisons are proverbially odious, and here ends our homily on the church.

CHAPTER X.

FREE TRADE.

"So Hiram gave Solomon cedar trees and fir trees, according to all his desire. "And Solomon gave Hiram twenty thousand measures of wheat for food to his household, and twenty measures of pure oil; thus gave Solomon to Hiram, from year to year.

"And the Lord gave Solomon wisdom as he promised him; AND THERE WAS PEACE BETWEEN HIRAM AND SOLOMON, and they two made a league together."—1 Kings v., 10, 11, 12.

"And Herod was highly displeased with them of Tyre and Sidon; but they came with one accord to him, and having made Blastus, the king's chamberlain, their friend, DESIRED PEACE; BECAUSE THEIR COUNTRY WAS NOURISHED BY THE KING'S COUNTRY."—Acts xii., 20.

Here was a commercial treaty that had lasted for 1025 years. Judea was scarce of timber, and Tyre of corn. What did the two kings do? Did Hiram insist on growing corn, that he might be "independent of foreign nations," or Solomon plant cedars, that he might not be beholden to his neighbour; in fact, did each try to do that which the other could do better, and refuse to buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest? No, they consulted their mutual interests by reciprocal accommodation, and "there *was peace between Hiram and Solomon*," a peace so lasting, that in the days of St. Paul, a war was prevented between the Tyrians and the Jews, because they were mutually dependent for what the other could not do without.

This is a free trade of which our farmers disapprove. They tell us mankind are ruined by mutual accommodations, and they loudly demand a protective duty in favour of what they call native industry, and a heavy tax on the import of foreign corn.

We have already shown that when the people of England are permitted to eat all they can afford to buy, they consume £30,000,000 worth of food every year more than they can produce. There is, therefore, a home demand for all we can grow, and a great deal more. Before the

ports were opened, the quantity of foreign food imported did not amount to one third of what it does now. Nobody avers that we are even yet overfed. It is not asserted that we eat more than enough, or than is necessary for us. It is not alleged that we have produced less since the corn law was repealed than we did under the sliding scale. The obvious conclusion, therefore, is, that under a protective duty, we were starved by law, were, in fact, deliberately deprived of the food necessary to our bare subsistence, to the extent of twenty millions per annum.

The protectionists demand the re-imposition of a corn duty, on the ground that they cannot, with their present rent, taxes, and expenses, produce food as cheaply as it can be imported. Well,—is that any justification for preventing the people from having enough to eat? Was there ever such consummate effrontery heard of before, as a class demanding of the state that a whole nation should starve, that they may be enabled to carry on their trade to a profit? If they can produce enough to feed us, we never *can* import, because our home producers must dispose of all they have to us, for want of a better market; if they can not, is their proposition this, that we are to be prevented from having enough to eat, that they may be enabled the better to pay their rent and taxes? We take their own proposition,—we assume its truth that we may dispose of their argument,—and it amounts to no more nor less than this, that they must have their profits at the expense of the very subsistence of the people.

A tax of 10 per cent. upon thirty million's worth of imported food, means, if it is to have any effect at all, that the people should be deprived of three millions of the prime necessary of life. It does more. A tax of 10 per cent. on what is imported, means an increase of 10 per cent. upon the price of what is produced at home, as the very object of the duty is to enable the farmers to charge the difference between the natural price and the duty added. As the annual value of the home produce may be estimated at £180,000,000, it is clear that by a duty of 10 per cent. our population would have twenty one millions' worth of food less than they can eat. The quantity they can consume depends upon the amount of money they can spare to purchase,—and if twenty-one millions be added to the price, it is equivalent to food of that value being deducted from the quantity.

It is true, indeed, that the people may be able to spare twenty-one millions more for food; but it can only be by having less to spend on other commodities. In other words, a corn law is simply an expedient for robbing our manufacturers and tradesmen of their custom, to give better profits to our farmers;—and so, when the latter declare that without higher prices they cannot employ their labourers, it is quite open to the former to reply, "If you diminish our custom, we must pay off our hands." If, indeed, our farmers could produce as much as we can consume, then, for every quarter we imported, we would, in the same degree, be discouraging the home market. But we eat all that our tenantry produce, and the only complaint is, that we do not pay more for it than it is worth, at the expense of not being able to pay for the additional *quantity from* abroad that our necessities require.

Are labourers to be better off by making their daily bread dearer?

The more difficult it is for them to buy, will it be the easier for them to get enough? The question answers itself. We have shown that the number of persons employed in agriculture in 1841, was 178,000 less than in 1821, and that twenty years of protection had diminished to that extent the employment of the labourers so protected. What answer is it possible to give to this stubborn fact? Has the sliding scale improved either their condition or their morals? On the contrary, it is notorious that both pauperism and crime have sympathized with the price of bread, and that just as the quartern loaf rises, the independence and virtue of the masses droop and languish. The national creditor has been supposed to have an interest in a fixed duty, because it adds so much to the aggregate of the revenue. But in the same degree as the averages have advanced, the revenue has decreased; it being, indeed, abundantly obvious, that the more that is paid for bread, the less is left to consume taxable commodities. A duty of 10 per cent. upon thirty millions' worth of food imported, would, in one sense, add £3,000,000 to the revenue—but we have shown that it would take twenty-one millions from the people, in the shape of a higher price charged by the farmer for all they consume—so that to get three millions in a food duty, the exchequer would lose the proportion of twenty-one millions, which would be expended in the duty on the consumption of other taxable commodities, amounting to at least seven millions per annum.

We are, indeed, assured that our farmers are quite prepared to compete with foreigners, if their taxes are reduced to the foreign level. Now in what respects are they more heavily taxed than the foreigner. The Scotch farmer pays no tithe, and scarcely any poor rate—the Irish farmer, during the whole currency of the sliding scale, was the most lightly taxed agriculturist in Europe. If the English farmer could compete with the English and Irish, why not with the French and Dutch? There is no truth whatever in this pretence. The American farmer pays 4s. 6d. a day wages, and the English farmer scarcely 1s. 6d., while the Irish pays only 6d. The land-tax and rent of the French and Dutch, are much higher than the English. The English peasant does more work, and to better purpose, for the money he receives, than any labourer in the world. The American farmer is taxed cent. per cent. for every article of clothing, of hardware, of agricultural implements he uses, while the English farmer, on these, pays no tax whatever, but on the contrary, gets all articles of use, cheaper, even independently of the duty, than any foreigner whatever. The English farmer has the best roads, the nearest markets, the greatest facilities of conveyance, the greatest demand, and the highest natural price of any agriculturist. He enjoys exemption from horse duty, auction, insurance, toll, assessed, dog, and many other duties, which are imposed on his fellow citizens—no foreigner can compete with him in his own market, without an expense in the inland transport, warehousing, and sea freight, equivalent to far more than the difference betwixt his legitimate expenses and the lightest taxed of his rivals. In fact, there is no pretence whatever for his claim. The coal with which his iron is fused is at his own door—he commands the cheapest leather for his harness—the cheapest labour for making it up—the cheapest harness ironmongery—the cheapest farriery—the cheapest

iron. The American farmer pays three times as much for shoeing a horse, or sharpening plough irons as he does—and all the machines of our farmers are of a far better construction and at a cheaper price.

That labour is cheaper here, in comparison to its value, admits of no doubt. Foreign railroads are made by English labourers, by English contractors, more cheaply than they can be done by the natives. Hundreds of thousands of British artizans and labourers emigrate every year, on the sole account of the high rate of wages abroad, in comparison to what they are at home. We manufacture, and mine, and navigate, more cheaply than any other people, because we are large exporters in English ships of British goods and minerals. It is in evidence, that the labour of the Polish or Russian serf is the dearest, in comparison to the service performed in the world, and that our English labourer will do as much in a day, as six of these slaves. The crew required to navigate Italian, Neapolitan, Turkish, or Russian ships, is twice as great as are employed in English vessels of the same size—and nearly the whole of the furniture of a ship can be made more cheaply here, than any where else.

Are poor rates to be pleaded as a ground of claim for high prices? It is a strange proposition this, that by raising the price of bread we should reduce the number of those who cannot come by any, except what they get from the parish. In fact it is on the face of it, sheer nonsense to argue that the less food there is, the fewer will go without it. In 1817 the average price of wheat was 94s. per quarter, population 11,349,750, and the poor rates £6,920,925. In 1834, population having meanwhile increased to 14½ millions, the average price of wheat was 46s. 2d., and the poor rate £6,317,255, or £600,000 less than when bread was double the price, and population smaller, by upwards of three millions of souls. Besides more than a half of the whole poor rates in the kingdom are paid, not by the farmers, but by the inhabitants of houses; the *consumers* of agricultural produce.

Are tithes in the way? These fall with the averages—the lower these are, the less is the tithe. Is rent to be pleaded? Then why is it paid? The value of a thing is just as much as it will bring. Are the general public interested in keeping up rent at their own expense? Are the farmers benefitted by having the more to pay? Rent is the profit of the land beyond the *expenses*. If the expenses absorb all, why pay rent? Why, simply because there *is* a profit after paying all expenses, and the pretence of rent *is* a pretence, and nothing else.

But if a protecting duty is demanded, who is to pay it? Is it not clear that it must be the consumers of the article upon which the duty is imposed. Do foreigners eat any of our English provisions? Do not we ourselves consume all we produce, and a great deal more? Then is it not obvious that the protective duty must be paid by the British people—that the more the farmers get, the less is left in the pockets of their neighbours, and that robbing Peter to pay Paul, may make Paul richer and Peter poorer, but cannot increase the aggregate wealth of both? If the farmer cannot produce, to a profit, on account of the burdens he has to bear, without a protective duty, how can the rest of *the community, who* have to bear equal and heavier burdens, meet them, *if they have to pay* this protective duty into the bargain? Protection

robbing somebody else, and in the present case the somebody else the whole body of over-taxed British consumers. Will a man be by taking his money out of his left pocket, and putting it into his Will a nation be richer by taking the property of one half of ıbers, and giving it to the remainder?

ıct the whole theory of protection, is based upon the assumption, ıe state better knows in what pursuits capital and labour can be ed to advantage, than the merchant and the workmen themselves. ntial sugar, and coffee, and oil, and tallow duties, are but expe- for taking the money of consumers, and giving it to producers t any equivalent. The merchant will charter an English ship, as s a foreign one, if the freights are the same—whatever he pays s substantially robbed from him—and to the extent of the differ- is only transferred, not fructified. The effect may be to drive t of the trade, and thus lose the profit of his speculations altogether ıation. If an English ship be dearer than a foreign one—then it that English shipping cannot be profitable—and a trade that be carried on except *at a loss to somebody*, cannot be a gain to regate of somebodies. A protective duty means that the trade to it is applied, cannot support itself, but must be maintained by others. How is it possible that a speculation that is made profit- ɔt from its own soundness, but out of the public taxes, can be any the tax payers? If *all* trades, in place of being self supporting, nly maintained out of the taxation of the people, where could e found, out of which to pay the duties? Taxes cannot produce ınless like the First Cause they can exist although uncreated. To ın, you, the merchant who earn a profit, can spare some of it to shipowner, or farmer, who earn none, is substantially to reduce er two, to the class of paupers receiving out-door relief. It is to change the hands of wealth, not to increase or create it; and ıation is applied to the function, not of supporting the state, but disiug the non-producers of its subjects, to tempt them to con- ɔ trade without profit. If, besides paying a farmer £1000 for at, the manufacturer has to make him a present of £500 a-year hing, is not that a loss of £500 to the nation, as much as if it id to a Poor Law Union, or a state pensioner. The farmer gives valent for the £1000—but none whatever for the £500, except, that he buys the manufacturer's goods with the manufacturer's

But the manufacturer could get the foreigner to do the same, ive him an equivalent in corn besides. Is it more profitable for a o give away its substance to its subjects for nothing, than to get *ıro quo* for everything it pays to a foreigner? Then it is obvious s better to consume without producing, and to give away, rather exchange.

vages be increased by raising taxes, either for revenue or for pro-

If they can—to what purpose? If wages are raised 2s. 6d. ık by monopoly, and the food of a family advanced 2s. 6d. per ı price by protection, what does the labourer gain? Clearly but a loss. He takes half-a-crown from his master without *it to himself*, and at the end of every four weeks, the employer

finds his fund for employing labour diminished 10s.; equivalent to the wages of an additional hand. If by a protective duty of only 10 per cent. on all food, taxation be increased £21,000,000, it is obvious that the fund of consumers for the employment of labour is diminished to the same extent—the demand for labour must fail, and wages must, as indeed they do, diminish, as the cost of subsistence increases. Even in reference to the individual protected interest, this has been the effect—because the number of farm labourers has diminished steadily, as protection has been raised. Is it necessary to observe that an increased revenue and a brisker demand for the subjects of commerce and to manufactures, are the invariable results of an abundant harvest—that it is then that the demand for labour has been uniformly greatest, and the cry of agricultural distress the most clamourous? "Here comes a farmer who hath hanged himself on the expectation of plenty," is a joke as old as the time of Shakespeare.

If dear bread could increase wages, how is it that, under protection, the Irishman never received a higher average than 6d. a-day? If cheap bread means low wages, how does the Illinois farmer sell his wheat for 12s. a quarter, and pay his hands 4s. 6d. per day?

In manufactures, cheapness has invariably been followed by increased employment. Never was the demand for goods, and consequently for their producers, nearly so great as now, when protection has been taken away, and the powers of machinery to supersede human labour have reached their maximum. French silks, and gloves, boots, shoes, hats, which were to drive our own out of the market, have increased little in import since the ports have been opened. But the emulation of competition which their free admission has stimulated, has vastly enlarged our manufacture and export of domestic produce of the same commodities.

Is it necessary for us to trace the history of protection? Has not the sliding scale rapidly reduced the employment of the population in agriculture, and largely increased the poor rates? Has not every trade,—the silk, the shipping, the wool, the manufacturing, the iron, rapidly increased, just as protection has been withdrawn? Were the West India planters, and the English farmers, never in distress while enjoying the maximum of monopoly? The Dutch, the Swiss, the Singaporeans, the Hanseatic towns, the Genoese, the Tuscans, the Venetians, have they not prospered under free trade, and sunk under protection? Do we need a more pregnant lesson, than the fate of the Spaniards and Portuguese, to teach us the curse of monopolies, or a more encouraging instance than that of our American colonies, emancipated from our restrictive policy by the war of independence? He who runs may read the baleful influence of protection,—he who has a conscience, and believes in a providence, will recoil from the abomination of a TAX UPON HUMAN FOOD.

CHAPTER XI.

TAXATION.

All taxes should be direct. We are assured that they come out of capital at any rate,—then why not let capital pay them without the circumbendibus of excise and customs?

Are taxes an evil,—a burden? If so, why? All taxes that are paid are also received. The tax receivers are also Englishmen, as well as the tax payers. "It is not lost that a friend gets;" then where is the national evil of taxation? It lies, we take it, in this, that for what every man pays in taxation he gets no return. The tax receiver pays nothing back to the tax payer, but his own money for his own goods. The tax receiver produces nothing,—adds nothing to the sum of national wealth,—has to be maintained out of it, without being stimulated to make it more. Monopolies and protections, to the extent to which they levy more than the natural price, are taxes, and, as such, are embraced in the category of national unproductive burdens.

The machinery of excise, stamps, and customs, is enormously expensive, and frightfully imperfect. They cost the nation somewhere about four millions a year,—a sum which it would be as well to save. They raise up an enormous tribe of smugglers, and enable the fraudulent to ruin the public spirited trader. They directly tend to diminish the means of the people, to contribute to the support of the state.

Look at the tobacco duty. The nation consumes annually sixty million pounds. The quantity which pays duty to the government is only twenty seven millions; the quantity on which the public pays duty to the smuggler and adulterator, (for all is bought at one price,) is thirty three millions. The revenue receives £4,072,500, and the public are taxed £9,127,500. Can this loss to the people be a gain to the state. Why, the difference would, at least, be spared to buy five millions worth more of tobacco, increasing the luxuries of the people, and prodigiously extending trade and shipping, and the revenue returns in another way.

But this smuggling view of the case is not the worst. The trader charges a profit to the consumer on the 1s. 3d. per lb. prime cost of the tobacco, and an equal profit on his outlay of 3s. 2d. per lb. duty—or at ten per cent, in place of 1½d. he taxes the consumer 6½d. His capital is locked up in duties which might be employed in extending commerce, and his customer's money is absorbed in his profits, which might encourage the trade in other articles. The masses thus pay the interest on the national debt thrice over—once directly to the revenue—once in interest to the importer on the advance of the duty to government—and a third time to the retail dealer, from whom the consumers buy. The same effect prevails in tea, sugar, coffee, soap, malt, spirits, and all other taxed commodities.

We have never yet taken off an indirect tax without doubling consumption—*or reduced* a tax without greatly increasing consumption.

We have, in every case, returned to the revenue, in increased consumption, more than it lost by the decrease in the duties.

But increased consumption means more ships, and sailors, and lightermen, and bargemen, and warehousemen, and merchants, and retailers, and employment, and wages. Taxed trade is a giant chained. Untaxed commerce is a giant, permitted to put forth his strength. Look at custom-house delays and squabbles—at the army of clerks, and messengers, and book-keepers, the importers must keep to pass their goods—at the enormous rents of bonded warehouses—at the sink of the interest of money—at the infinite obstructions of the clearance system. All the functionaries engaged in these details, produce nothing. The merchants servants are all eaters of public money, which comes from the people, without going to the revenue. The entire saving of all these expenses would go to develop trade, and expand the sources of employment.

The cost of collecting the malt tax is £300,000. The profit charged by the maltster, brewer, distiller, and retailer, adds thirty per cent. to the price. The public is taxed £7,000,000 to pay the revenue five millions. The trader is obstructed by notices to excisemen and measurers—the prohibition to manufacture, except at certain times—the compulsion to make his premises of a particular construction—to use only certain materials in a certain way—the machinery of permits, licenses, and other irksome conditions. A poor widow dare not brew beer from the barley and hops of her own garden, or make a candle out of her dripping and cotton ends. Frauds on the revenue become almost a popular virtue, and violations of the law, engender a lawless and self-degrading spirit. It is thus that half the people of Spain are a compound of smugglers and robbers, because defiance of the revenue law makes them indifferent about observing every other.

Where the mass of a people are poor, it is obviously essential, for the sake of public order and the preservation of the subjects from temptations to crime, that every thing which is conducive to their comfort, should be placed easily within their reach. Cheapness and ease of acquisition are convertible terms. Dearness and scarcity are, in our vernacular, nearly synonymous. Cheapness is the effect of abundance—there cannot be plenty without producing cheapness.

The cheaper each commodity is, the greater is the quantity of money which can be disengaged, to be laid out in other things. If bread be dear, the price absorbs the whole means of the people, and nothing is spared by the farmer to the consumer, to lay out on the manufacturer, the artizan, the retailer, or the revenue. Hence when bread is dear, the public income falls off, and every other interest suffers. An enormous amount of indirect taxes have been repealed since the peace, followed in every case, by an increase of aggregate revenue, and a prodigious expansion of commerce, and private income. In fiscal arithmetic, two and two never make four, but one and one often make six. The proverb "cheap and nasty," is a false one. The five shilling gown of the kitchen wench, *of 1849, is handsomer* than the five guinea robe of the duchess of George *the Third's time.* Even in the single view, that the vice of our system *lies not, in defective* accumulation, but in particular and unequal distri*bution; the cheaper* all things are, the more equal must be the distribu-

tion of wealth, of employment, of capital, over the general field of industry. Necessaries must be had before mere comforts or luxuries, and that in sufficient quantity, whatever be their price. If silk be dear, it need not be purchased—if food and cotton be dear, they must be purchased. Make tea and sugar, therefore, dear, and it stops the diffusion of the national resources over the general field of commerce and industry.

We have already shown how enormous has been the increase of our imports and consumption of taxable commodities since 1821. That has occurred as an immediate sequence of the repeal or the great reduction of indirect taxes. The promotion of enterprise and employment which has been the result, is prodigious, and "marshals us the way that we should go." There should not be a Custom House in England, nor a Board of Excise. The very fact that we are the greatest manufacturing and commercial nation in the world, should prove to us that the obstructions to trade and speculation, presented by tariffs and duties, excise regulations, and landing waiter forms, are like killing the goose for the golden eggs, or starting our race horse with hobbles on.

Have we any difficulty in such a country in making taxes direct? Every man from whom revenue could get any thing, lives in a house. Most men in England make their house their chief comfort. No criterion of an Englishman's actual means is so conclusive as the quality of the mansion he inhabits. In every system of taxation that can be devised, some will escape, in direct taxes, by false returns. But a house and property tax is the least evitable of any—and by abolishing indirect taxation, the means of increasing the comforts and prosperity of the masses would be prodigiously promoted. If a man saves in his house, it is only to convert the accumulation into real property, to be in that shape taxed. Even if he invests it in foreign ventures, he must spend the dividends in England; and on nothing could he, less conveniently, for his own pleasure and position, spare it, than in the quality of the building, where he takes up his rest and his fireside. The cottage is as tangible and visible as the palace—the lodging-house and the lodger, as the manor and the marquis. If, to save the house tax, the well-to-do go to lodgings, they must still pay according to their rent, and what they save in house, is caught in the investment they make of their surplus. All taxes, local and general, might be thrown into a single fund, and one collector be assigned to realize the whole, parish by parish. For greater public convenience, the levy might take place once a month: from the very poor, the landlord might be made the collector, as in the case of the present poor rates.

Some great scheme of this kind, it becomes every day more necessary to try. The machinery exists already in our assessed, income, property tax, and poor rate system. The experiment is without risk, because the relaxation of indirect taxes, might be made to quadrate with the increasing productiveness of the direct taxes. The latter description of imposts have hitherto failed to give satisfaction, simply because they have been made additions to, and not substitutes for, other duties. If men are oppressed by heavy taxation, they will protest most loudly against the most visible of their burdens. The income and property tax was im*posed to compel us to* make an extra exertion to reduce debt. But if all

taxes on consumption were abolished, the sudden and expansive spring which every branch of trade and industry would at once experience from an unshackled gigantic commerce, would cause taxation of any kind, to be lightly felt, and men would "freely give, who freely had received."

It is in this view that a very well considered, and wisely supported proposition, has been made to pay a large portion of the public debt, by an immediate sacrifice of a large per centage of the property of the nation. We possess, at least, £5,000,000,000 worth of property. Sixteen per cent. of that would pay our whole national debt. Now see the result. The remaining 84 per cent. would almost, at once rise in value by the reduction of the burdens upon it, to the amount of the remaining 16 per cent. deducted. Because, remove from labour, the prosecution of commercial enterprise, and industry, £34,000,000 a year of taxes, and what limit could be placed to the creation of property and productions of all kinds? Taken at once out of the tangible property of the nation, all difficulty and expense of collection would be at an end—the people would then, in their private capacity, be the collectors of what were formerly taxes, but of what would then be private mortgages to meet the 16 per cent.

If indirect taxes took from the people no more than their own bare amount, they would be little complained of. But the increment to the cost of production, and to the exactions for distribution, which they cause to the consumer, in fact, produces this result—that for every 20s. which they pay to the state, they take 40s. from the subject—the most extravagant and wasteful system, it is possible to devise. Take a single example. The large proportion which the tax upon tea bears to the whole price, compels the poor to buy it in the smallest quantities. For two ounces they are often charged 8d. or at the rate of 5s. 4d. per lb. for that which may be had in quantities of 8lbs. at 3s. 4d. In short, they are charged 40 per cent. more than the real value. Now, were there no tax, they could buy the article in quantities of one pound for the same money they now pay for two ounces. In short, 8d. would buy 3s. 4d. or 5s. 4d. worth of tea. While the revenue receives 2s. 7d. duty, the retailer exacts 2s. more from the small consumer. Without a Custom House, the retailer would buy from the ship—every sailor would become a trader—every creek and eddy in our coast and rivers would be alive with ships and boats, and lighters—shipowners would become their own traders—the smallest village huxters would have their sloop or yacht, and make their own ventures—the great wen would crumble into the debris of countless little towns all over our empire, and the monopoly of capital would at once be at an end. No examinations at the Custom House—no inspection of ships for contraband goods—no prohibitions of importation at small harbours, because they were not Custom House ports—no revenue cutters—no preventive service—no ruin of the fair trader in competition with the smuggler—no expensive exchequer court—no eavesdropping common informers, laying traps to make their fellow citizens offend the law, for the purpose of receiving a reward from the state for *betraying its subjects.*

Look what this detestable system leads to. The legislature and the *state deliberately* encourage the dishonesty of the people. If a man

receives payment of an account, and gives a receipt on plain paper, he may first receive a reward for his own wrong, in the shape of a penalty against the receiver for taking an unstamped receipt—and he may again prosecute him for the account, because the plain receipt will not be received in our courts of law. If a man sends his acceptance on a receipt stamp of adequate value, in place of a bill stamp, or on a bill stamp of inadequate value, his promise to pay cannot be enforced against him. If a common informer drop into a coffee shop, and affect to be taken suddenly ill, and call for brandy to relieve his sickness, and the brandy be hastily brought to save him from fainting, and on his recovery he *pays* for the brandy, the scoundrel who does this will receive from the state a reward out of the pocket of the coffee house keeper for selling spirits without a licence! Men's own servants are bribed to betray them. Wo to the soap-boiler, the brewer, the distiller, the sugar refiner, who has even unconsciously offended the endless intolerable regulations of the excise. If he have a Judas in his employ, who knows the rules, he has a vagabond who will betray him whenever he ventures to assert the authority of a master. What have Custom House oaths been, but a school for perjury, in which the tenderness of the national conscience has been indurated by the almost commercial necessities of prevarication?

Our national debt is a huge blunder, and a gross violation of the constitution. It is in vain that we make parliaments only septennial, if men who were returned forty years ago, had the legal right to anticipate the resources of the national purse to all eternity, and leave their successors no power whatever, but that of registering the vote of their ancestors. The national property extant at the time of the vote, should have been appropriated to meet the national liabilities. If our ancestors had not means of their own to indulge themselves in the luxury of war, they should have kept at peace. They not only spent our money, but spent it on themselves, and have left us, who never voted the supplies, to pay the piper.

It is time this were ended. We must get rid of the interest by paying the principal, a much less expensive process—and then we shall all start fair, and with the brightest prospects. Nearly four millions per annum of terminable annuities and debts to the Bank of England, will at no distant date be deducted from our yearly expenditure. We should make a mighty effort to pay off the debt at once, by a sacrifice of 16 per cent. of our property. That would rid us of £34,000,000 a-year of our expenditure, and the remaining £20,000,000, by judicious economy, and a house and property tax, might be easily met, leaving commerce and trade absolutely free, and offering to our over-laboured and pauperized masses, abundant employment, and the freest and cheapest access to all the necessaries of life.

From this fiscal revolution would arise another advantage—it is calculated that £8,000,000 a-year of the national income are spent by English absentees abroad, driven from home by the dearness of living, and attracted to the continent by the greater cheapness of all the primary and secondary necessaries of life. It is obvious that, by the repeal of indirect taxes, these absentees would be induced to return to their own country, *and greatly* to increase the custom and employment of their *fellow subjects.*

CHAPTER XI.

COMMUNISM.

'Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall inherit the earth." There can be no such inheritance without peace. The earth is nothing without labour—and no man will plough and sow without security that he shall also reap. Disorder, violence, lawlessness, uncertainty, precariousness, are destructive of production, of accumulation, and therefore of industry. Fixed and wise institutions, which alone can be permanent, regular and peremptory observance of law, steady reverence for public authority, imperturbable social order, and the punctual observance of the conventions of society, are essential to the profitable inheritance of the earth. Warlike nations seize and plunder, but do not inherit—until the lawlessness of conquest has come to an end, and peace has resumed her sober reign, prosperity and wealth cannot so much as begin.

War is, in the language of Fouche, "worse than a crime—it is a blunder." It is, perhaps, more disgraceful to the understanding than even to the heart of man. In truth, it is but a lucid insanity. It has reason neither in its aims nor in its results. Knowledge in it is perverted science—its power is that of might to crush right. Its only purpose is destruction and murder—its sole effect is tyranny and waste. It has almost ruined us—it has crippled all Europe, and put back the progress of civilization a thousand years. It makes the strong in right weak—it makes the wrong doer strong. It defies the moral administration of the universe, and sacrifices man to ambition and cupidity. He who shoots another, with whom personally he has no quarrel, for thirteen pence a day—what can we say of that man's morality—yet this is what states make their subjects do.

We cannot too hastily dismiss even the non-resistance principle. It is amazing how powerful harmlessness is. We are not sure that any *people* ever did violence to the peaceable. There is a majesty about the kind and friendly, which seems to over-awe aggression. Bentham asks, "What a fine thing it would have been for Napoleon to have found all nations Quakers?" The fatalest thing in the world for him! He was made great by the very element of resistance. His troops followed him to battles and victories over *fierce* and combative men—but Frenchmen are men, and would not long invade, for the mere purpose of harrying the harmless, and grinding the peaceable. Napoleon himself could not have done it—his nation would have hated the butcher and oppressor, while they idolized the conqueror of the warlike. In private life, does not a soft answer turn away wrath—is not innocent peaceableness found to be the truest worldly wisdom. By a world schooled in the custom of violence and antagonism, meekness might be taken advantage of at first—but if a generation were contented to suffer for the happiness of posterity, we are *not sure that universal* peace would not become a general habit. Wesley, *Whitfield, Howard,* Park, even among the brutal and the savage, found *peace and non-resistance* an infallible euthanasia. Even the bully can-

not strike the man who refuses to strike again. Do we not find women respected even by human brutes?

"*Malice*," more wisely says Bentham, "is a murderous instrument in the hands of a cursed lawyer, by which he may commit his *murders* in the name of the law." This is what we would keep before our Quaker friends. We ought to look to the wars of law, before we proceed to put out of fashion the destructiveness of nations. Murderous they are—more dreadful than a thousand battles—they kill by the slow wasting of torturous anxiety—the heart sickening of suspense—the brain turning of terrible chicanery that can neither be resisted nor escaped. They bear in them none of the magnanimity, the generosity, the high souled honour, even the touching humanity which are found in the soldier. The aged, the widow, the orphan, the poor, the inoffensive, even the idiot and the lunatic are the chosen victims of attorneyship. "The Peace Society" omits its chiefest function, when it spares from the sphere of its operations, the idiotic chaos of our jurisprudence, and the vile uses of litigation.

Men who see all these things, must be borne with in their projects for making them better. We ought to be thankful for even the abortive labours of regenerators of society. Except in the methods of injury, we see no great change in the moral state of mankind. We have not now, indeed, the bold footpad, but we have the more pernicious swindler. Highwaymen have ceased, but railway-stags and spider-attornies are more rife than ever, and reap a richer harvest from the folly and iniquity of mankind. We boast that we have been at peace for the last thirty-four years—but what European war could ever show a battle field graveyard like Ireland, our Poor Law Unions, our great towns, Poland. Look at our 70,000 annual commitments for trial, besides our police cases—at the fact that two millions and a-half of us have been glad to run away from Europe, to new unsophisticated solitudes—

> "A lodge in some vast wilderness
> Some boundless continuity of shade,
> Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
> Of unsuccessful and successful war,
> Might never reach us more!"

Consider the endless nursery of thieves we breed in every district—call to mind the awful slaughter of prostitution—a whole vast class in the very bosom of society, encouraged, supported by our citizens, in systematic personal debasement,—immortal creatures whose whole life is a mere ministration to the cravings of the sensual appetite.

Can we wonder that good men should conclude the mechanism of society to be constructed on an erroneous principle—that "the whole head is sore—the whole heart sick"—that the world is out of joint, and calls upon philanthropy to put it right. Have police and law promoted morality and suppressed crime? We entertain a growing conviction that they destroy what virtue is among us. They raise a legal in the place of a natural conscience; confound moral distinctions, and make a *malum prohibitum* usurp the ethical denomination of the *malum in se*. We say that those men who destroy the character and self-respect of the poor, by *affixing to them* the official stamp of crime for no moral offence, are to

be ranked among those, worse than killers of the body, who destroy the soul. We maintain, that fowling, and hunting, and fishing, and snaring, are not moral offences, and it is scandalous to punish them as crimes—that, to pounce upon a poor wretch who gathers a few rotten sticks, or pulls a turnip or a handful of peas from a field, or brings an end of pigtail ashore, that he has honestly paid for at New York, and to magnify these acts into crimes, surrounding the doer with all the disgrace and shame of police, and sentences, and imprisonment among real criminals, is to make the crime it does not find, and to extend the degradation and recklessness of the people. Such laws, we assert, deserve no respect or observance—and ought to be denounced by all who seek to elevate the frail conscience, and not to destroy all hope of improvement, by employing police only to destroy self-respect, and the ambition to maintain character.

Is it wonderful that men seek to change all this? Where there is no property, there can be no crime against property—nine-tenths of our criminals are got rid of at once by communism. Where there is no property there can be no litigation, nor disputed rights, no defective titles, no antagonism of selfishness or covetousness. Where there is enough for all by an honest life, where would be the thief, the prostitute, the pettifogger, the swindler, the trader in human vices. It is property which produces the temptations, the necessities almost, of vice and crime, which drives women to the pavement, and men to prowl for human prey by fraud or violence. Where there is enough for all, theft is scarcely known, and prostitution unheard of. In the prairies men are without locks to their doors, and women are treated, even by the rude and rough, with respect, the sure guarantee of self-reverence. When it comes to the crisis, even we become communists. Our law declares that the rich must share their last shilling with the poor, so long as they require subsistence. We have fed three millions on public rations at a time. We apply the money of the state to enable subjects to emigrate, and give them land to maintain them. We undertake public works to find employment—we offend the principle of property when public utility requires it—we take it from the possessors, and distribute it among the destitute by the very force of the law. The charitable are practically communists. They make their private possessions common property, by sharing their substance with those who have none of their own. We are in every way rendering homage to the principle, and practically acknowledging its necessity. Savages are communists—it is the natural state of society—all society begins with it. We rise to civilization, as we call it, by the creation of rights of property, and make them paramount to the claims of humanity. But we are civilized only in results, and in the aggregate. Substantially we are more barbarous and lawless than any savages. A savage would not spend life in sweeping crossings, or emptying cesspools! A Cherokee would not reduce the immortal that is within him to the sole function of putting a head upon a pin, or stitching shirts, and starving on sixpence for eighteen hours of *thread and needles*. Our starving masses are the most degraded savages, *because they live* to toil, rather than simply toiling to live. They are *slaves, not to men* indeed, but to money—their driver, and whip, and

chain gang manacle, is the empty cupboard and the hungry brats, the gnawing stomach that they must bow down and worship mammon to fill Their only privilege is leave to work—and they work ten times harder than any herd of negroes in all Louisiana. We enjoy but barbaric splendour. One man will devour at a single meal the year's provision for a whole family. A duchess will wear at a ball the year's income of half a county. There shall be one family residing in a paradise surrounding a palace, and all round for fifty miles there shall be ten thousand families that never know what it is to have a bellyful of even barley bread. It is useless to call that civilization. It is material civilization, indeed—but substantially it is well organized, social barbarism. The only genuine civilization is that which perfects the science of universal comfort. The greatest happiness to the greatest number is the only true criterion of the reality of human progress -and tried by that standard, it is in vain to deny that our movement hitherto has been retrograde. We are not living with, we are preying upon one another. One lord to ten thousand shoe-blacks, is a very scurvy civilization. The savages treat their slaves taken in war almost as their equals. They share with them what they have, and don't tomahawk them for poaching without a license. Humanity is reverenced among them. They know none of our distances between a duke and the white scullion apprentice in his third kitchen. They never work but when they have a mind, and then only for themselves. They cannot boast with our peasantry that they daily pass preserves alive with hares and pheasants, yet never knew what it was to taste fresh meat. The war of litigation, of competition, of seduction, of property against man, and man against property, the jails, and penitentiaries, and houses of correction, and hulks, and gallows, the foundling hospitals of deserted children, the armies of police, and game keepers, and poachers, the brothel, the insolvent's, and bankrupt's, and debtor's prisons, these are the triumphs of property and civilization.

We never knew an answer to these objections, except this, that a community of goods would not alter society for the better. These very phenomena are pointed at in proof of the incapacity of mankind to live in peace, and without crime. It has been cogently enough urged—"If mankind live in a state of war, how are they fitted for a dispensation which is only possible where men agree to cherish, support, and love one another?" How will the thief cease to appropriate, by letting him take whatever he likes—how will the lazy work, if it be permitted to them to do nothing—how will the brutal and vicious observe order and virtue, when emancipated from the restraints of law and material want? When we relax the tyranny of dependence and poverty, see how imperious, how lawless, how insolent, how dissolute, how disorderly men become. Look at a Boston mob, or a New York riot—what would our rabble be if they were emancipated from the wholesome discipline of dependence upon others for food and wages.

But are not these vices engendered by the very theory of society, which assigns to each man separate rights and possessions, of which all envy the possession, and strive to acquire by the deprivation of their neighbour? *Is not a material* change, which will obviate the causes of social

vices, the essential preliminary of the moral change which a better economical system may engender? *Vox populi, vox Dei.* This perpetual tendency of the masses, and of the philosophy of the world, to discontent with the existing arrangements of civil society, must have an inner soul of truth about it. "As long," observes a Lord High Chancellor, (Sir Thomas More,) "as there is any property, and while money is the standard of all other things, I cannot think that a nation can be governed either justly or happily. Not justly, because the best things will fall to the share of the worst men; nor happily, because all things will be divided amongst a few, (and even these are not, in all respects, happy,) the rest being left to be absolutely miserable. Therefore, when I reflect on the wise and good institutions of the Utopians, among whom all things are so well governed and with so few laws; and among whom, as virtue hath its due reward, yet there is such an equality that every man lives in plenty: and when I compare with them so many other nations, that are still making new laws, and yet can never bring their constitution to a right regulation, among whom, though every one has his property, yet all the laws they can invent cannot prevail so far that men can either obtain or preserve it, or be certainly able to distinguish what is their own from what is another man's, (of which the many law suits that every day break out and depend without any end, give too plain a demonstration;) when, I say, I balance all these things in my thoughts, I grow more favourable to Plato, and do not wonder that he resolved not to make any laws for such as would not submit to a community of all things." "When every man draws to himself all that he can compass by one title or another, it must needs follow that how plentiful soever a nation may be, yet a few dividing the wealth of it among themselves, the rest must fall under poverty."

The case is not so clear against communism as superficial thinkers have been induced to believe from the folly and ignorance of professing communists. The more we probe the mechanism of society to the bottom, the more we will be led to the suspicion that even economically it is a clumsy failure. It has been demonstrated by the Rappists, even by the Mormons, that a community is amazingly productive, and capable of creating large surplus capital. Lawyers and their various dependents, the whole machinery of an army and navy, and ordnance, and munitions of war, garrisons, forts, the entire department of police, of jails, hulks, houses of correction, all the ministers of mere vice and flunkeyism, all the accessories of pauperism, the entire race of criminals and swindlers, within and without the law, the enormous mass of pure idlers of all kinds, the endless tribe of customs, and excise, and stamps, and tax officers, assessors, collectors, the departments of government without end, the exacters of tolls and dues, the interminable race of mere distributors of commodities, the whole employments occupied in merely securing the private interests of individuals, and we know not how many beside, all these are, really, totally unproductive, and their labour and skill thrown away in ministering to the selfishness, folly, and wickedness *of mankind. It is* amazing by how few it is that all that can be called *the produce and* wealth of this country are created and made. The mere *labourers are* wonderfully few in comparison to the whole mass, and the

whole non-producers are entirely maintained by the few who create all upon which the community live. All this cumbrous machinery of selfishness dispensed with, it is certain that we could possess far greater abundance than we now enjoy, with half the labour we at present waste upon that which yields no return but vanity and vexation of spirit.

Do not different stages of human progress assume new forms of society? First patriarchal rule,—next tyranny, as the essential bridle of ignorance,—then an oligarchy, as the single tyrant requires sub-tyrants, to divide the labour of ruling with him a larger population,—then an introduction of the commonalty to power, to check the growing ascendancy of aristocrats over both crown and people. Further on, the civilization of the masses supplies them with additional influence, and they turn king stork into king log,—war with the nobility, and quell them. Last of all, as men know better how to govern themselves, they become discontented with other rulers, and from a mixed monarchy go onward to a republic,—a commonwealth of political and social equality. Why tell us that there is no such thing as equality among mankind? The very progress of civilization is towards that point,—intelligence is aiming at and achieving it. In America there *is* equality in rank, in political power, in the eye of the law, in social estimation. The only inequalities are those of natural capacity, and the differences of fortune, the result of the partial continuance of the selfish theory. But these other equalities accomplished, may not the other, at last, follow, when men become, not merely materially and politically, but morally, civilized? What standing army, what police have the Americans? In their social capacity they are, already, almost a law unto themselves, except in the great towns, the haunts of the scum of Europe. May not the time come at last, when communities will not suffer society to live in a state of war, cutting sharp bargains, competing, attaching the person for a dishonoured bill, hauling the poor into a court of Chancery, laying the needy at the mercy of a rough constable and a peremptory justice, each man for himself, and the devil for all. "The great ones among the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, but so it shall not be among you, for the chiefest among you shall be your servant, and your minister shall be greatest of all." This is the tendency of genuine moral civilization—the only theory compatible with peace and kindliness, and the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Good men "see this day afar off, and are glad,"—great men will labour hopefully so to sow the seed of virtue and knowledge, that this may be the blessed harvest humanity may ultimately reap. We cooperate, now, right bravely, to cut throats. For thirteen pence a day, and the honour of the regiment, the most ignorant men will march and suffer at Indus and the Pole, and look death in the face cheerfully. Is fighting the only efficient organization of industry? If soldiers, the rakings of our streets, can work as they do in the trenches, on the breach, at the bivouac, under the tropics, or in the snow, for but the discipline of the cat, and the fear of the black hole, is it impossible, in the nature of things, that work may become a pleasure, and the greatest agony, the ill opinion of one's neighbours. "He hath made all beautiful in their time." At the right time *fraternity, community*, may become the order of society—when "*fighting shall cease*—neither shall there be war any more." Meanwhile, let

our anti-war societies penetrate from the mere outward practice of non-resistance to the inward spirit of peace—a spirit more grossly offended by social selfishness, competition, and litigation, than by armed hosts, and pitched battles.

To the St. Simonian, the Fourrierist, the Blancist, the Owenite, the Socialist, we would address ourselves.

Worthy friends, would you make a community of devils, live by the laws of angels? Do you legislate for tigers and for monkeys? They cannot read your statutes. You have to shoot, or cage, when you catch them. Except for mere reason, logic, the capacity of perceiving sequence, how many members of society are but wild beasts in breeches? As incapable as a hyæna of moral comprehension—having, perhaps, the rude elements of mind, but scarce the glimmering spark of a soul? Some of you denounce classes—the rich, the titled, the powerful. Are these not as much the victims of society as the rest, enchanted in the sorcery of a system which they find, but do not make? Are not they, too, our fellow creatures, magnetized into existing forms by the mesmer paralysis of custom? Must not they also constitute members of your "New Moral World," challenging from you, "not railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing?"

And some of you, madmen! have blasphemed faith, and turned your backs upon the divine spirit of religion. Why, what can you, of all men, exist upon but faith in man, in the regenerative influences of conscience, in the existence of a moral government of the universe, in the infinite significance of the human soul, in its eternal progression, and therefore in a perfectibility in which alone, human communion can be possible? Some of you, blind leaders of the blind! have striven to cast the world from the moorings of christianity. Why, what is liberty, equality, fraternity, but the gospel of the Great Teacher? What is Socialism, all of it we mean, that is worth anything, but the community of goods of the first christians? You think you have made a discovery—you have only raked off the rubbish of antiquity, and laid bare the bright gems of primitive evangelism. Christ, who knew not where to lay his head, and fed the multitudes, whom "the common people heard gladly," Jesus was your founder, but he has "come to his own, and his own know him not." Nor can we much wonder—for all that we have got for him now, is Lambeth palaces, shovel hats, silken aprons, Downing Street lobby waiters upon providence, political parsondom in place of a kingdom that is not of this world, clerical poacher-quellers, and prophets that eat up all the loaves and fishes, or cram the remnant fragments into their episcopal larders.

What stranger marriage can three be than betwixt democracy and infidelity? Humanity must be governed by laws, either human or divine. Monarchs make their own will, law, and enforce it by a standing army. An oligarchy seizes exclusive privileges, and compels obedience by bayonets, and bullets, and powder. But a republic, where men seek to *be a law unto* themselves, how can that hold together, unless, in the *absence of an earthly* king, by unfaltering loyalty, and reverential obedi*ence to the "king,* eternal, immortal, invisible." Re-ligo, to bind again, *the etymology of* religion, is it not the condition precedent to a society,

which proposes to start without any other bonds? Read Paul's speech to the sophists and stagyrites of Athens, on Mar's Hill—con the Sermon on the Mount—trace the doctrine and the life of Christ—begin with your system there, from which source alone can it proceed forth to a happy, or possible issue. The last men in the world who should deny the existence of divine law, are those who repudiate the authority of every other. There can be no republic where there is no religious spirit, vital, supreme in the hearts and on the pandects of the community.

But let us not judge too harshly of this evil spirit of unbelief. Alas! it has too often its foundation in the best elements of our nature. It is not unnatural that men should judge of a religion by the lives of its professors. Payne, Bolingbroke, Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, wounded our faith, through the history of its practice. Bacon, himself a professing believer, gives such an account of the orthodox creed, as might well make reasonable men ashamed of it—and the only answer that is sound, is, that orthodoxy is not Christianity. The religion of "peace on earth, and good will among men," has been seen only in the crusades, the inquisition, Smithfield martyrdoms, persecution, the savage Calvin, priestcraft, spiritual courts, imposture, hypocrisy, the Bishop of Exeter. Oh, Christianity, what deeds have been done in thy name! Well has Channing said, that in comparison to some views of the Christian God, atheism itself is a duty—and that the gospel may be presented in such shapes as to make infidelity a virtue.

CHAPTER XII.

A PATERNAL GOVERNMENT.

Our charitable trusts have been shamelessly betrayed—chiefly by those whom the charitable regarded as the safest trustees—the clergy Tithes were originally assigned for the poor and ignorant, to give them the bread that perisheth, the fruit of knowledge, and the bread of life. Millions have been bequeathed by good men to found schools, and almshouses, and asylums, for the aged and the destitute. All these millions have been seized by the church—a church, apparently made, not for the flock, but solely for the pastor. The Charity Commission laid bare the iniquity—but no progress has been made in abating it. The "people perish for lack of knowledge," and our dogs in the manger will neither themselves teach them, nor let others try. We cannot acquit our rulers from blame in this. They have winked at, by not insisting upon the full exposure of, the breaches of trust, committed by clerical trustees of charities; and they have abandoned the cause of national education, on the ground of the overbearing political power exerted by the religious communities, established and dissenting. They cannot disguise from themselves the vital importance of education—the *inalienable right of* the human mind to receive knowledge—the impera-

tive duty man owes to man, to open the windows of his understanding, and no longer to consign him to that mental darkness which is worse than a bastile of mere stone, and mortar. Governors have no right to leave subjects to starve, merely because there is a popular clamour about the mode of feeding them—and statesmen betray their clearest duty, who, because priests and parsons are fighting over the dead body of national ignorance, suffer a population to grow up around them, bereft of the accomplishments of rational and accountable beings. It is a scandalous abdication of the executive function, and is essentially cruel and unjust.

The result is, that our people cease to be men, and become mere human tools—instruments of labour-animated working machines—destitute of that universality of faculty which alone makes them human. "As men of business, or of general usefulness," observes Mr. Escher, "and as men, by whom an employer would best like to be surrounded, I should prefer the Saxons and Swiss, but more especially the Saxons; because they have had a very careful, general education, which has extended their capacities beyond any special employment, and rendered them fit to take up, after a short preparation, any employment to which they may be called. If I have an English workman engaged in the erection of a steam engine, he will understand that, and nothing else; and for other circumstances, or other branches of mechanics, however closely allied, he will be comparatively helpless, to adapt himself to all the circumstances that may arise, to make arrangements for them, and give sound advice, or write clear statements and letters, on his work in the various related branches of mechanics.

"The better educated workmen, we find, are distinguished by superior moral habits in every respect. They are entirely sober, discreet in their enjoyments, which are rational and refined; they have a taste for better society, which they approach respectfully, and find ready admittance to it. They cultivate music,—they read,—enjoy the pleasures of scenery,—make excursions to the country, are economical of their own purse, and the stock of their employer, are honest and trustworthy. Whilst in the work to which they have been specially trained, the English workmen are the most skilful, they are in conduct the most disorderly, debauched, and unruly, and least respectable, and trustworthy, of any nation whatsoever: and in saying this I express the experience of every manufacturer on the continent to whom I have spoken, and especially of the English manufacturers, who make the loudest complaints. These characteristics do not attach to the English workmen who have received an education; but to the others in the degree in which they are in want of it. When the uneducated Englishmen are released from the bonds of iron discipline in which they have been restrained by their masters in England, and are treated with urbanity and friendly feeling, which the more educated workmen on the continent expect and receive from their employers, they completely lose their balance; they do not understand their position, and after a certain time become totally unmanagable *and useless.* The educated English workmen in a short time comprehend *their position,* and adopt an appropriate behaviour."

That this can be said, and truly averred, of the masses of our people, *is a flagrant disgrace* to the whole of us. That England should be far

behind the nations of Continental Europe and America in intelligence and education, cries shame on our statesmen, our legislators, but most especially on our clergy and dissenting pastors. We treat our people, in the strictest sense, as slaves,—as mere tools, machines, ministers to our avarice, and commercial cupidity; using up their strength and skill in the production of our wealth, and taking no more care of them than our horse or dog, which, provided they can trot, and draw a waggon, and point partridges, we concern ourselves no more about. Ignorance cannot instruct itself, has no desire to be instructed,—knows not the advantage of not being ignorant. If we cared, as we should pride ourselves in caring, that our nation should be the really greatest, because the wisest and most intelligent in the world, (the true glory of a distinguished commonwealth,) we would sacrifice every other consideration to that of taking care that every British subject was thoroughly educated in the elements of useful knowledge, and wise learning. What kingdom in the world was ever so much indebted to its workers as our middle and higher classes are to our labourers for making us what we are? Yet what is their reward, but to be robbed by their very christian pastors of the property which was left for their material relief and intellectual instruction, while ministers stand idly by, afraid, on behalf even of such a cause, to defy the storm of benighted clerical bigotry, and ecclesiastical selfishness.

Our Italian Opera is the most perfect combination of means to the end of pleasure, that could have been devised. No exception can be taken to the system of our school of design. Our students of painting and sculpture, and music, with the Hullah-baloo of the Mainzer system,—our colleges for medicine and law, and divinity,—and everything that is devised to minister to pleasure, to luxury, to professional money getting, we take very good care not to neglect. There is no religious controversy about these things. But sooner than quit hold of church ascendancy, our clergy would suffer our people to remain as ignorant as chaos,—and sooner than suffer the church to assert a supremacy, dissenting ministers would keep them as dark as Erebus,—and sooner than part with political power, our statesmen would permit us to relapse into the condition of the Heptarchy, and the barbarism of Hengist and Horsa.

It is clear that *laissez faire*, a sound maxim in economics, is totally inapplicable to mere social conditions. What is for our material profit we can perceive keenly enough. To our substantial permanent moral and mental, (which are ultimately our truest national) interests, we are entirely insensible. The freest nations in the world have found themselves unable to consult the welfare of the community, without paternal help and supervision. The Americans *insist* by law upon all the children of the republic being sent to school. Athens was a mere town of teachers, of philosophers. Sparta took possession of her youth as the property of the nation, of whom her future men were to be made. France, and Prussia, and Saxony, possess a complete educational network of the soundest kind. A wise government would no more suffer their people to grow up in ignorance, than they would tolerate the propagation of mad dogs, or the increase of wolves and tigers. What is an *ignorant man but a wild* beast? We have Right Reverend Fathers in

God,—we have shepherds of our human flocks, pastors and masters. What might they not do if they would but try! Have they not, like honest Dogberry, "every thing handsome about them?" Rich livings, pleasant parsonages, fertile glebes, fruitful gardens, the best society, boundless social influence, great local power. Planted in convenient territorial divisions over the kingdom, efficiently organized, with a staff of parochial officers, and respected by the whole respectability of the parish, how incalculable might be their usefulness, how glorious their mission! Has not the state a right to demand at their hands peaceable subjects, and an elevated standard of national morality? What is their use, value, or purpose, as elements of good government, if they can do nothing to make mankind wiser, more intelligent, and better? Yet who can deny that although, as a body, learned, amiable, pious, and moral, they have totally failed to impart these qualities to the masses. It is not by reading the John Bull and taking their evening rubber with the parish dowagers, nor electioneering for the "constitutional candidate," nor making speeches in praise of dear bread, nor by sentencing poachers, nor wrangling in the spiritual courts, that souls are to be saved, and the moral spirit of a nation formed and elevated. The clergy are among the people, but not of them. They do not feed the flock, and lead them by the quiet waters of virtue and of peace, but look out for some frondent snuggery, or weather-fended dormitory, well sheltered from the breezes of the world, and suffer the blatant sheep to stray where their appetites carry them, without so much as an outlook for the wolves, or a caution against the snowdrifts. Their very office is called a living;—they style themselves but incumbents,—burdens upon the land, leaners upon the doorposts of fleshly comfort and carnal ease.

Oh! more in sorrow than in anger would we entreat them to think on what they are, and estimate what they might become. Who seeks to disturb them in their retreat, if they would but awake to the great significancy of their duties. Before them lies a nation ready to do them reverence, seeking but an earnest of worthy endeavour, to respect their function and second their efforts. Look at the ragged human mischiefs of our streets; the squalid atheism of our highways, the idle, abandoned, because forsaken, outcasts, that burrow in our city lanes, or crouch in our rural hedge-rows. The fields are already white unto harvest, "The harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few." Thou shovel hat!

> "Go forth—like some strong harvest man
> That's task'd to mow or all, or lose his hire!"

Thou pursy rector, or comfortable dean—what hinders, but that you too might be a blessing in your day and generation? Will grinding prayers in the rotatory calabash of your parish mill, bring forth meal that will nourish the soul of world-forsaken poverty? Listen to

> "The cough that stops the parson's saw,"

echoing through an empty conventicle, or, at the best, bepewed with *well dressed, miserable* sinners, or self-righteous piety, "that needs no *repentance.*" There is fever in yonder lane; there you are more wanted

but less found. A soul awaits your shriving for its last long journey, and there is a helpless widow and tattered brats, that may be made human by words of kindness, and snatched from the burning by the bold hand of Christian philanthropy. Go there—it will serve society better than a thousand homilies. See—that troop of infant thievery, that has neither father, nor mother, nor owner in this wide world—does your pastorhood take no count of strayed lambs, stricken though they may be, with scab or rot? As you take your summer's evening ride, you will meet a dozen sons of Swing balancing between hare snaring and rick burning. Nay, put off your visit to the hall—go up to them—tell them you are the vicegerent of the Comforter, and would leave His peace with them, that passes all understanding. Ask them what you can do, to make them wiser and better. Dive into their dens—perhaps they have wives and daughters—bear the message with you that God commissioned you to discharge—touch their hearts—speak to those feelings which are not wholly dead in the worst of us—through them the rugged souls of fortune-buffetted fathers and husbands, may be reached, desperate men may at last be converted into good subjects,

"And those that came to scoff remain to pray."

It is not the well-to-do gig respectabilities of the world that require your help—you come to bring, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Silk and broadcloth cover guardians of their own souls. He that is whole needeth not a physician. Your Master told you long ago to go out into the highways, and bring the halt, the maimed, the blind, in to the marriage feast. Let these be cared for, and the rest will look after themselves.

We enter your village and city churches—we look around—soft slippered beadles in livery (faugh!) and smug clothes-horses of genteel finery, meet our eye in every pew. But where are the people that have most need of you? Brawling off in the neighbouring alley their Saturday night's debauch, or sleeping out in their tattered smock frocks, by the lanes, and hedges, all the beer they could come by. If you never entered a pulpit, or read from a desk, and devoted yourselves wholly to seeking these unhappy wretches where alone they can be found, in their cellars, their mud-hovels, their ale house, or gin palace, you would do more for man, for society, for the state, for religion, than all the homilies you ever preached, and all the prayers you ever paternostered.

Government must help you—society must second you. We have all been too remiss in this vital matter. We say *laissez faire* will not do. Ignorance cannot be let alone—vice must not—the wretched and world-forsaken ought not. The state is nothing but the aggregate of its subjects—and such subjects—what will they bring a state to? We must find work for them. Idleness is the mother of the vices. Rivers have to be deepened, railroads made, harbours to be repaired, arterial drains to be projected—sewage, which would save the fertilizing streams we extravagantly waste upon the Thames, the Forth, the Clyde, the Shannon, or on cholera and typhus, and irrigate our fields with them, has to be perfected and diverted into profitable channels. We must all repent of *our neglect of humanity*, or look to find it turn again and rend us.

Is the gospel, according to Maeculloch, to stand in the way? Are we preaching heterodox, political economy? Why, then, there is a moral economy that must be minded before all other economies.

Why not look upon your parish as your kingdom—could not you do something towards a school—the church is not too good a place for such a purpose—at least there is the vestry. Might not you muster a reading room for the children of a larger growth. If you can preach, you can lecture—agricultural chemistry, practical botany, history, geography, the elements of astronomy, familiar physiology, natural history, and a thousand other subjects are easy to you, and might be made interesting to them. In the course of your reading, the analysis of some useful or instructive book would enchain the attention of the villagers. Biographies, Two years before the Mast, Travels, White's Selborne, Isaac Walton, Evelyn's Sylva—there are no end of admirable works. There are still village Hampdens, and mute Miltons among us. The labours of faithful and zealous ministers—what genius may they not give wings to—what light to dormant science! Watt began with the tea-kettle—Stephenson with an old pump—the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties is the most interesting, the most delightful, the most painful chapter in human history. There should be no such difficulties. A million a year spent upon the mere chance of stumbling upon a Fulton or a Davy, and helping them through their early struggles to reach the light towards which their genius struggled, would be cheaply exchanged for the riches their intellect has poured upon our nation.

There ought to be open to every British subject the gratuitous means of acquiring elementary knowledge—of pushing education further, where desire combines with capacity. We lose half the mind and talent of the nation by crushing it under compelled ignorance. Thought might, nay, certainly would, be developed, whose merely material results would return to us a thousand fold the cost, in national productiveness.

Our rulers should not "grossly gape on," and tolerate this general apathy to the wants of the time, and the needs of our population. Their first duty is to develope the national mind and heart. It is the very last thing that they have thought of. Our Oxford, and Cambridge, and Westminster, and Eton, and Trinity College, and Edinburgh College, and Glasgow, and St. Andrews, and Aberdeen, our London, and King's Colleges, the property of the nation, we squander hundreds of thousands upon, for the education of our aristocracy, gentry, and middle classes. All our chartered schools are accessible only to the comparatively well to do. We teach the rich the very highest knowledge, and leave the masses without even the very elements. Indeed, we do in this as we do in the treatment of our men of genius, we keep them down as long as possible, and only strenuously encumber them with help, when they have proved that they will get on without it. In fact, for a poor man, England is the very worst country in the world; and we know not that we can make a more humiliating confession than is implied in this indisputable charge. Our masses leave our shores with contempt and hatred in their hearts, for institutions which have done so little for them. Scarcely a letter from our colonies fails to betray this feeling. The fiercest of the war party in America are our own subjects, who have

renounced their allegiance to a country to which they acknowledge no obligations.

We trust a better spirit begins to animate us. We now see that we cannot do without each other's help. Classes begin to mingle more with each other. "The rich and poor are met together." Sanitary Commissions are a step—Baths and Wash-houses another. Public walks are a third. Short time and early closing movements, enquiries into the condition of factories, of mines, of the agricultural population, of our needlewomen and governesses, these all show progress in the right direction. Children are snatched from the streets, and civilized in our ragged schools—teachers are attached to our unions—and criminals are placed under moral discipline and mental training—the very thieves at large are conferred with; a pledge is taken from factory masters for the instruction of their apprentices. These symptoms are encouraging, but they go no further *than* symptoms. The clergy, the state—the middle and higher classes, must harmoniously co-operate in conciliating and alleviating the harder lot of our poorer brethren. We possess abundant materials of popular development, if we will but industriously improve and frugally apply them; and it is essential, not merely to national progress, but to the prevention of national retrogression, that all classes should seek, before all things, to promote the virtue, intelligence, and material comfort of the great body of the labouring people, to whose industry, skill, and indefatigable perseverance, we owe the production of all the wealth, which, as yet, it is left for only others to enjoy

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AGE OF SHAMS.

Will the poor ever grow better, until their betters show the way? We preach morality to labour, when we should *act* it—the most impressive of sermons! The tone of all must be determined by that of the best—when "bad 's the best," what can come of only the second best? This is not a manful, down-right, intrepid, sincere age; society is struck at a mediocre average—few above or below a standard—there is little hero worship—few heroes to reverence. Men are little in earnest. We have sentimentality, but scarcely sentiment—principles rather than principle. We are universally sceptical of virtue—not we fear without cause. It is an era of doubt, of hesitancy as to the source of, apparently, the most disinterested actions. We have no faith in man—only faith in every man having his price. The world laughs in the face of all pretentions to virtue—it does not believe in it—the very assumption of its existence is scouted in genteel circles—it is even vulgar, ridiculous, to make any pretensions to it. We are in a critical, analytic, doubting predicament—our belief is, that there is nothing to be believed. "We never mention hell to ears polite." We are desperately afraid of being taken in—we

suspect all things to be an intake. We see that humbug is omnipotent —we have faith in humbug—the "devil-may-care" world sails with the stream of sham—rides on the wave of cheats and counterfeits—believes in them—in the power of nothing else—or at least in the ability of the false to out-face and put down the true.

All trade is managed on the humbug principle—on the substitution of the seeming for the being. "Devil's dust," counterfeit goods marks-starch, and paste, and vitriolic acid, in the place of substance and colour —advertisements of our own praises, in place of letting our works praise us—the puffing of bad articles, in place of the making of good ones—manufacturing our razors to sell and not to shave—to be any thing rather than to deserve to be it—is not this too literally "the form and pressure of the time?"

Here was a good speech, well delivered, telling—in vain we look for it in the morning papers—the unsophisticated speaker has not remembered that gallery reporters have palms—there was another bad one stuttered through to empty benches—it is given at length, and *reads* well—cooked by the orator and his friends, and doctored by "the gentlemen of the press"—by a *knowing* orator, one who has been for some-time about town, and has discovered by a few psychical experiments, the universal elixir, and how to apply it. Even Macaulay could not get his splendid addresses reported by the *Chronicle*, because he had a quarrel with the proprietor; and Cobden must share the fate of all public men who keep aloof from party, by finding his fresh vigour and his simple sagacity huddled into a few lines, to make greater room for the prolix dullness of a Bankes, or the childish drawl of a Granby.

A man may be paragraphed into anything. The most superhuman stultitude may be reviewed into a tenth edition of ditch-water trash. Advertise, get introductions to press proprietors, dine your way through the literary circles, champagne-able editors, get "friends at court," and there is no pinchbeck that may not, by skilful alembic, be fused into gold. Heads and tails touched up and cooked to the liveliest habitude of some miserable abortion, will pass off the counterfeit into genuine circulation, by the dextrous light-fingering of the smashers of our literature. Nay, gold itself may be turned into lead, by the same process of mineralogy. Is an author also a Whig—the Tory press presses him with a vengeance. Is a poet likewise a dissenter, sound organs of "order and of the Church" will turn you his sublime into the ridiculous in the nibbing of a pen. Publishers of books become proprietors of reviews, and criticise their stock from their shelves into the libraries of their dupes, with all the caustic acumen of triumphant Nasiduction. The very decencies of ostensible independence and presumptive impartiality, are denied to the obsequious conductors of periodical humbug. The very works they are to praise are not thrown away upon them. Printed extracts are transmitted by the midwife of the manuscript, to the provincial dry nurse, with an order for an advertisement; and the "notice of the work," means simply a few laudatory lines at the beginning and the end of the passages which are quoted for insertion. Singers, dancers, actors, sculptors, painters, managers and playrights—it is all the same. There are penmen in London who will do anything to order. It is neither necessary

to sing, dance, act, paint, manage. nor dramatise well, provided only you can have the wit to advertise well. The Hamlet of some knowing star has been lauded in its minutest readings, which by some accident of indisposition, not timely told to the convenient critic, was never performed—and Boanerges speeches have been reported in five columns, which had never been uttered at all. We have seen the season play of an imperious manager, vamped up into a momentary run, which was scarcely heard to cry, ere it collapsed into nihility. Criticism has become an art, rather than a science—a system of dying, and scouring and renovating, of roughcasting enemies, and painting, graining, and varnishing friends, which can make plaster look like marble, and put a new nap on old worn out thought, and white seamed or thread bare style—and give flowing locks and raven curls to bald or grey haired platitude.

Art no longer seeks to charm, or literature to instruct, or science to add philosophy to the world; but distinctly, and almost exclusively, to pay. Fame is well—but hard cash is divine. In place of lordly patrons men of letters now trust to the patronage of the public; and the buttering of the individual golden calf, is transferred to the bamboozling of the people. A *furore* even is "got up." Claqueurs are organized, bouquets are distributed to hired admirers, to be showered upon the purchaser of both. Poets even, or their publishers, have their peripatetic orators to deliver their lectures "on the character and genius of the writings of Homer Hardcastle," or "the spirit and significancy of the poetry of Virgil Verjuice, Esquire." Here starts up a bust, there looks down upon you a portrait, apparently, an unstudied tribute of art to genius; do not mistake—it is "all in the way of business." The print shops are deluged with "striking likenesses"—the "figure heads" of musical pieces are miniatures of some singer, or dancer, or actor, of rhymster, apparently without their intervention, but really through their arrangement. Jenny Lind tea-pots, and Taglioni polkas, may all be traced to opera house management. Even railway talkers may get a hint, and the Illustrated Times, or News, or Journal, made the obstetrix of fame, costive by all other means to the merits of some illustrious obscure. Celebrity, influence, reputation, are reduced to a matter of trade, as completely as hardware, or broadcloth—and even men whose genius does not require it, hasten or help their greatness through the bill sticker, the newsman, or the printshop. To "make one'self known," there is nothing to which those who challenge public opinion in any shape, will not stoop. The abused people believe that a man is great of whom they think everybody writes and paints, and draws and talks; and they are made to think that everybody does paint, and write, and talk, by the great man himself, or those to whom he sells his brains, or his talent, paragraphing, and lithographing, and sculpturing, and reviewing him into everybody's mouth. The common source of all this notoriety, is never traced up—and it is taken for granted that the skiiful concert of the machinery which "sets everybody talking about you," is the unstudied impulse of a thousand unconnected promoters of a well earned reputation.

Even medicine, and surgery, have their Gazettes, and Journals, and

Lancets. A report of some simple operation cries up a mere carcase butcher into a Larry or a Liston. A Harvey, a Hunter, a Lawrence, an Elliotson, have their reputation paragraphed away by mere gallipot and jalap mongers. An ass luckily called in, as the nearest licensed mangler to an accident, a suicide, an assault, or a drowning, penny-a-lines himself into practice by a fee to the newspaper eaves-dropper, much more rapidly than by the most successful treatment. Barristers, by likemeans, report themselves into briefs, attornies into causes, by careful cockering of police note takers. Even divines elbow their way to livings by letters to the editor, and paragraphs, containing the text of their charity sermon. All try to get on by being *called* able, rather than by *being* able, from the hatter, who runs a tin beaver on wheels, or the whitesmith who sports a peristrephic warehouse of dusts pans and fire shovels on a commercial curricle, to Warren with his Blacking Bard, and Moses, with his Laureate of Waistcoats and Paletots. Even duchesses and statesmens' wives advertise their *dejeuners* and *soirees*, their at Homes and Receptions, as industriously as if high life and Almacks were a livelihood or a calling. Nor are senators themselves above keeping their existence "before the public," by dusting the daily press over with announcements of their "Fashionable Movements," their returns to Mivarts, their country house theatricals, their flights from Rome to Naples, their progresses and public dinners.

"What shadows we are—what shadows we pursue!" There is nothing real or genuine about us—all is plated, or brummagem. Speech made to conceal thought—an ambassador, a man sent abroad by his sovereign, to lie for the good of his country—the monarch knows not how to rule, who knows not how to dissemble—these are the world's aphorisms. Even honesty is made but a mere refined sham. It is the consummatest of rogues who philosophizes the most bluntly on truth—

> "Certes men should be what they seem,
> Or those that be not, would they might seem none."

Humanity runs through the whole gamut of hypocrisy—and is never more hypocritical than when it foams at the mouth, in a simulated pharisee-phobia.—

> "This is some fellow
> Who, having been prais'd for honesty, doth affect
> A saucy roughness. He cannot flatter. He!
> An honest mind and plain. An' you will have it—so,
> If not—he's plain."

The advance of the democratic principle enormously increases the evil. The power of public opinion only becomes greater, to make the faculty of individual action less. When tyrants and the great could defy mankind, they had no need to dissemble. An intrepid statesman could reckon upon his rotten borough majorities, and dare to do what his mind told him was the best. It is forgotten that a higher standard of public morality is demanded by a greater enlargement of popular influence. In proportion as the tribunal in which power is deposited, is ignorant, or prejudiced, the greater is the temptation to appeal to prejudice, and to flatter and

l ignorance. Public men require to be more honest, in the ratio facility of thriving by dupes
ament and politics are but huge receptacles for lies. A stump s but an organized hypocrisy. A party leader is but a refined and ıbtle animated mendacity. To "get up a good cry," to crucify slashing article of misinterpreted sentiments, and misquoted quo- garbled tadpole statistics, and doctored taper facts, to excite the ces of electors against an opponent, by imputing to him, as an in- y, principles which we ourselves profess, to rake up personalities, nt up scandal into the momentary resemblance of truth, these y a few of the forms in which the axiom is illustrated, that "all's ın election."
reduction of the duty on newspapers, the penny postage, the bill, the fashion of "agitating" all public questions, are results ıave changed the whole elements of political power. Practically, ple are now omnipotent. To public opinion every other species ical dynamics are as nothing. Speeches, articles, addresses, ıow do every thing and anything. Our institutions exist but on ferance of popular thought. A widely circulated journal is a gine. The gift of speech involves the rod of empire, and the kingdoms. Men, now, in this country live in public and think It is a perilous and solemn crisis. If eloquence is divorced ncerity—if the faculty to write is not married to the love of ıow dearly must we answer it? If men would be but prophets than orators, writing and speaking but the simple truth that is in ıttering responses as if they were the mouth piece of the conscience, sing through the lips the real pulses of the heart, what might England be! But God gives genius,—the devil, too often the it. The speaker utters, not what is in himself, but what he is in the mind of the hearer. To flatter, to act, to pander to e, to suppress wholesome censure, to vilify the absent, rather call the present to seek knowledge, and to duty, to affect belief ɔrevalence of exalted sentiment which nobody feels, and of im- e virtue which none practise, to be oratorical rather than earn- l eloquent in words rather than fervid in candour, these, the democracy and of liberty, are the dangers of our time, and the ɔur social system.
hat House of Commons! Enter it a Nathaniel, and, straight- u shall become a Machiavel. Read our leading articles, hear eros, and you would think we had fallen upon a golden age ty, and immaculate virtue. But listen to the private talk, or r the unpublished letter, and you will find yourself in a Babel els, Judases, and Pilates. Public life is but a huge cheat— nen but cozening and cogging politicians. Not a senator among l, will trust to truth, except as a better or more novel dodge. ıatriot of the whole gangway, or cross benches, who will throw with generous abandonment upon the unstudied impulses, and sticated instincts of our common human nature. Simplicity as become a stale trick, that is found out—when a man really ıd glowing with genuine passion, and impressive sincerity, rises

to the height of some great argument, the meanest intellects, the shallowest party whipsters, will greet the noblest bursts with ironical cheers, and the solemnity of sincerity with a gibber and a laugh.

Hypocrisy, it is said, is the homage which vice pays to virtue. Did it ever make vice less, or virtue greater? We cannot take stock of our condition, if we never look into our ledger, or if we only make false entries there. Hypocrisy is a sham, and a sham is an acted lie—therefore let us have anything rather than hypocrisy. The latest gigantic humbug was Bourbon France—and what did it all end in? Virtue is in the heart. Let us brush our teeth, and rinse our lips ever so, it will not make thought clean, or prevent nice folks from having nasty ideas. *Parc aux cerfs* and Bastille Louis, was a "marvellous *proper* man"—not a more decent ginger-bread king ever passed off respectable speciosities for sound morality. But all would not do. Government is not May Fair. Men, tired of accepting written rags and shin plaster, talk as a legal tender. There was a run upon the bank to discount its promises into the hard cash of real action—and truth, and the guillotine put a finish to the whole gallimaufry. To "fence" with questions, "never to commit yourself,"—to argue every subject upon special grounds, to the careful avoidance of principles,—to "manage" a house, and cook an opposition, or whip in a majority,—to play off parties against each other, in place of playing one's own part,—to drop casual expressions here, and sow the seeds of future explanation there, "unconsidered trifles" at the time, that they may or may not be appealed to afterwards, as the needs of mere mouth consistency, may require,—to be a stickler for "right times," and "forms of the house," and "particular shapes in which questions are brought forward,"—to criticise forms as an escape from the grasp of substance—is such leger-demain worthy of the ruler of a great kingdom, or will it be long endured by an enquiring, and earnest people? Why cannot a minister be a man—candid, downright, simple, speaking what he thinks, and doing what he speaks? Why, for ever are we to have back stairs, and negotiations, and ear-wiggings of this stupid obstinancy, and closetings with that influential nincompoop, behind the scenes, and then a new face, and other properties, and disguised costumes whenever the curtain is to be drawn up that the public may see the play? Why may not a right minded statesman throw himself with unhesitating trust on truth and human nature, with nothing to conceal and nothing to act? Here is a debate on some case of bribery—there a report on treating—again, an elaborate speech on the introduction of a bill for the better suppression of corrupt practices. There is not a man in the House who has not bribed, or treated, or connived at some corrupt practice. The Cabinet have been bribing half the members of the house with baronetcies in hand, peerages in prospect, blue ribbands expectant, lord lieutenantcies in reversion, steps in the army or navy, posts in the civil service. The members have been seated by bribery as notorious to their constituents as to their own consciences, and have gone to the emporium of loaves and fishes to be bribed in turn. Yet, to hear them talk! Listen to their holy horror—mark their anxiety about the *clauses—observe* how eager they are to disfranchise the borough, and

unseat the culprit, whose real offence has been, not in committing the delict, but in doing it so clumsily as to be found out. See how demurely they profess their own purity, and how impressively they lament the progress of corruption. Why, every man there knows that he has done the very thing he condemns—nay, he knows that every body else knows it—from the reporters who deliver him of his words, to the public who next morning read them—

> "Seest thou that justice rail at yon simple thief?
> Change places—and which the justice and which the thief?"

The whole nation lends itself to the farce, and laughs in the sleeve of its own undoing.—

> "I know our country disposition well.
> Our best conscience
> Is not to leave undone, but keep unknown."

—Nor is any better remedy proposed for the offence than to apply the favourite English specific of hard swearing, that, like Custom House oaths, or Chancery affidavits, are traps for the consciences of the only jurors they should spare—honest and fair men, the convenience of the unscrupulous, and

> "The soft easy cushions on which rogues
> Repose and fatten."

Is Diogenes to be for ever scouring his lamp, and never setting out upon his search? Cannot we get one plain two-legged sincerity for a statesman. Your "crack speeches," what are the best of them but an inspired Carnival Polichinello behind his masque, with a rhetorical beginning, middle, and end, following which the honourable gentleman sits down "amid tremendous cheering, which lasted several minutes." Does the time require nothing better than a higher kind of balderdash, and a "magnificent peroration." Perhaps the hour demands it, but not the man. Perhaps the public could not bear it. Perhaps a hollow age, and a mere bladder-blown people can produce only leaders and orators to match. After all it cannot be that, when an audience is in earnest, it will long tolerate an insincere mouth-piece. For it is not your senators alone that hammer on brass pans to make the bees settle. Newspaper leaders, like oral leaders, are Jabesh Windbags, writing not what is believed, but what will sell—assuming a virtue which they have not—which they know that we know, that neither they nor we possess. "I fear," said a Radical writer of Tory politics, "that we shall go on supporting Conservatism until, at last, we shall believe in it." Oh! thou omnipotent spirit of Fudge! shall we never have done with make-believes, that cease to be believed. Is it really expected that, in God's world of Facts and Truth, mere muffs and humbugs shall long reign over and manage humanity? While men can afford to live in masquerade—and existence, easy and prosperous, can be prolonged in a Midsummer Night's Dream, shams may indeed pass for what they profess to be, and become the convenient tools whereby society is held together. But when the earth becomes a battle-field of the fierce struggle

of multitudinous population for work and food—when men mu
the truth and live by it—when at last the hatches must be raised
be forced up, and the hell of vice, and crime, and ignorance, anc
below, will no longer keep to the hold, but howl for air on dec
"Friend, look you to't." The fixed and firmest earth of reali
then be looked fairly in the face—the settlement with Providenc
longer be postponed—if we are bankrupt in right and truth, wl
will be the reckoning?

See our insolvents. Fifty millions a-year of broken promises.
at our greatest merchants, living on for years and years in lux
splendour, consciously unequal to 5s. in the pound. Observe t
select and eminent capitalists, chosen by their fellow citizens f
business habits, substance, social respectability, and mercantile su
to manage our savings for us in our railways—trusted by th
confided in by the rich, to what end? They have "feathered th
nests"—they have "cooked" the accounts—they have fabrica
aginary dividends—they have the plundered future to peculate in
of the present—they have deceived, broken faith, robbed eve
promised, pledged, Prosperity-Robinsoned the public, and b
thousands by lies and fraud. Our character for good faith is at
Let us hear no more of Pennsylvania bonds, or Mississippi di
Commercial integrity is a term which will no longer apply to
merchants. The blandishments of luxury and distinction, have l
strong for our common honesty. We have preferred to live fi
other men's means, rather than frugally on our own. The r
pomp and circumstance has overcome the outworks of the pub
science, and "we are all shamed," We have, it is true, got a f
name for it. The "wise convey it call." Unfortunate spec
arithmetical miscalculation, and other such "holiday and lady
suit the soft spoken colloquy of the age, better than embezzlement
and downright theft. But not until plainer names are given to h
ugly facts, shall we be roused to the sense of the danger whic
shadows the virtue and principle of this people.

Small or great—it is all the same. We will live any how, rath
by the old fashioned way of working for our living. The smalles
would rather run with his money to the Stock Exchange, than
wholesale dealer. Rattle the dice-box, double the stakes, gamb
at railway brag, or share blind hookey. Nothing more is produc
new wealth is created—some has been dissipated—one could c
money, therefore, by his neighbour losing it—so first come, first
and devil take the hindmost. Why, the South Sea bubble, or Mis
scheme, was nothing to it. The Dutch Joint Stock Tulip raffle
disgraceful to the public understanding.

What is parsondom about? Where are our moral instr
Dreaming of dogmas, hammering out Athanasian creed myster
labouring infidelity, and bull-ragging the devil; while all this ti
very foundations of religion are sapped by the dry rot of the com
and men compound for roguery, by hugging themselves upo
orthodox.

But we beg pardon of "our venerable establishment." Better b

the world, than out of the fashion. The church is in the world—of it—the most fashionable of all, because the most worldly,—for is it not one of our political institutions? Even in the very presence of God it cannot forget that there are fleshly eyes to be filled with "inexplicable dumb shows," and human ears that must be split with such noise as groundlings covet. At exactly half-past ten, "by Shrewsbury clock," with "shining morning face," the tractarian priest, to slow music, must move to the desk, and whether the scripture moveth the dearly beloved brethren or not, the lips must scamper through the work of orisons to the Deity; now the litany here, then the liturgy there, then the lessons for the day,—running up and down the rotatory calabash of stereotyped adoration, like mice in the wainscot. Bands and surplice, and face to the east;—here a little read at the desk—there a little given out at the altar,—then the soft music again,—a retirement to the vestry,—an unrobing, and a cassock re-robing,—a getting up to the pulpit, next,—with new scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations, perhaps, even lighted candles at the altar—and all this going up and going down, and backward and forward, and in and out, and costuming and re-costuming, and skipping from prayer number one to creed number twenty, and from canticle A to lesson Z, whether the mind be in the mood, or the spirit be moved in that direction or not, for the service of Him who is worshipped, neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem, but in spirit and in truth, and for the simple instruction of the piety of the humble heart. See where professional praisers of God march in red coats and cocked hats—behold the shovel hat—mark the silken apron—observe the lawn sleeves and the Oxford cap—the horse hair wig—the red stripe and the black sash—and the consecrated ground, and the fees and squabbles about christening, and marrying, and burying—and the stout fight for cholera, and intramural interments—and the condescending bishop who deigns to preach—and the dignified archbishop who never says grace under royalty, or to a dinner of a prince, at least. Need we stop? Who has not "stopped the nose," at the *nolo episcopari*—at that grossest of imposi-tions, the imposition of hands—at Christmas offerings levied by troops of dragoons, and widows' cows sold for first fruits—at the orthodox advice to trust in God, and keep your powder dry—at the sign of the cross and the bending of knees at names—at god-fathers, and god-mothers—at fasts in Lent and consubstantiation? Yes, the true substance of religion is made to move through a misty cloud of semblance among us like every thing else, We have our augurs, who consecrate the colours of marching regiments in place of opening the Temple of Janus, or sing *Te Deum* at St. Paul's for the Waterloo massacre, rather than watch the flights of birds from the capitol, after Cannæ or Philippi. We have got fine names for it all, indeed. We are told how necessary it is to "impress the vulgar"—which, in more honeyed terms, means to materialise religion—not to lead men through the senses to the spirit- but to substitute the senses for the spirit—to frighten mothers into christening fees, by imposing on them the fable that their infants will be damned if they die unbaptized—to bully relatives out of burial service money by attaching some mysterious respectability to what is called christian sepulture—to fleece bridegrooms out of their cash by raising the suspicion in brides, that marriages cannot be lucky made out of church—

"The long drawn aisle and fretted vault
Where pealing anthems swell the note of praise,"

address themselves to our artistic faculty, refine our sentiment, and elevate our taste. "Where virtue is, these are more virtuous." With great paintings, and sublime music, and oriel windows, with their "dim religious light," we should be the last to quarrel, even although all this painting, and glazing, and singing, were the work of the most drunken and dissipated fat eared gluttons in the parish. But where all these and other sacerdotal *et ceteras* are "got up," to ensense and deceive people into *feeling* religious, managerial strategy of devotion, scene-shifter mechanism of piety, water-coloured with the specious phrase of "the decencies of public worship," they may, indeed, be in chaster taste, or, to use the only cant term that befits them, "in better keeping" than the unknown tongue, or anxious bench, or revival, or camp meeting, or ranter or jumper "dodge," but they are all "tar off the same stick," all a substitution of the fancy for the soul, the "form of godliness without the power thereof." They are a profounder and more subtle sham—a sham *by* ourselves *upon* ourselves—but at bottom, all these exhibitions—these May meeting field days of religious dissipation—these "experiences"—these missionary "crack speakers"—these lay figures of reformed drunkenness, are tainted with the prevailing spirit of sanctifying means by ends, and by the sacrifice of simplicity and sincerity to the creation of sensuous effect. Why cannot philanthrophy be simple and natural? Why should truth and virtue be rhetorical? Why cannot humanity be humane without having its money danced out of its pocket by a charity ball? Is there no way of feeling for the Poles, except in a masquerade—or of sending a bishop to the Cannibal Islands, but through countesses serving stalls at a Fancy Fair, where horse-racing noblemen propagate the gospel by gloves at five guineas a pair, and duchesses convert the heathen by flirting off silk purses to right honourable flirtees?

What comes of it all, but to destroy the proportions of moral denomination? You may break faith, but not the Sabbath—you may deceive, but you must not swear—you may cheat and swindle, but you must go to church—you may bribe and calumniate, betray and bamboozle, but you must vote against Sunday Trading, and "stick to sound believing," and be a fast friend of "order, and of the church." It is perfectly orthodox to fib, but "it hurt's one's conscience to be found out."

This is the danger, the fault, the vice of our time. We all live in public—we act as if the eyes of the whole world were upon us—we speak the language of society, rather than our own. Agitating, speechifying, articleing, reporting, paragraphing everything and everybody, sucks nature entirely out of us, destroys the individuality, the sincerity of character. Iterated cant, formal platitude, a rank and file manner of life and action pervades all society. Able editors "would not stain their pages" with what is in everybody's mouth and their own. Infidels and atheists are uniformly orthodox in print. Everybody professes what nobody believes—takes for granted, as a matter of course, what is *universally denied*, and what nobody gets credit for crediting. It does not *content men to hold* their tongues if they cannot speak without offence.

This foreign minister or colonial secretary gets to his legs to say backwards the very Dispatch which is in his pocket. That periwig pated fellow, in an infinite deal of nothing, "bespeaks the indulgence of the house" to a tedious triticality which, in his secret heart, he feels to be far too good for them. The sternest Cato of the Senate, is privately boring the Admiralty or the Horse Guards out of even ministerial equanimity on behalf of his son the major, or his son-in-law the post-captain. Lucius Junius Brutusses by the score, are only incorruptible, because "there is no opening at present." Aristides only resists a railway "on public grounds," until he has settled his compensation with the directors. Impracticable patriots are troublesome, solely to the point of getting something for their trouble. "Your worship was the last man in our mouths," was the outward salutation of the usurer who was devising how he should come by the "pound of flesh nearest the heart." The secret ejaculation "confound the fellow, he is an eternal bore," is followed by the eager seizure by the hand, and the cordial assurance to Sir Harry of, "I have been longing to see you." All is a make believe, and "nothing is, but what is not." This over-civilization, this newspaper publicity, this bull's eye to every man's private life, this "appeal to public opinion," this rushing into print, is making slaves and dissemblers of us all. Why cannot men think earnestly, rather than fanatically, and speak candidly rather than decorously, and act simply rather than grandly? We complain of American tyranny of opinion, and of the absence there of high minded public men—but like causes, are producing like effects among ourselves, aggravated by the artificialities of an older and European refinement, and conventionality.

We would bring back society to the spirit of nature and of truth. We would remind it, that speech was not given to conceal, but to disclose thought, and that the art of printing is only a blessing, as it spreads abroad genuine convictions, not plausible rhetoric or mere fine writing. Milton pleaded for the liberty of unlicensed printing—we print unlicensed—see that we print not licentiously, and speak insincerely. The tongue and the pen are mighty instruments—but in the ratio of their power is our responsibility for the use of them. It is a bad sign of the time, either that there are no truth speakers, or that they are not followed. Men obtain power, not for the truths they utter, but for the smartness with which they utter what is not true. Leaders are not the best men, but the cleverest managers. Peel is no longer in office, just because he prefers truth to place. D'Israeli is at the head of the nobility of England, because he is the best spouter they can muster. Noel is out of the church, of whom the church is not worthy, and Wilberforce is Bishop of Oxford!

Here has been a time of national humiliation for the scourge of a wasting pestilence, which begins where other diseases end, in death. An archbishop commands the nation how it is to prostrate itself before God, by stereotyped forms—confessions of sin, and resolutions of amendment, wet from the Queen's printer—scheduled contrition—autumnal fashions of devotion with the blanks to be filled in. We wonder if the author has been really at the death bed of a single patient. How many of the clergy, in all his diocese, have read the service for the sick, at the bed side of

one solitary squalid wretch of all the poorer plague smitten. Hired lay home missionaries, contrary to the canons, are paid by the silly sheep, to do the most obvious duty of the regular parochial clergy. The beggar is of no parson's parish—especially, if he have typhus or cholera.

A whole cathedral establishment is exported, "regardless of expense," to New Zealand, for the comfort of the cannibals. Another is on the way, with bishop, archdeacon, rectors, curates, a college, a bishop's palace, an archdeacon's mansion, twenty churches, as many parsonage houses, at the modest cost of a cool million—for what can be so precious as religion—and what a better test of its worth, than the sum that is paid for it? If the church is to emigrate she should have "every thing handsome about her"—for like another official respectability "hath she not had losses?

See where the "staunch Whig" with his mental thumb at his soul's nose, thunders out the praises of "civil and religious liberty"—behold the party man offering to shed the last drop of his blood in defence of "our venerable institutions." Mark the gaping chawbacons cheering the extempore champion of the "Queen and the Constitution," who is impatient to be returned, that he may escape from the atmosphere of the dupes whom, at his club, he baptizes with the euphonious title of the dungocracy. The scoffer, the gambler, the three-bottle swearing fox-hunter—let him but maintain the integrity of "our venerable establishment," which he never enters, and the whole theology of the county will canvas for him by day and by night—asking not what he has done for religion, if only he have been a "good son of the church."

Busts, statues, "portraits of a gentleman" are among the most approved practices of puffery. Men hint that they may be besought to accept of suggested honors. The freedom of cities is a mark of distinction which has become common enough to leave those without it almost as singular as those on whom it has been conferred—and unsought and unexpected distinctions have been bought and paid for. Scarcely a head waiter to a tavern thinks himself below the right to an Address in a morocco box, from its regular frequenters—and the whole of society reciprocate the giving and receiving of testimonials. "Mine host" has always the best viands and the choicest wines for the charity dinner—the voyage to America can never conclude without a written eulogium on the captain. If a man has been a cobler in his parish for forty years, he has earned the gratitude of his country—and the grave digger receives the thanks of the living, for "the very superior manner" in which he buries the dead. The departed become lamented, not because they are a loss, but because they are no more—everybody is much and justly regretted, not because he is, but because he ought to be. Tombstones and obituaries are as thick as blackberries, to say something proper of the illustrious obscure. Not what is true, but what is becoming, is the rule of speech and action—respectable nothings become public characters, and the guttural sighs of worn out mutes are called feeling appeals, and "neat addresses." Nothing is bad enough, mean enough, insignificant enough, to escape paragraphs, or elude public meetings. Humbug is *e*verything—and everything is humbug.

For one redeeming glimpse through this dark leaden cloud pall let

us be thankful. Speech and pen are free. Not only may we utter what is in the soul, but we know that it will reach other souls. This Saxon people can yet bear to hear the truth spoken, even although it shames them. There is in them a regenerative repentance. The green branch sprouts out of the dead trunk. They are great of heart, and generous in their forbearance, even to those who dare to tell them of their faults. No truth ever dies that is once spoken to them. No words fall to the ground which are worth taking up. They are still men, grand in character and ideas. No prophet ever predicts in vain, in this, our England. The planter may be buffetted—the sapling slow of growth—but the fruit always comes at last.—

> "Let all the ends thou aims't at be thy country's,
> And truth's, and God's."—

and be assured, that however devious the path, or doubtful the apparent issue, he who has the courage to tell Englishmen of their duty, will live to see them do it. They are not "monkey-tigers"—theirs is not a mere flunkey spirit—their very faults are but grand failings—their crimes are but the errors of a majestic ambition. They are never nationally mean or paltry. Their unsound principles are yet vast thoughts—their false theories of action are stupendous in their scale, huge and magnificent in their execution. There is a sterling wisdom at the bottom, which they always at last stir up to guide them. They do not indeed arrest abuse until it threatens to overwhelm them. But all comes right at last—the most pressing wrong being the first that finds its remedy. Their virtuous endeavour, their homage to morality, their inherent love of justice, are most conspicuous when they are most wanted, and most severely tried. Their super-human energy of reform and reconstruction, their corrigible faculty, and recuperative elasticity, their unconquerable effort, set at defiance destruction, and despair. They have listened to the voice of the charmer—they will hearken to the words of truth and soberness, dictated by patriotism in the spirit of sincerity. We know that we speak as unto wise men, in the full confidence that they will patiently judge what we say, and emulate that wisdom which is full of good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

EPILOGUE.

LORDS AND COMMONS,

Kingdoms become old,—but humanity is ever young. Nations may renew their youth by changing their institutions, as generation succeeds generation. England is at her constitutional climateric,—but she may begin the world again, like the newest of her colonies, if she renovates the forms of her society. Her past greatness is as nothing to her future glory, if she can but cast the skin of her traditions, and emerge into the newer phasis of this younger day. The materials of her architecture are adamantine,—they need but reconstruction, to last for ages. Shall we leave her a venerable and majestic ruin,—or repair her flaws, and adapt her structure to the conventions of this later age? He who can do this, will be the founder of the new splendours of the grandest empire in the world. It needs but that our nobles should be as heroic in self sacrifice as their ancestors were in deeds; that we should lay on the altar of our country our proud privileges and cherished prejudices; that our statesmen should wisely guide, where rash men would resist, and bravely lead where they dare not confront; that they should aid society in the throes of her parturition, and counsel humanity in the agonies of its metempsychosis; to push us safely over the rapids, into the still waters of the lower stream of time. The crisis needs forbearance, co-operation, mutual trust from all. It demands that we should forget classes, and think only of England. There is heroism enough still among us, but we are surrounded with the platitudes of a prosaic time. There is spirit enough among us for any sacrifice,—but there is wanting the poetic drapery which would give it grace and inspire devotion. We can brave danger; we can calmly encounter in the battle field the most fearful odds. Our deeds are as daring as the greatest in the chronicles of courage,—our achievements as wonderful,—our victories more glorious.

But there is a moral courage more rare, because more self-sustained, to which the mightiest warriors have found themselves unequal. The

excitements of physical strife,—the inspiration of the splendours of military glory,—the intoxication of fame—the cheers of an army—the Gazette—the press—the applause of a rejoicing nation, support the vain, the proud, the ambitious, with spurious motives for their deeds. But moral intrepidity is sustained by no such aliment. It must love country and truth, and justice, for themselves, it must sacrifice itself for nothing but its cause. To fight for honours is easier than wisely to resign them —to die for fame, is less brave than to live for mankind—to deserve honour, demands greater heroism than to achieve it without desert. Epaminondas fought and died in the face of the enemy, surrounded by his army, with the eyes of his country upon him. But Paul was alone when the lions were uncaged at Rome, and wilder men at Ephesus. Codrus fell amidst his subjects,—but who was with Christ on Calvary?

Greater deeds may be done in the senate than in the field. You may be more heroic in the council chamber than your ancestors in their mail. Lay your hereditary splendour on the altar of your country; let not the paraphernals of nobility over-master the necessities of society. The British soil is the inheritance of the British people. We must have our ancient yeomen, and our sturdy freeholders back again. A territorial aristocracy has destroyed them; entails must die that freemen may live once more. The eldest son has usurped the natural birthright of all. That which is morally wrong cannot be politically right. A nobility there always will be,—a peerage there always must be; but not of mere broad lands, or of dirty acres. The wise and able,—the truthful and the just,—these will have their patents when those that are not of God's making, but of earthly sovereigns, shall have passed away. You cannot lose your rank until you have lost your worth,—and when the gold is gone, what avails the "guinea stamp," but to pass the counterfeit for the genuine?

Over all Europe, the laws which amass the territory of nations in the hands of the few, and lock up the soil of states from the industry, the enterprise, the investments of the people, have been abolished as an impracticable nuisance. It is not because these statutes have been abrogated that excesses have been committed, but because they have not been sooner repealed. Licentiousness is the natural recoil of bondage; it is *liberty alone which* educates men to the wisdom of,—

"That honourable stop,—not to outsport discretion."

We have anticipated, by reform, the necessity for revolution. But the world is progressive, and the amendment of to day is the obsolete abuse of the morrow. The most perfect, the most elastic constitution, falls behind the progress of man,—for although men are but the children of a day, *man* is immortal,

"And panting time toils after him in vain."

The polity of shepherds becomes the barbarism of tillage. The wisdom of the agricultural age is the folly of commerce. A dense manufacturing population would perish under feudal legislation. Know this and profit by the lesson.

It is easy to make a little nation great,—easier to make a great nation little,—most difficult of all, to sustain greatness, to make a great nation greater. You and we may do it. Let us forget classes, orders, the past,—except to profit by its experience. Let us forget ourselves, and remember only that in our keeping our forefathers have placed the future destinies of the greatest kingdom of the world. An empire on which the sun never sets, is in our wardenship. Tribes, tongues, climes, kindreds of every region, complexion, and degree, look to us for life, for progress, and for happiness. Let us be true to such a trust, and millions yet unborn will rise up and call us blessed.

"Methinks I see, in my mind, a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means.

"What should ye do, then; should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light, springing daily in this city? Should ye set an oligarchy" "to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, Lords and Commons! they who counsel ye to such a suppressing, DO AS GOOD AS BID YE SUPPRESS YOURSELVES."

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